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THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

VOLUME IV.

TORONTO:
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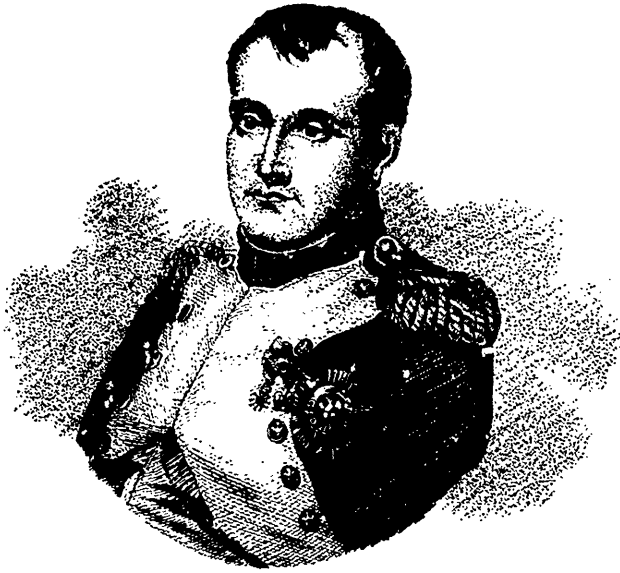
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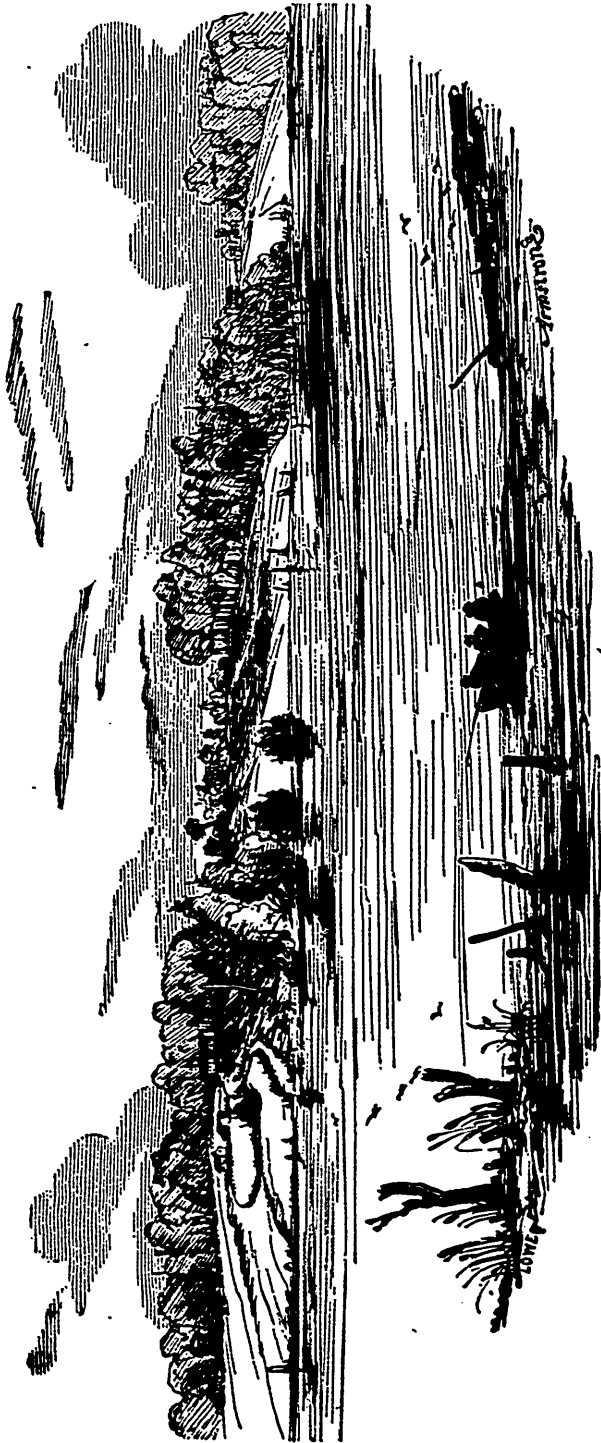
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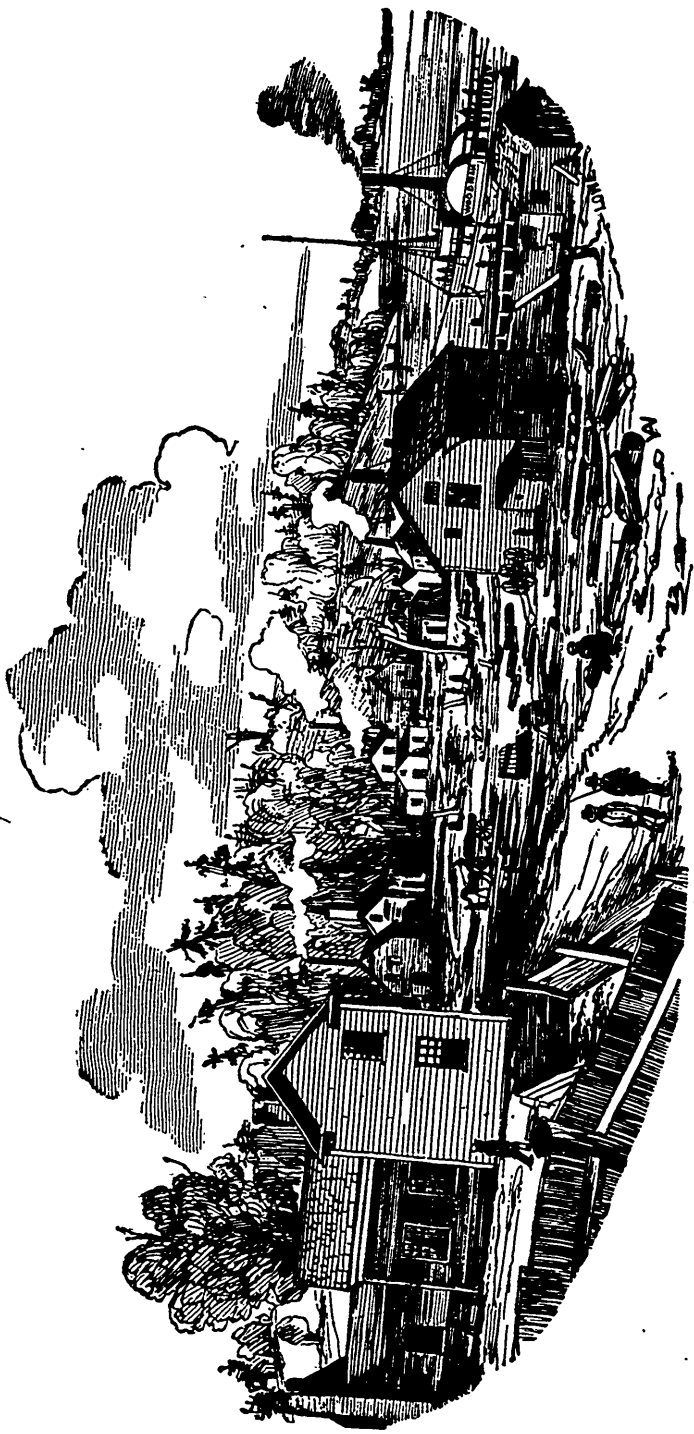
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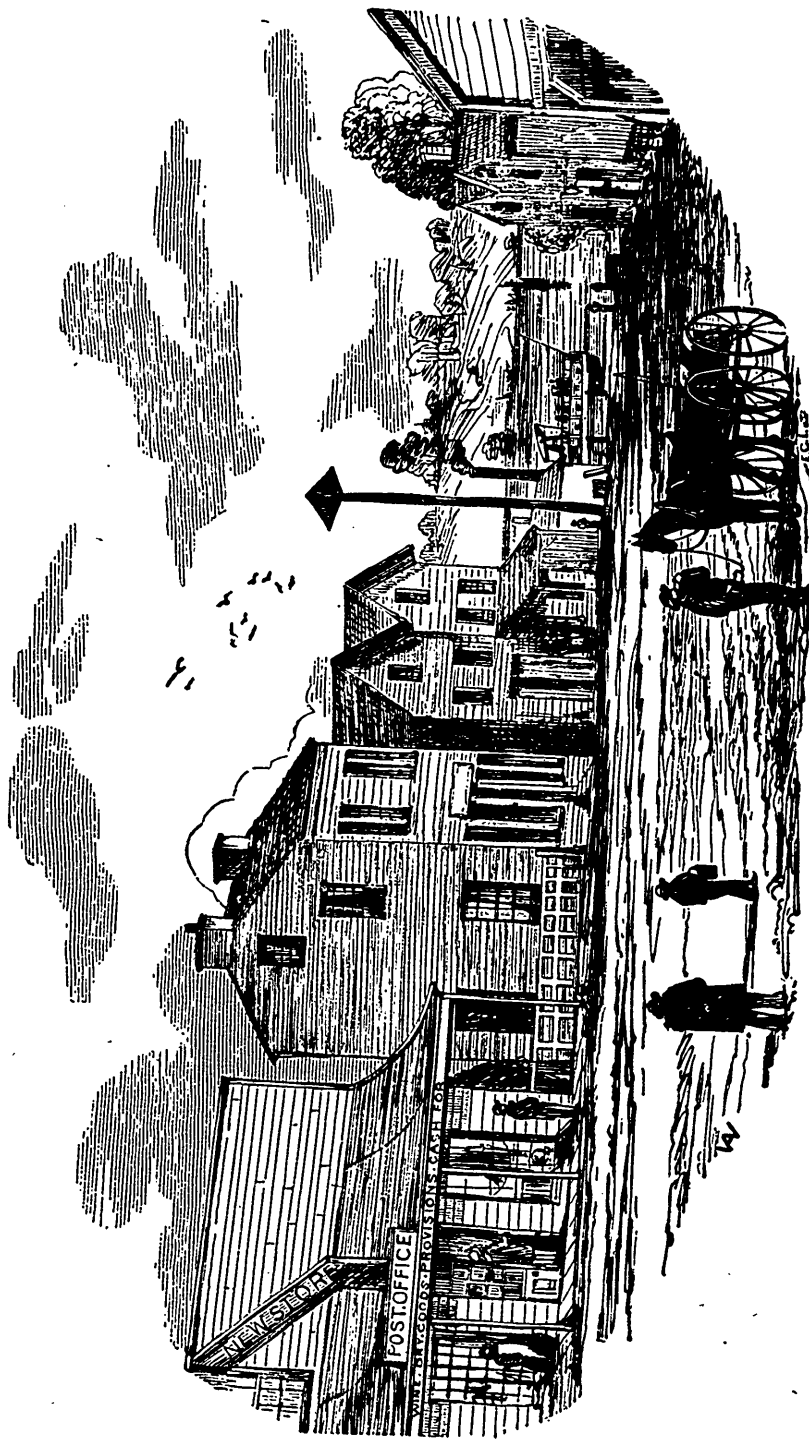
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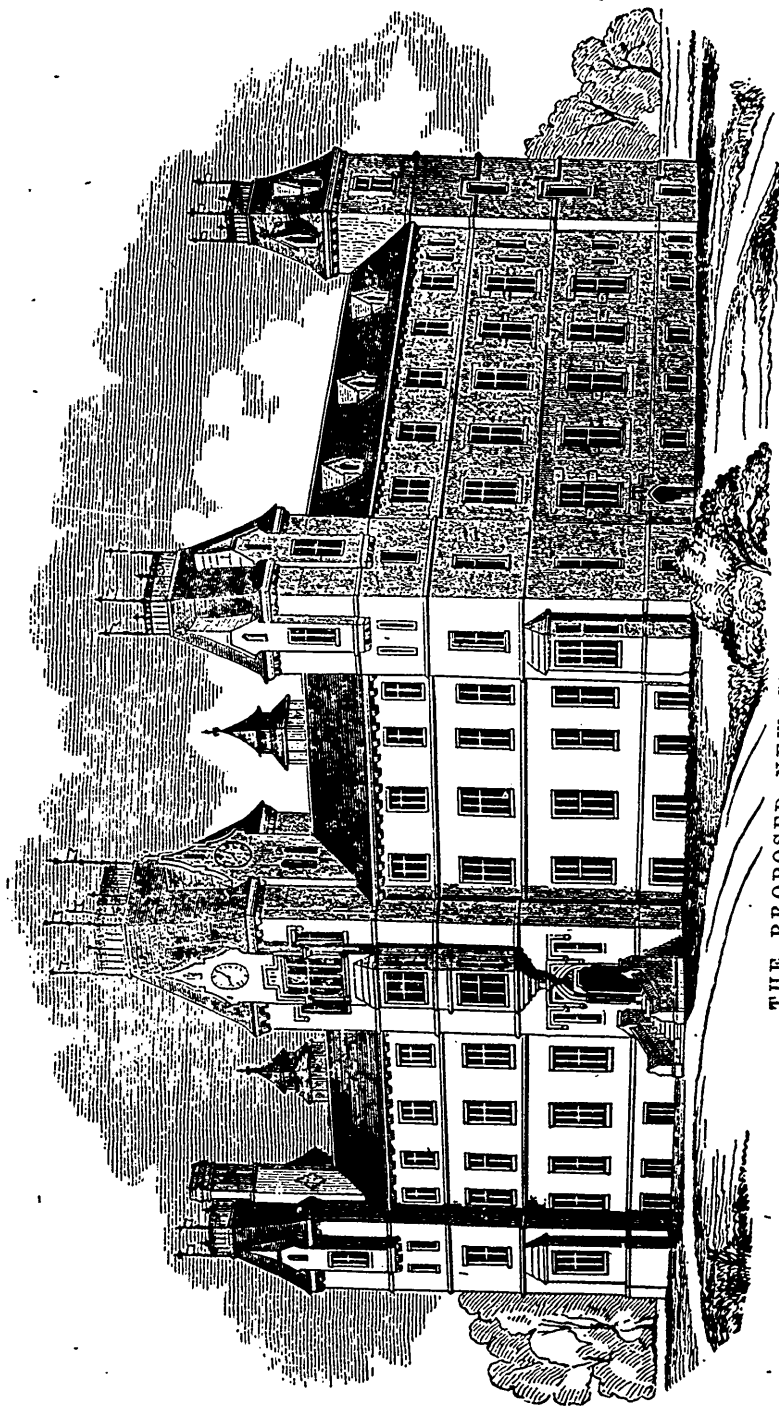
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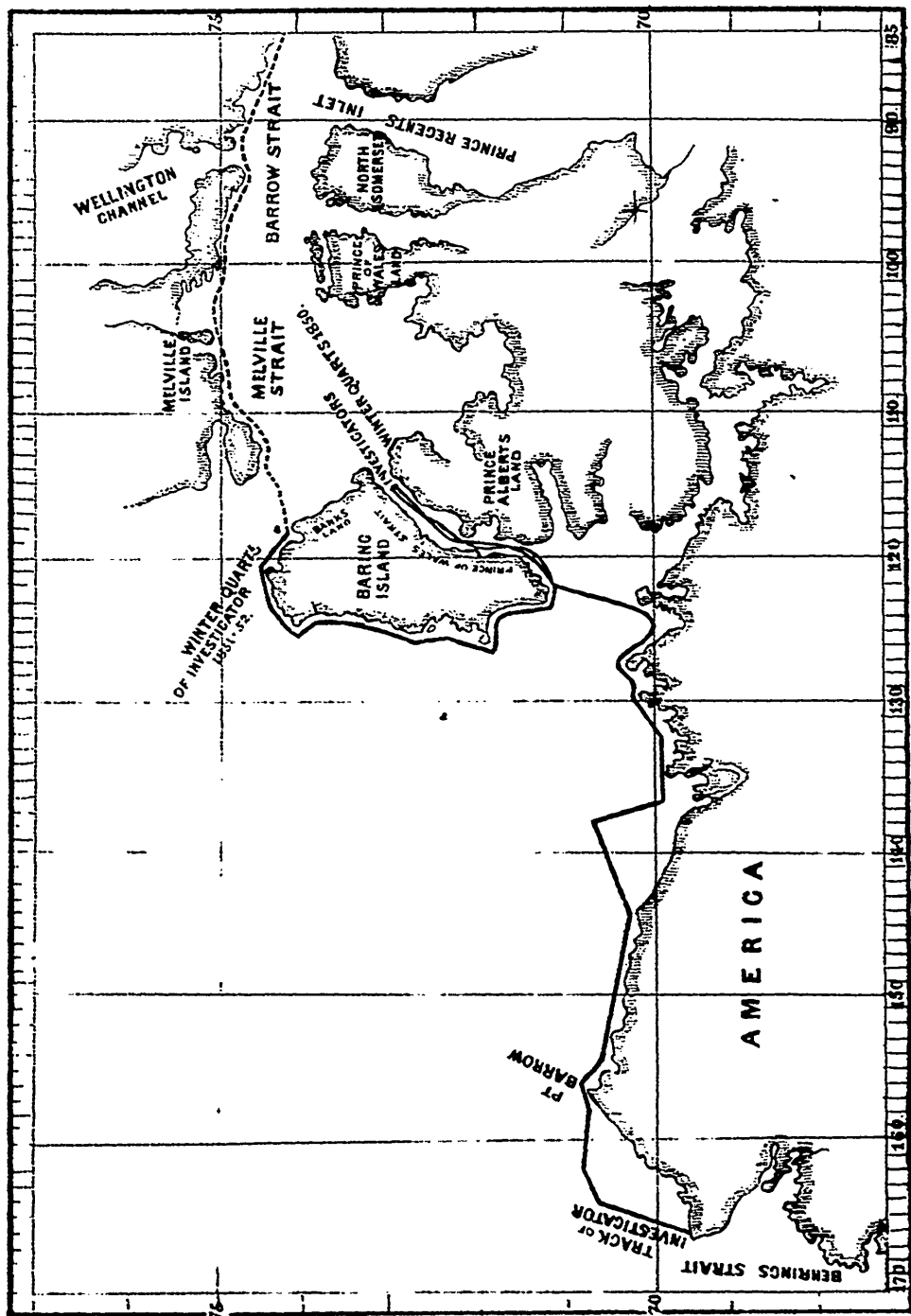


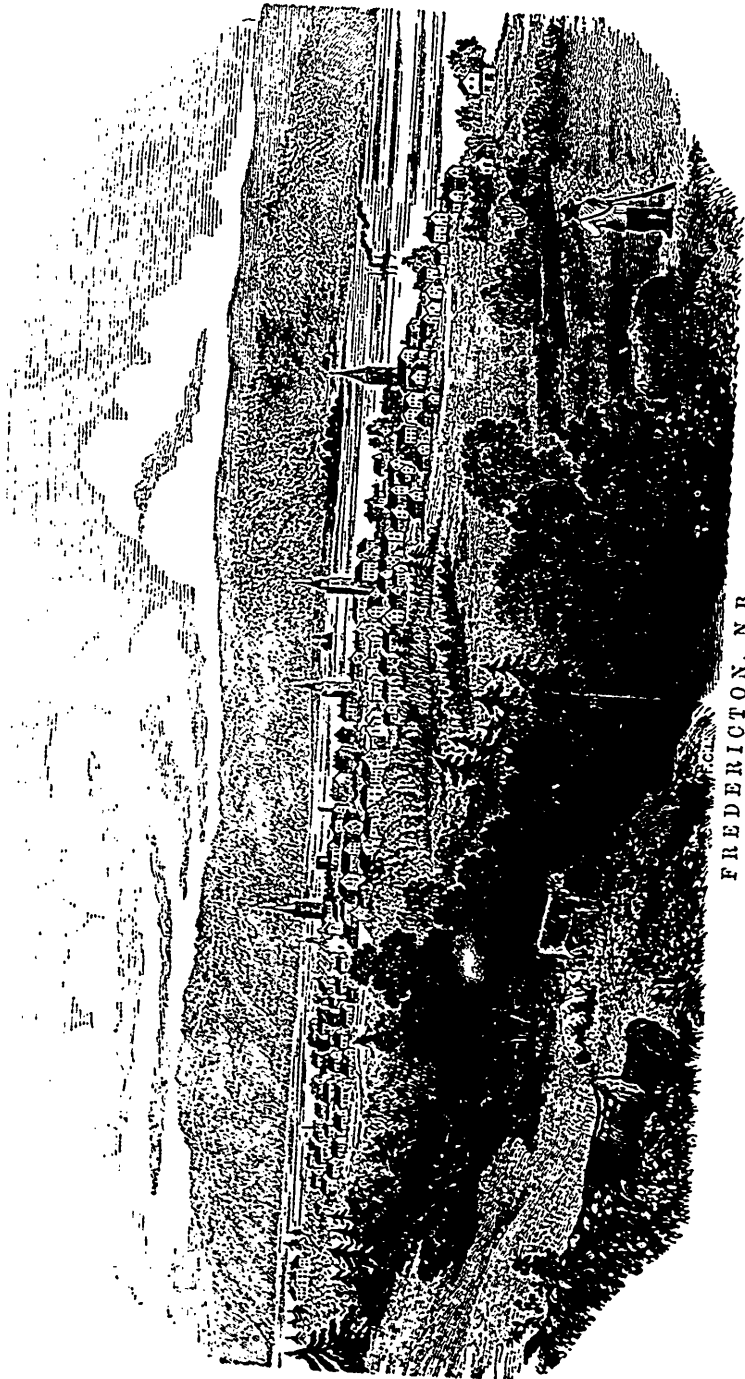
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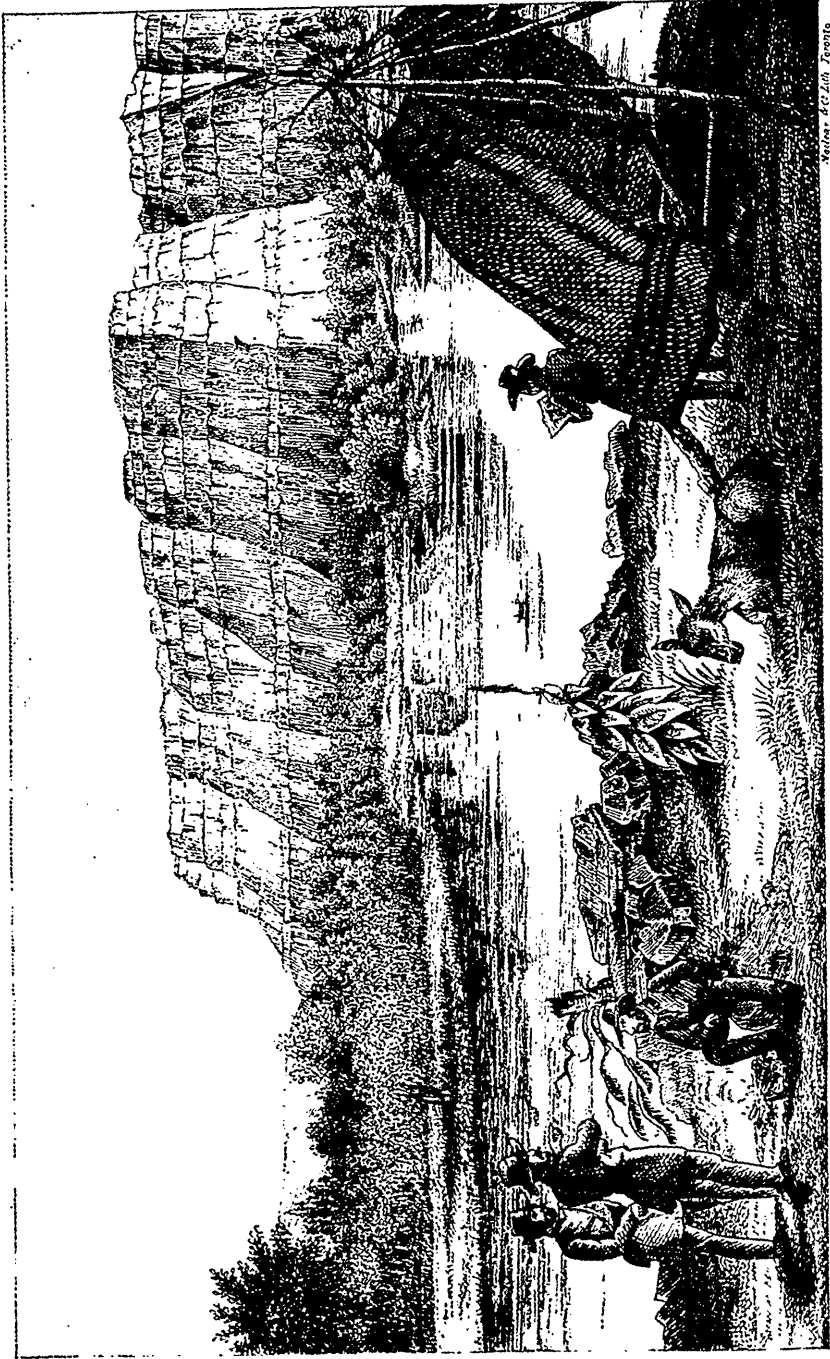




FREDERICK, N. B.



BARRIE, C.W.



W. H. J. J. J. J. J.

VIEW ON GREEN RIVER.



CROSSING LAGUNA CREEK.

Paris Fashions for January.



Paris Fashions for February.



Fashions for March.



DEMI TOILETTE.

Paris Fashions for April.



Paris Fashions for June.



ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: JANUARY, 1854.—No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

THE seemingly careless manner in which the capture of schooners is disposed of is worthy of remark, it being incidentally brought in as if an affair quite unconnected with the action, (if so petty a skirmish deserved the name) and only arising from an error, the effect of excess of bravery. The last item respecting the *Sylph*, has been

Late in the afternoon I made the signal of recall, and formed in close order. Wind during the night from the westward, and after midnight squally; kept all hands at quarters and beat to windward in hopes to gain the wind of the enemy. At two A.M. missed two of our schooners; at daylight discovered the missing schooners to be the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*. Soon after, spoke the Governor Tompkins, who informed me that the *Hamilton* and *Scourge* both overset and sank in a heavy squall, about two o'clock; and, distressing to relate, every soul perished, except sixteen. This fatal accident deprived me at once of the services of two valuable officers, Lieut. Winter and Sailing Master Osgood, and two of my best schooners, mounting together 14 guns. This accident giving to the enemy decidedly the superiority, I thought he would take advantage of it, particularly as by a change of wind he was again brought dead to windward of me. Formed the line upon the larboard tack and hove to: Soon after six A.M. the enemy bore up and set studding-sails, apparently with an intention to bring us to action. When he had approached us within four miles he brought to, on starboard

most judiciously introduced to cover the admission of "the effects of too much bravery," but still it was not quite enough without the usual contrast of the merits of the respective commanders, so we are gravely told first that Commodore Chauncey partook of a splendid dinner prepared for him, in Washington Hall, New York, in honor of the affair, and in the next paragraph informed that Sir J. Yeo was a blustering bully with whom discretion was the better part of valour, and from whom, as a British official, truth could not be expected.

We are most fortunately enabled to test the value of Commodore Chauncey's official letter, and the remarks of *Niles' Register*, by the following letter, from one of *General*

tack. Finding that the enemy had no intention of bringing us to action, I edged away to gain the land, in order to have the advantage of the land breeze in the afternoon. It soon after fell calm and I directed the schooners to sweep up and engage the enemy. About noon we got a light breeze from the eastward. I took the *Oncida* in tow, as she sailed badly, and stood for the enemy. When the van of our schooners was within about one and a half or two miles of his rear, the wind shifted to the westward, which again brought him to windward; as soon as the breeze struck him he bore up for the schooners in order to cut them off before they could rejoin me; but with their sweeps, and the breeze soon reaching them also, they were soon in their station. The enemy finding himself foiled in this attempt upon the schooners, hauled his wind and hove to. It soon became very squally, and the appearance of its continuing so during the night; and as we had been at quarters for nearly forty hours, and being apprehensive of separating from some of the heavy sailing schooners in the squall, I was induced to run in towards Niagara, and anchor outside the bar. General Boyd very handsomely offered any

Pike's officers, which found its way by mistake into the United States *Gazette* of Sept. 6th. The writer, having previously stated the American force at two ships, one brig and eleven schooners, says—"On the 10th, at midnight, we came within gun shot, every man in high spirits. The schooners commenced the action with their long guns which did great execution. At half-past twelve, the commodore fired his broadside, and gave three cheers, which were returned from the other ships, the enemy closing fast. We lay by for our opponent, the orders having been given not to fire till she came within pistol shot,—the enemy kept up a constant fire. Every gun was pointed, every match ready in hand, and the red British ensign plainly to be descried by the light of the moon; when to our utter astonishment, the commodore wore and stood S. E. leaving Sir James Yeo to exult in the capture of two schooners, and in our retreat which was certainly a very fortunate one for him." Farther comment on the affair is quite unnecessary after this letter, which is the most satisfactory proof we could have adduced, first of the correctness of the account we took from the *Naval Register*—secondly, of the meanness of Commodore Chauncey in penning the dispatch we have given in our

assistance in men that I might require. I received 150 soldiers, and distributed them in the different vessels, to assist in boarding or repelling boarders, as circumstances might require. It blew very heavy in squalls during the night. Soon after day discovered the enemy's fleet bearing north; weighed and stood after him. The wind soon became light and variable, and before 12 o'clock quite calm. At five, fresh breezes from the north, the enemy's fleet bearing north, distant about four or five leagues. Wore the fleet in succession, and hauled upon a wind on the larboard tack. At sundown the enemy bore N.W. by N. on the starboard tack. The wind hauling to the westward I stood to the northward all night in order to gain the north shore. At daylight tacked to the westward, the wind having changed to N.N.W. Soon after, discovered the enemy's fleet, bearing S.W. I took the *Asp*, the *Madison*, and the *Fair American* in tow, and made all sail in chase. It was at this time we thought of realizing what we had been so long toiling for; but before twelve o'clock the wind changed to W.S.W., which brought the enemy to windward; tacked to the northward; at three, the wind inclining to the northward, wore to the southward and westward, and made the signal for the fleet to make all sail. At four the enemy bore S.S.W.; bore up and steered for him. At five observed the enemy becalmed under the

notes, and thirdly, of the utter want of principle of both the American government and their official organ, *Niles' Weekly Register*.—It is almost unnecessary to add that an order was, soon after the appearance of this letter, issued at Washington, forbidding any officer to write, with the intention of publication, any accounts of the operations of the fleet and army.

The officer, who has so opportunely enabled us to add, to the evidence already brought forward, one more proof of the unworthy means adopted by American commanders and their rulers, at Washington, to delude a vain glorious people with fictitious statements of their prowess, has unwittingly raised the veil which the cabinet at Washington would have willingly suffered to remain over Chauncey and his doings. He says, "we proceeded directly," (which, we presume means, after they had done chasing Sir James Yeo to Kingston,) "for Sackett's Harbour, where we victualled and put to sea, the next day, after our arrival, August 14th. On the 16th we discovered the enemy again and hurried to quarters, again got clear of the enemy by dint of carrying sail, and returned to Sackett's Harbor. On the 18th we again fell in with the enemy steering for Kingston, and we

land, nearing him very fast with a fine breeze from N.N.W. At six formed the order of battle within about four miles of the enemy. The wind at this time very light. At 7 the wind changed to S.W. and a fresh breeze, which again placed the enemy to windward of me. Tacked and hauled upon a wind on the larboard tack, under easy sail, the enemy standing after us. At nine, when within about two gunshot of our rear, he wore to the southward; I stood on to the northward under easy sail; the fleet formed in two lines, a part of the schooners formed the weather line, with orders to commence the fire upon the enemy as soon as their shot would take effect, and as the enemy reached them to edge down upon the line to leeward and pass through the intervals and form to leeward. At about half past ten the enemy tacked and stood after us. At eleven the rear of our line opened his fire upon the enemy; in about fifteen minutes the fire became general from the weather line, which was returned from the enemy. At half past 11 the weather line bore up and passed to leeward, except the *Growler* and *Julia*, which soon after tacked to the southward, which brought the enemy between them and me. Filled the maintopsail and edged two points to lead the enemy down, not only to engage him to more advantage, but to lead him from the *Growler* and *Julia*. He, however, kept his wind until he completely separated those

reached the harbor on the 19th. *This is the result of two cruises, the first of which by proper guidance might have decided in our favour the superiority on the lake and consequently in Canada.*"

We take leave of Commodore Chauncey for the present with these two striking instances of his having (according to American writers and official bulletins) chased the British commander all around the lake.

The demonstration against Fort George is very pithily described. Demonstration against Fort George by Sir George Prevost. by Veritas—"Nothing of moment happened in the centre division,† until joined by Sir George, for a few days, when a grand demonstration was displayed, by marching the enemy up the hill, and down again, which resulted in satisfying him that nothing could be done to dislodge the enemy." We might safely adopt this description, for an examination into the facts will afford very little else to record. Christie handles this subject very fairly, but he is obliged to admit, after attempting a sort

of an excuse for Sir George, that, "the prestige which surrounded his military character improved by the popularity he was acquiring as a chief governor, had been sensibly influenced by his failure at Sackett's Harbour, and the present fruitless "demonstration" as (to cover his second failure) he termed it, dispelled what little confidence in him, as commander of the forces, the army, and those in the country the best able to judge of his abilities as such, previously entertained." The only excuse that even Christie's good nature could find was, that "the whole force in the neighbourhood of Fort George, at that period, did not exceed two thousand men, on an extended line while that of the enemy in Fort George exceeded four thousand." The sum of the whole affair is that, Sir George (for reasons best known to himself, as he has not chosen to make them public) determined to make an attack on Fort George on the 24th August, and a movement was made for an assault upon it. The British drove in the pickets, several of which were taken, advancing to within a short distance of the enemy.

two vessels from the rest of the squadron, exchanged a few shot with this ship as he passed, without injury to us, and made sail after our two schooners. Tacked and stood after him. At 12 (midnight) finding that I must either separate from the rest of the squadron, or relinquish the hope of saving the two which had separated, I reluctantly gave up the pursuit, rejoined the squadron then to leeward, and formed the line on the starboard tack. The firing was continued between our two schooners and the enemy's fleet until about one a.m., when, I presume, they were obliged to surrender to a force so much their superior. Saw nothing more of the enemy that night; soon after daylight discovered them close in with the north shore, with one of our schooners in tow, the other not to be seen. I presume she may have been sunk. The enemy showed no disposition to come down upon us, although to windward, and blowing heavy from W. The schooners labouring very much, I ordered two of the dullest to run into Niagara and anchor. The gale increasing very much, and as I could not go into Niagara with this ship, I determined to run to Genesee Bay, as a shelter for the small vessels, and with the expectation of being able to obtain provisions for the squadron, as we were all nearly out, the Medusa and Oneida not having a single day's allowance when we arrived opposite Genesee Bay. I found there was every prospect of the gale's continuing, and if it did, I could run to this place and provision the whole squadron with more certainty, and nearly in the

same time that I could at Genesee, admitting that I could obtain provisions at that place. After bringing the breeze as far as Oswego, the wind became light, inclining to a calm, which has prolonged our passage to this day. I shall provision the squadron for five weeks, and proceed up the lake this evening, and when I return again I hope to be able to communicate more agreeable news than this communication contains.

The loss of the Growler and Julia, in the manner in which they have been lost, is mortifying in the extreme; and although their commanders disobeyed my positive orders, I am willing to believe that it arose from an error of judgment and excess of zeal to do more than was required of them; thinking, probably, that the enemy intended to bring us to a general action, they thought, by gaining the wind of him they would have it more in their power to injure and annoy him than they could by forming to leeward of our line. From what I have been able to discover of the movements of the enemy, he has no intention of engaging us, except he can get decidedly the advantage of wind and weather, and as his vessels in squadron sail better than our squadron, he can always avoid an action; unless I can gain the wind and have sufficient daylight to bring him to action before dark. His object is, evidently, to harass us by night attacks, by which means he thinks to cut off our small dull sailing schooners in detail. Fortune has evidently favored him thus far. I hope that it will be my turn next, and, although inferior in point of force, I feel very confident of success.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully,
your most obedient servant, ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

† Veritas alludes here to the events which occurred after Colonel Bishopp's death.

The Americans, however, not having any particular fancy for fighting where the odds were only two to one, declined leaving their entrenchments, and preferred keeping up a safe and quiet cannonade from the opposite bank of the river. Sir George, then, (not being General Brock) weighed the *pros* and *cons* for an assault, and, unfortunately, for his own credit, decided that to risk an attempt on this port, which was not of sufficient moment, from its dilapidated condition, to compensate the loss that an attack must entail, would be neither prudent nor profitable. He accordingly, as Veritas has it, marched down the hill again and returned to Kingston.

As a military commander, Sir George seems to have lacked most sadly that very essential quality, energy—his personal bravery, no one (not even Veritas) has ever dared to impeach, but still it seems to have been of a negative character, and it is very evident that phrenologists would not have discovered the organ of combativeness to be very largely developed. Christie bears very high testimony as to his worth in his civil capacity. "To the moment of his departure from the province, his popularity with the people, as civil governor, remained unabated. We are well satisfied at being able to quote at least one favorable opinion of Sir George, as Veritas is always unjust, and we think that even James has adopted the fashion of condemning Sir George too readily.

It is now necessary, in order to bring down naval events on the ocean, to the same date as we have already reached with reference to the flotilla on the lake, to visit Boston, from which Commodore Rogers, in the President, sailed in company with the Congress frigate, on the 1st May, 1813. The day after leaving port, the first opportunity of displaying American prowess presented itself in the shape of the British brig sloop Curlew. This was, however, but a transient gleam of good fortune, as the British vessel, according to custom, ran away, and, "by knocking away the wedges of her masts, and using other means to improve her sailing,"* escaped. Captain Head considering, as we suppose, that a British sloop of war was not quite a match,

single-handed, for two large American frigates. Had Commodore Rogers commanded the British sloop, he would doubtless have brought to action and captured both. On the 8th, according to our authorities, "the Congress, whether by intention or accident, parted company."

A glorious opportunity was now presented to Commodore Rogers, and eagerly seized by him, of rivalling his brother commanders in "the chasing" (see Niles Register*) "and capturing of British frigates." The American commodore having the natural sagacity of his countrymen for turning an honest penny, and considering that honor and glory are but names after ail, and, to be enjoyed, require prize money, directed his attention to the homeward bound West India fleet. The commodore was, however, too late, and (misfortunes never coming singly), he missed not only the goodly freighted West India-men, but also the opportunity (for which he of course thirsted) of taking at the same time, the Cumberland seventy-four, Captain Thomas Baker. It is much to be regretted, on Commodore Rogers' account, that this happened, as the Cumberland was a very fine vessel, and a fast sailer, and would have been a very desirable acquisition to the American fleet. About the 13th June, the disappointed commodore resolved to seize the "Dragon in its lair," and steered towards the North Sea, looking out keenly for any vessels bound outwards from the St. George's Channel; no prize, however, fell in his way. As the weather was now becoming warm, a cruise in the northern latitudes could not fail to be pleasant, especially as there was a convoy of some five-and-twenty or thirty sail from Archangel to be intercepted, which would unite profit with pleasure. It is a curious circumstance that, in high latitudes, from the state of the atmosphere, objects appear double their real size. It was, no doubt, from this circumstance that the American commodore suffered himself to be chased from his station by, as he thought, "a line of battle ship and a frigate," but in reality by the thirty-two gun frigate Alexandria, Captain Robert Cathcart, and sixteen-gun sloop Spitfire, Captain John

* Naval Chronicle, page 112.

* "The brave Rogers is now employed in hunting down British frigates on the ocean."

Ellis. We will take our account of this affair from the same source as the Naval Chronicle, viz., the logs of the two British ships, premising that the commodore had been in the meantime joined by the Scourge. This is proved by Commodore Rogers' letter to the Naval board "at the time of meeting the enemy's two ships, the privateer schooner Scourge, of New York, had joined company." We now give the extracts from the logs:—

"On the 19th July, at 2h. 30m. p. m., latitude at noon $71^{\circ} 52'$ north, longitude $20^{\circ} 18'$ east, the Alexandria and Spitfire, standing south-east by south, with a light wind from the northward, discovered a frigate and a large schooner in the north-north east. The two British ships immediately hauled up in chase, and at 5h. 30m. p. m., tacked to the west north west, making the Russian as well as English private signals. At 6h. 15m., the President and her consort, who had hitherto been standing towards the two British ships, tacked from them to the north-west, under all sail, followed by the Alexandria and Spitfire. At 7h. 30m. p. m., the Spitfire was within five miles of the President, who then bore from her north-north-west." If the log of the Spitfire be correct, and that vessel was actually within four miles of the enemy, it would appear extraordinary, but for the phenomenon we have already adverted to, how the commodore could have been deceived, especially as we find it stated in the British logs that the lightness of the night and the clearness of the atmosphere enabled them to keep sight of their adversary. We will now take up the account from the Naval Chronicle.

"On the 20th, at 4h. 30m. p. m., finding that the Spitfire, as well as the President, was gaining upon her, the Alexandria cut away her bower anchor. At 4h. 40m., the Scourge parted company with the President, which was now nearly hull down from the leading British ship. A schooner being unworthy game when a frigate was in sight, the Alexandria and Spitfire continued in pursuit of the President."

"Their attention," says the commodore, "was so much engrossed by the President, that they permitted her (the Scourge) to escape without taking any notice of her.

At 6 p. m., when the Alexandria bore from the Spitfire full two miles south-south-east,

the President bore north, distant only six miles. From this time the American frigate continued gaining upon the Spitfire until 1h. 10m. p. m., on the 21st; when, thick weather coming on, the latter lost sight both of her consort and her chase. The discharge of four guns however, by the Alexandria, enabled the Spitfire to close. The two British ships again making sail, the sloop, at 2h. 15m. p. m., again got sight of the President, in the west-south-west, and at 4 p. m. were once more within six miles of her; which, says the commodore, "was quite as near as was desirable." The chase continued during the remainder of the 21st, to the advantage of the American frigate, until 8 a. m., on the 22d, when the Spitfire, a fourth time, got within six miles of the President; who again, by the most strenuous efforts, began increasing her distance.

At 6 p. m., when nearly hull-down from the little persevering sloop, and quite out of sight from the Alexandria, the President fired a gun, hoisted an American ensign at her peak, and a commodore's broad pendant at her main, and hauled upon a wind to the westward. Captain Ellis continued gallantly to stand on, until, at 6h. 40m. p. m., Captain Cathcart, who was then eight miles in the east-north-east of his consort, considerably signalled the Spitfire to close. As soon as the latter had done so, sail was again made; and the chase continued throughout that night, and until 10 a. m. on the 23d; when the President had run completely out of sight of both "the line-of-battle ship and the frigate," or, as an American historian says, of the "two line-of-battle-ships,"* which had so long been pursuing her.

Among the prisoners on board the President at the time of the chase, were the master and mate of the British snow Daphne, of Whitby. According to the journal of these men, published in the newspapers, they, as well as many of the President's officers and men, were convinced that the chasing ships were a small frigate and a sloop of war. They describe, in a ludicrous manner, the preparations on board the President, to resist the attack of this formidable squadron. During each of the three days a treble allowance of grog was served out to the crew, and an im-

* Naval Monument, p. 230.

mense quantity of star, chain, and other kinds of dismantling shot got upon deck, in readiness for action. It appears also that when the *Eliza Swan* whaler hove in sight a few days afterwards, she was supposed to be a large ship of war, and the ceremony with the grog and dismantling shot was repeated. After a very cautious approach on the part of the *President*, the chase was discovered to be a clump of a merchantman, and made prize of accordingly.

American writers have blustered a good deal about the invincibility and gallant deeds of their navy, and have enlarged most particularly on the events of this very cruise; and yet, when all the circumstances of the affair are placed before the reader, what a contrast is presented in the conduct of the pursuers and pursued. Commodore Rogers admitted that he was within five miles of his enemy, and yet he dared to pretend that he mistook a vessel of four hundred and twenty-two tons for a large frigate, and (still more barefaced) a small frigate of six hundred and sixty tons for, what? A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP!! Brave as Commodore Rogers *might have been*, it is well for him that he did not belong to the British service. Discretion is the better part of valour, and is a most necessary quality for a commander to possess, but, in the present instance, prudence in the commodore appears to have been somewhat akin to pusillanimity, and with our severely dealing public, similar conduct would have been rewarded, not with a public dinner, but a court-martial, the sentence of which would have been disgrace, if not death. It may be considered a most fortunate event for the two British commanders (Cathcart and Ellis) that the *Alexandria*, from her bad sailing, prevented an encounter, as the two vessels were no match for the American frigate, even after making every allowance for the difference of the commanders, and the engagement must have ended in the capture or destruction of the British vessels. Had this taken place, what an opportunity would have been afforded for magnificent effusions.—AN AMERICAN FRIGATE CAPTURING A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP AND A FRIGATE. Such would assuredly have been the most modest version of the affair, if we may judge by the capital that was made out of Commodore Rogers' running away. Not a little dis-

mayed at his narrow escape, Commodore Rogers "determined," says James, "to quit a region where constant daylight afforded an enemy so many advantages over him," we therefore next find him more to the southward, in a position where there was a favourable opportunity for intercepting the trade bound for the Irish channel. Here he cruised until again frightened from his station by a report of a superior force seen in that region. Running up the Channel then, and rounding Ireland, he stood back to his own shores, and, having succeeded in learning the stations of the various British vessels, then cruising off the American coast, from a small schooner which he had captured, was enabled to run safely into Newport, Rhode Island.

We have endeavored to give a fair and unprejudiced account of Commodore Rogers' cruise, and we now propose to give a few extracts from our old friend, the Washington organ. The first statement runs thus:—"The former," (the *President*), "was reported to have taken the British vessel *Theseus*, with specie." (*The Theseus is rated a seventy-four in Steele's List.*) The *Thetis* frigate mounts thirty-eight guns and must be the vessel alluded to. Two things are note worthy in this paragraph, first, the insinuation respecting the *Theseus*, secondly, the assertion, never contradicted in regard to the *Thetis*. There is very little doubt but that the impression conveyed to the citizens of the United States was that their pet hero Rogers had in all probability captured a seventy-four—certainly a frigate. Could impudence go further than this? The next paragraph is still more amusing—"It is announced officially that Commodore Rogers captured his B. M. brig *Cruizer* of eighteen guns off the Shetland Islands, the *Oberon* was in company but escaped. It was calculated that Rogers had done infinite damage to the Greenland trade. For a considerable time he has given full employment to twenty or thirty of the enemy's vessels of war, and if they do catch him, he will cost them more than he will come to." A postscript to this "bit of truth" goes on to inform us that "he had arrived at Newport, after cruising *all round and round* the British islands, though they have a thousand vessels of war. It is said that he brought into port a sloop of war, and one of H. M. schooners

with twenty-nine merchantmen." Comment on these statements is unnecessary, and so truly absurd are they that, lest we should be suspected of following the example set to us of misrepresenting, we must inform our readers, that our extracts are to be found in the fifth volume of Nile's Register.

The *Congress* after parting company cruised about for a considerable time and then returned to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where she was blockaded by the *Tenedos*, Captain Parker, who used every means in his power to provoke a meeting. The fate of the *Chesapeake* was not yet, however, forgotten, and the government, mindful of the short career of one thirty-six gun frigate, prudently disarmed and laid up the *Congress* shortly afterwards.

The next event of importance was the capture, August 5th, of the *Dominica* schooner by the Franco-American privateer schooner *Decatur*, commanded by the celebrated Captain Dominique Dixon.* The most discreditable part of this affair appears, at first sight, to be the capture by a privateer, but when it comes to be investigated, it will be found that Lieutenant Barreté (the commander) by his gallant conduct reflected honor rather than disgrace upon the British arms. The *Dominica* mounted twelve guns and had on board fifty-seven men and nine boys. The *Decatur* had the same number of guns, with one hundred and twenty men, and Captain Dixon, knowing the force opposed to him, relied for success upon the arm in which he was almost doubly superior, and carried his opponent by boarding. The obstinate resistance offered by the *Dominica* will be best shown by the list of casualties. Out of her total complement of sixty-six men and boys, the captain, purser, two midshipmen, and thirteen men were killed or mortally wounded, and over forty severely or slightly wounded. The loss of the *Decatur* was nineteen men.

On the 12th of the same month, the *Pelican*, eighteen gun brig-sloop arrived in the Cove of Cork from a cruise, but before the sails were furled, Captain Maples received instructions to put to sea again in quest of an American

sloop of war, which had been committing some depredations in the St. George's Channel. About day-break of the 14th, the *Argus* was discovered separating from a ship which she had just set on fire, and standing towards several other merchantmen. The *Pelican* was to windward and bore down under a press of sail, the captain of the *Argus* appearing, by his manœuvres, to invite an engagement. Captain Allen, the commander of the *Argus*, had been first lieutenant of the United States when she captured the *Macedonian*, and had repeatedly expressed his ability to whip any British sloop with an American of equal force, in ten minutes. Let us now examine James' statement of the comparative force of these "anxious candidates for the laurel crown." According to James, "the *Pelican* mounted the usual establishment of her class, sixteen thirty-two pounder carronades, two long sixes, and a twelve pounder boat carronade. But unfortunately, Captain Maples, when recently at Jamaica, had received on board two brass sixes." Having no broadside ports for them, and unwilling to lower them into the hold as ballast, he knocked out two stern ports and mounted them there, "much to the annoyance," says James, "of the man at the helm, and without contributing in the slightest degree to the brig's actual force. The established complement of vessels of the *Pelican's* class was one hundred and twenty men and boys, of this number she lacked the second lieutenant and six men. The *Argus* mounted eighteen twenty-four pound carronades with two long twelves, her crew mustering one hundred and twenty-five strong. The original force had amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven, but thirty-two had been dispatched in prizes.

At 6, A.M., the *Argus* opened her fire, and, after a sharp action of some forty-five minutes duration, was boarded and carried by the British sloop. The *Pelican* had one man killed and five wounded; the *Argus* six killed and eighteen wounded. Amongst the list of the mortally wounded were Captain Allen and two midshipmen. James gives the comparative force thus:—

	<i>Pelican.</i>	<i>Argus.</i>
Broadside guns.....	9.....	10
No. of lbs	262.....	228
Crew. (Men only.)..	101.....	122
Size	tons 385.....	316

* See vol iv, page 208 of James' Naval History.

The respective forces engaged were so nearly equal that it is unnecessary to offer any further remark than the admission that whatever superiority there might have been it was on the side of the British, and that Captain Allen fought his vessel bravely under the slight disadvantage, and on his death, which occurred a short time afterwards, his remains were attended to the grave by all the officers, military or naval, in the port.

“Some people excel in powers of endurance, such as the English* evinced at the battle of Waterloo. Others excel in powers of assault such as the French displayed there. But there is no record of a British vessel enduring the terrible blows inflicted on some of the American vessels before yielding.” Thus writes Ingersoll, forgetful of the defence made by the *Java*, and still more recently, the *Dominica*, in which last engagement, as we have just seen, the British vessel was not surrendered until her captain and sixty men, out of a crew of sixty-six, lay dead or wounded upon her deck. Mr. Ingersoll, besides these two instances, which we have just cited, might have found a third in the case of the vessel whose capture we are about to relate.

At daylight, on the 5th September, the British brig-sloop *Boxer*, of fourteen guns (twelve eighteen pounder carronades and two sixes) while lying at anchor, near Portland, United States, discovered in the offing a sail, and immediately weighed and stood to sea in pursuit. The strange vessel was soon made out to be an enemy and proved to be the American gun brig, *Enterprise*, of sixteen guns (fourteen eighteen pounder carronades and two nines) commanded by Lieutenant Burrows. The American vessel, after her superior powers of sailing had been tested, and it had been sufficiently established that should she get beaten it was easy to escape, bore up to engage. At a quarter past three the action commenced, terminating after a severe and protracted contest in the surrender of the *Boxer*. The British vessel measured one hundred and eighty-one tons, (her force we have already shewn) and was manned by sixty men, of whom twelve were absent, and six boys. The *Enterprise* measured two hundred

and forty-five tons, and had on board one hundred and twenty men and three boys. The officers of the *Boxer* had the mortification to see four men, during the action, desert their guns, thereby reducing the number of the combatants to forty-four, yet, in spite of all these casualties and the fall of Captain Burrows, early in the action, the vessel was only yielded after a loss of twenty-one men, nearly half the crew. The loss of the *Enterprise* was fourteen killed and wounded, her commander being included amongst the killed. Besides the more than two-fold disparity in crews, the *Enterprise* was altogether a stouter vessel than her antagonist. This will be proved by Commodore Hull's letter* which

* Extract of a letter from Commodore Hull to Commodore Bainbridge, dated the 10th inst.

“I yesterday visited the two brigs and was astonished to see the difference of injury sustained in the action. The *Enterprise* has but one 18 pound shot in her hull, one in her mainmast, and one in her foremast; her sails are much cut with grape shot and there are a great number of grape lodged in her sides, but no injury done by them. The *Boxer* has eighteen or twenty 18 pound shot in her hull, most of them at the water's edge—several stands of 18 pound grape stick in her side, and such a quantity of small grape that I did not undertake to count them. Her masts, sails and spars are literally cut to pieces, several of her guns dismounted and unfit for service; her top gallant forecastle nearly taken off by the shot, her boats cut to pieces, and her quarters injured in proportion. To give you an idea of the quantity of shot about her, I inform you that I counted in her mainmast alone three 18 pound shot holes, 18 large grape shot holes, 16 musket ball holes, and a large number of smaller shot holes, without counting above the cat harpins.

“We find it impossible to get at the number killed; no papers are found by which we can ascertain it—I, however, counted upwards of 90 hammocks which were in her netting with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks; and she has excellent accommodations for all her officers below in staterooms, so that I have no doubt that she had one hundred men on board. We know that she has several of the *Rattler's* men on board, and a quantity of wads was taken out of the *Rattler*, loaded with four large grape shot with a small hole in the centre to put in a cartridge that the inside of the wad may take fire when it leaves the gun. In short, she is in every respect completely fitted and her accommodations exceed any thing I have seen in a vessel of her class.”

Remarks.—There have been various opinions respecting the relative force of the vessels, and some ungenerous attempts have been made to diminish the splendour of the victory. The foregoing extracts, we conceive irrefragably settle the question of force and of skill. It appears that in number of men the enemy were equal; in number

*By English we presume, Ingersoll means British.

we give for two reasons. Firstly, to show the difference of execution done in a close action, where the weight of metal being the same on both sides, the respective stoutness of the timbers would be tested, and secondly to prove how ready Commodore Hull was to make statements which he must have seen were untrue. The British brig had upwards of "one hundred men on board, for," says Captain Hull, I counted upwards of ninety hammocks." Now if the American public did not know, Commodore Hull knew full well that, in the British service, every seaman and marine has two hammocks allowed him yet he was disingenuous enough to pen a statement which he knew, coming from a sort of pet hero, would produce an effect all over the Union. Brave, Captain Hull may have been—most unprincipled, this circumstance clearly proves him to have been. We close this chapter by giving in our notes Lieutenant McCall's really modest, if not quite correct letter, † and with a few observations from James on the difference of the carronades used in the services.

"The established armament of the Boxer was ten carronades; and that number, with her two six-pounders, was as many as the brig could mount with effect or carry with ease. But, when the Boxer was refitting at Halifax, Captain Blyth obtained two additional carronades: had he taken on board, instead of them, twenty extra seamen, the Boxer would have been a much more effective vessel. Against the English ordinary carronade, complaints

of guns it was well known the enemy were superior; and the vast difference of execution confirms (if confirmation were wanted) the fact of the high degree of superiority of our seamen in the art of gunnery. And, above all other considerations, it proves that American tars are determined to support their government, in a just war waged in defence of their rights.—*Niles Register*.

† James Naval History.

‡ United States Brig "Enterprise,"
Portland, 7th September, 1813.

SIR,—In consequence of the unfortunate death of Lieutenant-Commandant William Burrows, late commander of this vessel, it devolves on me to acquaint you with the result of the cruise. After sailing from Portsmouth on the 1st instant, we steered to the eastward; and on the morning of the 3rd, off Wood Island, discovered a schooner, which we chased into this harbor, where we anchored. On the morning of the 4th, weighed

have always been made, for its lightness and unsteadiness in action; but the American carronade of that calibre is much shorter in the breech, and longer in the muzzle: therefore it heats more slowly, recoils less, and carries farther. The same is the case, indeed with all the varieties of the carronade used by the Americans; and they, in consequence derive advantages in the employment of that ordnance, not possessed by the English; whose carronades are notoriously the lightest and most inefficient of any in use. If the English carronade, especially of the smaller calibres, had

anchored and swept out, and continued our course to the eastward. Having received information of several privateers being off Managan, we stood for that place; and on the following morning, in the bay near Penguin Point, discovered a brig getting under way, which appeared to be a vessel of war, and to which we immediately gave chase. She fired several guns and stood for us, having four ensigns hoisted. After reconnoitering and discovering her force, and the nation to which she belonged, we hauled upon a wind to stand out of the bay, and at three o'clock shortened sail, tacked to run down with an intention to bring her to close action. At twenty minutes after 3 P. M., when within half pistol shot, the firing commenced from both, and after being warmly kept up, and with some manœuvring, the enemy hailed and said they had surrendered, about 4 P. M.—*their colors being nailed to the masts, could not be hauled down*. She proved to be his B. M. brig Boxer, of 14 guns. Samuel Blythe, Esq., commander, who fell in the early part of the engagement, having received a cannon shot through the body. And I am sorry to add that Lieutenant Burrows, who had gallantly led us into action, fell also about the same time by a musket ball, which terminated his existence in eight hours.

The Enterprise suffered much in spars and rigging, and the Boxer in spars, rigging, and hull, having many shots between wind and water.

It would be doing injustice to the merit of Mr. Tillinghast, second lieutenant, were I not to mention the able assistance I received from him during the remainder of the engagement, by his strict attention to his own division and other departments. And of the officers and crew generally, I am happy to add, their cool and determined conduct have my warmest approbation and applause.

As no muster roll that can be fully relied on has come into my possession, I cannot exactly state the number killed and wounded on board the Boxer, but from information received from the officers of that vessel, it appears there were between twenty and twenty five killed, and fourteen wounded. Enclosed is a list of the killed and wounded on board the Enterprise. I have the honor to be, &c.

EDWARD R. M'CALL,
Senior Officer.

displayed its imperfections, as these pages have frequently shown that the thirteen-inch mortar was in the habit of doing, by bursting after an hour or two's firing, the gun must either have been improved in form, or thrown out of the service. While on the subject of carronades, we may remark, that even the few disadvantages in the carronade, which the Americans have not been able entirely to obviate, they have managed to lessen, by using,

not only stouter, but double, breechings; one of which, in case the ring-bolt should draw, is made to pass through the timber-head."

We may remark, in conclusion, that none of the praises lavished upon the fine brig *Boxer*, could gain her a place among the national vessels of the United States. She was put up to auction, and sold as a merchant brig; for which service only, and that only in time of peace, she was ever calculated.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, the scene which our history now requires us to visit, lies between the northern part of New York State and Vermont. Generally narrow, and only in one place widening out to a breadth of some seventeen or eighteen miles, its mean breadth may be estimated at about six or seven miles, while its length is nearly seventy.

The river Richelieu, by which the waters of the lake find an outlet to the St. Lawrence, runs in a northerly direction, and is nearly useless for the general purposes of navigation, as the bed is full of shoals and rapids, which extend nearly to the *embouchure*, where it mingles its waters with those of the St. Lawrence. This lake belongs to the United States, as (according to James) "the line of demarcation, owing to the ignorance or pusillanimity of the British commissioners employed in 1753, intersected the Richelieu, at the distance of several miles down its course from the lake. The Canadians are, therefore, not only shut out from the lake, but from all water communication with their own territory bordering on Missisquoi bay, formed by a tongue of land to the eastward. This inconvenience," continues James, "Canadians fully experienced, during the continuance of

the several embargoes that preceded the war when the American gun-boats, stationed at the foot of the lake, prevented the rafts of timber from being floated out of the bay, for passage down the river."

This command of the lake, and particularly the point of junction of the lake and river was of material service to the Americans, and a battery at Rouse's point would have effectually prevented the passage of any flotilla that the British might have desired to construct for service on Champlain. The sole military post held by the British in that neighbourhood was Isle aux Noix, "a small island, containing only eighty-five acres, situate on the Richelieu, and distant about ten miles from the boundary line." On this island were some small forts and a few block-houses at various points. These defences were garrisoned by detachments from the 13th and 101st regiments, under the command of Major Taylor; a small detachment of artillery was also stationed there. Three gun-boats, built at Quebec, and transported over land, represented the British naval force in that quarter. The Americans with more foresight, and, perhaps, from greater facilities, had, soon after the commencement of the war, armed and equipped several vessels in order to ensure

the command of Lake Champlain. Desirous, we suppose of reconnoitring, perhaps with a view of demolishing the fortifications at Isle aux Noix, Lieutenant Sidney Smith with two sloops, manned by seamen from the Atlantic board, presented themselves on the 1st June off Isle aux Noix. Col. Taylor immediately took such measures as resulted in the capture of both. Major Taylor's official letter to General Stovin is short enough to incorporate with our text, and, giving a simple unadorned statement, may be relied on.

Isle Aux Noix.

SIR,—In the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, I have the honor to acquaint you that one of the enemy's armed vessels was discerned from the garrison, at half-past four o'clock this morning, when I judged it expedient to order the three gun-boats under weigh; and before they reached the point above the garrison, another vessel appeared in sight, when the gun-boats commenced firing. Observing the vessels to be near enough the shore for musketry, I ordered the crews of the batteaux and row-boats (which I took with me from the garrison to act according to circumstances) to land on each side of the river, and take a position to rake the vessels; the firing was briskly kept up on both sides; the enemy, with small arms and grape-shot occasionally. Near the close of the action, an express came off to me in a canoe, with intelligence that more armed vessels were approaching, and about three thousand men from the enemy's line, by land. On this information, I returned to put the garrison in the best order for their reception, leaving directions with the gun boats and parties, not to suffer their retreat to be cut off from it; and before I reached the garrison, the enemy's vessels struck their colours, after a well-contested action of three hours and a half. They proved to be the United States' armed vessels Growler and Eagle, burthen from ninety to one hundred tons, and carrying eleven guns each; between them, twelve, eighteen, and sixteen pounder carronades; completely equipped under the orders of the superior officer of the Growler, Captain Sidney Smith, with a complement of fifty men each. They had one man killed and eight wounded; we had only three men wounded, one of them severely, from the enemy's grape-shot on the parties

on shore. The alacrity of the garrison on this occasion calls forth my warmest approbation. Ensigns Dawson, Gibbons, and Humphreys, and acting Quarter-master Pilkington, and men, of the 100th (Prince Regent's) regiment, and Lieutenant Lowe of the marine department, with three gunners of the artillery to each boat, behaved with the greatest gallantry; I am particularly indebted to Captain Gordon of the royal artillery, and Lieutenant Williams, with the parties of the 100th regiment on shore, who materially contributed to the surrender of the enemy. The Growler has arrived at the garrison in good order, and is apparently a fine vessel, and the boats are employed in getting off the Eagle, which was run aground to prevent her sinking. I have hopes she will be saved, but in the meantime have had her dismantled and her guns and stores brought to the garrison. Ensign Dawson, of the 100th regiment, a most intelligent officer, will have the honor of delivering you this.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

GEORGE TAYLOR, Major, 100th regt.

Major-general Stovin,

Commanding at Chambly.

A great blow was inflicted by this capture on the enemy, and it did much to check the intention of invasion from that quarter. It has been shown that the two American vessels were of considerable tonnage and strength, and it was deemed advisable, as their capture now afforded an opportunity for immediate effectual operations on Champlain, not to let the chance pass unprofitably. Whether venturing so far down a river, where it was so narrow as scarcely to afford room for manœuvring (even with the intention we have already alluded to) was strictly prudent, we leave to abler tacticians to decide. We cannot, however, but agree with Christie, that had not the commanders been young and inexperienced men, they would scarcely have undertaken a step which ended so disastrously, and has been generally regarded in the light of a piece of idle bravado.

Whatever might have been the intentions of the American commanders, the effect of their capture was to leave the hospitals, stores, and barracks, which they had been at considerable pains in erecting at different points at Burlington, Plattsburg, Champlain,

and Swanton, comparatively assailable, and the commander of the forces determined to add to the blow already inflicted, by such a descent as would at once damage the enemy and divert their attention from the Upper Province.

Descent on posts on Lake Champlain.

The two captured vessels were named the *Broke* and *Shannon*, changed afterwards by Admiralty order to *Chubb* and *Finch*, and it was determined to man them—This, however, appeared at first an impossibility, as there were no seamen to be procured at or near Isle aux Noix, and none could be spared from the small Ontario fleet. In this emergency, the commander of Her Majesty's brig, *Wasp*, then lying at Quebec, volunteered for the expedition, which was to deprive commodore McDonough the American Naval Commander of his supremacy.

All preparations having been completed, on the 29th July the expedition left Isle aux Noix for Lake Champlain. The force put in motion was about one thousand strong, consisting of detachments from the 13th, 100th, and 103 regiments, commanded respectively by lieutenant colonels Williams, Taylor and Smith. A small artillery force, under Captain Gordon, and a few of the embodied militia were likewise added, and the whole placed under Lieut.-Colonel John Murray. The success of the expedition was complete, and a landing was effected successively at Plattsburgh, Burlington, Swanton, and Champlain, several store houses and arsenals, and some vessels being destroyed, while large quantities of naval and military stores were captured and removed. "All this, too, was effected in presence of a very superior force, and with scarcely a show of resistance, although the enemy numbered fifteen hundred at Plattsburgh, under General Moore, while Gen. Hampton was encamped near Burlington, with, as it has been estimated, nearly four thousand men. Colonel Murray's letter, which follows, will show what was accomplished, and the two letters from Captain Everard, (commander of the *Wasp*,) and Commodore McDonough, will speak for themselves. Had Commodore McDonough been really as anxious as he professed to be, his superior force could easily have prevented the small

British force from effecting the injury they did, and had it not even been possible to prevent all injury, at least the spoiler's return might have been prevented; we give these letters in their regular order, as enumerated above.

From Lieutenant-colonel Murray to Major-general Sheaffe.

Isle aux Noix, August 3d, 1813.

SIR,

The land forces of the expedition that left the province on the 29th July, on an enterprise on Lake Champlain, returned this day, after having fully accomplished the objects proposed, and having carried every order into execution.

The enemy's arsenal and block-house, commissary buildings, and stores at the position of Plattsburgh, together with the extensive barracks at Saranac, capable of containing 4000 troops, were destroyed; some stores were brought off, particularly a quantity of naval stores, shot, and equipments for a large number of batteaux. The barracks and stores at the position of Swanton, on Missisquoi Bay, together with several batteaux at the landing place were destroyed.

A detachment has been sent to destroy the public buildings, barracks, block-houses, &c., at Champlaintown. Every assistance was rendered by the co-operation of captains Everard and Pring, Royal Navy, commanding His Majesty's sloops of war, *Broke* and *Shannon*.

I experienced very great benefit from the military knowledge of lieutenant-colonel Williams, (13th regiment, second in command.) I have to report, in the highest terms of approbation, the discipline, regularity, and cheerful conduct of the whole of the troops, and feel fully confident that, had an opportunity offered, their courage would have been equally conspicuous.

General Hampton has concentrated the whole of the regular forces in the vicinity of Lake Champlain, at Burlington, from the best information, said to be about 4500 regular troops, and a large body of militia. The militia force assembled for the defence of Plattsburgh, disbanded on the appearance of the armament. The naval part of the expedition is still cruising on the lake. For any further information, I beg leave to refer

you to your aide-de-camp, Captain Loring, and the bearer of this dispatch.

I have, &c.

J. MURRAY, Lieut.-col

To Major-gen. Sir R. H. Sheaffe,
&c., &c., &c.

From captain Everard to Sir George Prevost.

His Majesty's sloop Broke, Lake Champlain, August 3d, 1813.

SIR,

Major-general Glasgow has apprised your excellency of my repairing, with a party of officers and seamen, to man the sloops and gun-boats at Isle aux Noix, in consequence of your letter of the 4th ultimo, addressed to the senior officer of His Majesty's ship at Quebec, stating it to be of great importance to the public service, that an attempt should be made to alarm the enemy on the Montreal frontier, &c.; and agreeably to your wish that I should communicate any thing interesting that might occur, I have the honor to acquaint you, that the object for which the corps under the command of lieutenant colonel Murray had been detached, having been fully accomplished, by the destruction of the enemy's block-house, arsenal, barracks, and public store-houses remaining on the west side of the lake beyond Plattsburg, I stood over to Burlington with the Shannon and the gun-boat, to observe the state of the enemy's force there, and to afford him an opportunity of deciding the naval superiority of the lake. We were close in, on the forenoon of the 2nd, and found two sloops of about 100 tons burthen, one armed with 11 guns, the other 13, ready for sea, a third sloop, (somewhat larger,) lying under the protection of 10 guns, mounted on a bank of 100 feet high, without a breast-work, two scows, mounting one gun each as floating batteries, and several field pieces on the shore. Having captured and destroyed four vessels, without any attempt on the part of the enemy's armed vessels to prevent it, and seeing no prospect of inducing him to quit his position, where it was impossible for us to attack him, I am now returning to execute my original orders.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

THOMAS EVERARD

Commander of His Majesty's sloop, Wasp.
Lieut.-gen. Sir G. Prevost, Bart.,
&c., &c., &c.

From Commodore Macdonough to the American Secretary of the Navy.

United States' sloop President, near Plattsburg, Sept. 9, 1813.

SIR,

I have the honor to inform you, that I arrived here yesterday from near the lines, having sailed from Burlington on the 6th instant, with an intention to fall in with the enemy, who were then near this place. Having proceeded to within a short distance of the lines, I received information that the enemy were at anchor; soon after, they weighed and stood to the northward out of the lake—thus, if not acknowledging our ascendancy on the lake, evincing an unwillingness (although they had the advantage of situation, owing to the narrowness of the channel in which their galleys could work, when we should want room) to determine it.

I have the honor to be, &c.

THOS. MACDONOUGH.

Hon. W. Jones, sec. of the navy.

Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, and, in truth, it is difficult to comprehend how a superior force should tamely submit to have their arsenals and public store-houses destroyed before their eyes, without even an attempt at resistance—we give an extract from the Washington official organ, which fully corroborates our statements as to the American force:—"From Lake Champlain. Our naval forcesailed down the lake towards the enemy's line, and returned to Burlington, at which place there were then collected five thousand regular troops under General Hampton. Two thousand more were on their march, immediately expected from the Western States. The Plattsburg paper confirms all the accounts of the wanton barbarities of the enemy in that place, and adds considerably to the amount of depredations."

It is neither the custom of the Americans to overstate their force, nor to allow the damage to them to be overrated; we contend, therefore that the above extract fully confirms all our statements relative to the affairs on Lake Champlain. With respect to depredations, we have only to remind the reader of the occurrences that took place at York; and, as we proceed in our narration, it will be shown that, whatever apparent acts of severity were committed by the British, they were

strictly retaliatory; and we will further prove by Ingersoll's admission that they *were not undeserved*.

There is a very great discrepancy between Christie and Veritas, on the point of supplies for the troops. Veritas writes, "In my last number, I stated, that at one time, in autumn, 1813, our troops at Kingston had not seven days' subsistence. Those at Prescott and Fort Wellington were nearly in a similar situation.

"This was in a great measure owing to a combination of persons, either in the pay of Madison or gratuitously promoting his service. They effected their own purpose, partly by their own example, or by operating on the avarice of the well-affected, by persuading them to withhold supplies so as to get excessive prices. This was the ostensible pretext; but the real motive was to disconcert our military operations, by starving the troops, at the time of the expected invasion, by the forces collecting at Sackett's Harbour."

What says Christie on the same subject, and in reference to the same date. "The army acting upon the extensive line of operations along the frontiers of Upper and Lower Canada, (at the lowest computation one thousand miles from Lake Champlain to Michilimaciac), was, by the able arrangements of Commissary General Sir W. H. Robinson, and the unwearied exertions of the department under his directions, copiously supplied at every point with provisions and commissariat stores of all descriptions."

Now, which of these statements is the correct one? We are inclined to adopt neither. With regard to the statement of Veritas, that interested parties were disposed to hold their stores, in hopes of commanding higher prices, we think it extremely probable; but we are disposed to reject his assumption that it was done to embarrass the movements of our troops and to assist the enemy.

The spirit that prevailed throughout the country, and which enabled our militia to sustain hardships of every description, was too patent, too ripe, to permit such a course of action. Had Canadians exhibited a discontented spirit, had the slightest evidences of disaffection been apparent, then there might have been grounds for Veritas's supposition,

for supposition we must call it, as his statement is unsupported by any proof that is satisfactory to us. We cannot help ascribing this charge of Veritas to a desire to make an attack even by a side wind, on Sir Geo. Prevost; and we think that the extract we now give will bear us out in the assertion.

To counteract this nefarious plot, it became indispensably necessary to proclaim a modified Martial Law; and in consequence, provisions and forage were taken from the farmers, without their consent; but at very liberal and indeed very high prices, fixed by the Magistrates; the one half of which they would now be happy to get. Many who were duped by the arts of the disaffected, now feel compunction and sorrow at their folly.

This measure created complaints, which were artfully laid hold of by a Junto of disaffected persons, but self styled patriots, who seeing their object likely to be defeated by this prompt and decided measure, became furious in their denunciations against the military in general, but especially General De Rottenburgh and Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, who then commanded at Prescott.

The Chief of this Junto, was a man who had quitted Prescott the moment he heard of war being declared, and resided at Montreal, either from cowardice, or as considering it to afford a wider field for exertions favorable to the views of the enemy. He began his career by libelling every class in this community, and afterwards attacked the officers aforesaid, for doing their duty, in a periodical essay, under the signature of the "Anti-Jacobin," which was at first published in the Courant, but the Editor getting alarmed, at the abusive matter it contained; the work was taken up by a wretched paper called the Spectateur, that had commenced operations upon a congenial plan.

This paper yet continues, but is dwindling into deserved insignificance. The Anti Jacobin has for some time dropped his signature, but occasionally deigns to enlighten his fellow subjects with the fruits of his brain, under anonymous signatures, or under the mask of editorial remarks.

It would occupy too large a space, to enter into a formal discussion of the question about the right of declaring Martial Law, and therefore I shall content myself with observing, that to argue that such a power can in no case be exercised without a previous Legislative Act, is as absurd as to say, that an individual has not the right of self-preservation if attacked, but must, instead of defending himself apply to the civil magistrate for

protection, and consequently risk being destroyed before he can obtain that protection.

"General laws apply to ordinary cases, but there are cases that require extraordinary and prompt remedies. Rebellion or invasion assuredly come within the latter class, and during the existence of either of them, or absolute danger thereof, martial-law may be constitutionally proclaimed by the Sovereign or his Representative; and to do so, may be as indispensable to the safety of the state, as the instant application of personal force to the preservation of an individual when attacked.

"That the application of the power aforesaid was not made upon trivial occasion, is manifest; for the question was reduced to this.—Shall the army be starved at the time the enemy is known to be prepared for, and determined upon immediate invasion? or shall an authority be exercised to defeat the plots of the disaffected, and thereby save the province against that invasion? So certainly will every honest and loyal man say yes to the second part of the question, that I venture to assert, that in such a predicament had the officer at the head of the Government, been so neglectful of his duty, as to be dismayed into inaction, by democratic clamour or threats, he would have deserved condign punishment.

"General De Rottenburg, I conceive, was perfectly justified in what he did, from the necessity of the case, and Lieutenant Colonel Pearson in obeying his orders, was also so; and I have been astonished to learn, that Sir George Prevost, upon finding that the Lieut. Colonel was daily abused and threatened with prosecutions and persecutions by the disaffected Junto, for his zeal in executing his orders about subsisting the troops, coolly observed, that if he had got into a scrape, let him get out of it the best way he can. Sir George's duty was to have enquired whether the Lieut. Colonel had acted from corrupt motives or from zeal in a necessary measure, and if the latter, it was incumbent upon the commander of the Forces to have supported him.

"I have a right to ascribe the conduct of the Junto to disaffection; for what good subject, when the enemy was at the door, would have taken measures to palsy our means of defence. To give aid to the enemy, is treason, and what more efficient aid could be given, than what I have mentioned. It only wanted proof, of a correspondence with the enemy, respecting those proceedings, to have made those concerned therein, punishable for High Treason."

We think the reader will fail to discover in

this extract any proof of Veritas' assumption, and we repeat that we can see little more in it than a desire to attach some odium to Sir George Prevost.

We will admit that cases did exist of short-comings for the troops. General Proctor's force, for instance, was at this very time suffering for want of provisions; but this, when we come to inquire into the cause, was owing to the great numbers of Indians who, having forsaken their hunting grounds and usual occupations, looked for subsistence for themselves and families to the English commissariat. Had there been no Indians to feed, Proctor would not have required more provisions than could have been easily supplied to him. But, allowing that this and other cases did exist, we still ask for the proof of the animus which caused the deficiency.

Man is naturally selfish, and it would be difficult to find any family, not to speak of nations, where some member or members of it were not actuated by selfish or interested views. Is it to be wondered at, then, that instances occurred, during the war, of parties desiring to drive a bargain with government for their individual benefit? And if there were such, does it necessarily follow that their proceedings were influenced by treasonable motives?

Instances are daily occurring at the present day, and complaints are constantly made, especially on foreign service, of the bad quality of beef supplied to the troops; but does it follow that because the contractors wish to make as much as they can out of their contract, that they are in league with Louis Napoleon or the Czar, to reduce the stamina of the British soldier, so as to render him discontented, or, from sheer weakness, unfitted to resist any future invasion that may be meditated, by either of these Potentates, at some future period?

Without adopting all Christie's statement, we are yet inclined to attach much more value to it, than to that of Veritas, especially as far as relates to the victualling department. Hardships the men had to suffer from want of tents, blankets, clothing, &c.; but the privations were borne with a cheerful spirit, which did honor to the Canadian soldier, and enabled him to repulse an enemy overwhelmingly superior in point of numbers.

Before leaving, for busier scenes in the west, these waters, we must not omit to mention a trivial event, which, like many others of like importance, has been not a little magnified by American historians. Two boats belonging to Commodore Chauncey's squadron, mounting one gun each, and manned by about seventy men, captured a British one gun boat, along with her convoy, consisting of fifteen batteaux, laden with two hundred and thirty barrels of pork, and three hundred bags of bread, bound from Montreal to Kingston, for the relief, we presume, of the troops whom Veritas has described as suffering so much from the machinations of unpatriotic and designing men. The number of prisoners, nine of them sailors, amounted to sixty-seven.

No sooner was intelligence conveyed to Kingston than three gun-boats, under the command of Lieutenant Scott, R.N., with a detachment of the 100th regiment under Capt. Martin, were despatched to intercept the Americans, as well as to recapture the convoy. This turned out an unfortunate affair; it was too late, when the British discovered the enemy, to attack them that day (17th or 18th of July); the attack was accordingly postponed, and early on the next morning the British, who had been, in the meantime, reinforced by another gun-boat, and a detachment of the 41st under Major Friend, ascended Goose Creek in pursuit. The passage up the Creek was, however, obstructed by trees that had been felled and laid across, and the swampy nature of the ground rendered the landing of the troops very difficult; the consequence was, that the expedition returned without success, having lost, principally in their endeavours to land, five men, besides having seventeen wounded. Amongst the killed was Captain Milne, one of Sir George Prevost's aides-de-camp, who had just arrived from head quarters to gain intelligence of the expedition. The American loss is nowhere to be found; but, as might be expected, the British loss is set forth by the veracious American historians, as amounting to sixty or seventy killed, with a commensurate number of wounded.

The real temple of Cupid is the home of the beloved one.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

The report of the Commissioner of Patents shows the wonderful inventive genius of our people, and will, we are sure, be viewed with interest by the readers of the *American Courier*. That for 1852 is especially interesting. There were 2639 applications received for patents during the year, and 1020 patents issued. This is the largest number ever granted in one year, except during the first year of General Taylor's administration, when Commissioner Ewbank issued 1076. Doors and shutters have been patented that cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's occupation's gone. The caloric ship is described and commended at some length, but the report admits that "its end is not yet fully attained."

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself: the more he pulls the line, deeper goes the harpoon. An ice-making machine has been patented, which goes by a steam-engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at 80 degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months returned with 40,000 dollars. Another had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for 60,000 dollars. A third obtained a patent for a printers' ink, refused 50,000 dollars for it, and finally sold it for 60,000 dollars. Twenty-seven harvesters, sixteen ploughs, twenty-six seed-planters, eight thrashing machines, ten corn-hullers, and three horse-rakes, have been patented during the year, in addition to those now in use. Six new saw mills, seven shingle-splitters, and twenty new planing-machines have been patented within the year. Seven new machines that spin, twenty that weave, and seven that sew, are also described.

Examiner Lane's report describes various new electrical inventions. Among these is an electric whaling-apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death!" Another is an electromagnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please. There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around, with their heads up, and sticks them in paper in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar-making, taking in tobacco leaves, and turning out the perfect article. One machine cuts cheese, another scours knives and forks, another blacks boots, another rocks the cradle, and seven or eight take in washing and ironing. There are a number of guns patented that load themselves, a fish-line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another! The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.—*Chambers' Journal*.

ON THE RETROSPECT OF LIFE.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

"As constant good fortune has accompanied me even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed, and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me. This good fortune, when I reflect on it, which is frequently the case, has induced me sometimes to say that if it were left to my choice, I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to its end; requesting only the advantage authors have, in a second edition, of correcting the faults of the first. Notwithstanding, if this condition was denied, I should still accept the offer of recommencing the same life."—*Memoirs of Dr. Franklin, written by himself.*

The following reflections will be found equally applicable at the close of a year or a life. For of what is life made up? Is not infancy our spring? The heyday of life our summer. Is not that season, when the first wrinkle, line of thought, or grey hair appears, our autumn; and is not old age our winter, when naught remains for us but a brief retrospect of the past. And alas! how few are there, who, looking back upon a life, or a year, can with sincerity echo the wish which is the subject of my present reflections.

The world is a scene of such proverbial misery, and the instances of continued happiness, which are to be met with in it, are so rare, that an avowal of this kind seems, upon first impressions, to bear the stamp of its own falsehood. So prone are mankind to judge of others by themselves; so disposed are they to reject, as fabulous, assertions which seem in opposition to their own experience, that had this sentiment been the only record that remained of Franklin, his opinions, or his actions, it would have been regarded, if not as an intentional falsehood, at least as an opinion avowed in a moment of pleasure, and transient as the sunshine which warmed it into birth. It would, with much confidence, have been asserted, that the person who had left these words, as his only memorial, must have been young at the time he wrote them; that they were the production of that age which entertains those flattering dreams of life, which are supposed to be invariably mocked by its sad realities.

I made these reflections on this passage in the auto-biography of Franklin. It was growing dusk, and when I came to this sentence, the evening had darkened so far, that I could not continue the perusal of his very interest-

ing work without a light. I was so comfortably seated, that I felt unwilling to move; and, instead of rising to call for candles, I leaned back in my elbow chair to enjoy all the luxury of thought undisturbed.

I tried how far I could apply this assertion to my own life; and looked back into a series of events which awakened emotions of very diverse characters. Some were of that bright and sunny cast which form spots of verdure on the waste of life, where memory loves to linger; but they were few and far between, and they seemed barely visible amidst the sombre hues of the remaining darkness.

Turning from the gloom of reminiscence, I varied the scene by generalizing the experiment, hoping that I might derive consolation from comparing my lot with that of mankind in general, and perceiving that I stood not alone in the cheerless retrospect. I reflected, that (pursuing my former supposition of this being the only remaining passage of Franklin's writings) had it from any incontrovertible proofs been received without the least doubt, either that he had really felt and expressed such a sentiment, or that it was in his individual experience founded on truth, and not the evanescent dream of momentary deception, the declaration would have appeared of immense importance. Present happiness is the object of almost universal pursuit: few are there, who, for any length of time, imagine that they have attained it; and great would have been the anxiety to discover how that man had passed his existence, who, when he had so nearly arrived at the haven, could wish again to cross the stormy sea of life. Various would have been the hypotheses which men would have formed: each would have been inclined to figure him to his imagination as successfully engaged in that pursuit which he deemed most essential to happiness; and their ideas, of the manner in which he spent his life, would have resembled the picture which the ancients drew of their fabled Elysium, which is so beautifully described in the following well known lines:

"*Quæ gratia currùm,
Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*"

And, though there is no fact more indisputable than that nine-tenths of the value of the things, which we so ardently desire in this

world, consists in their being objects of pursuit—that possession takes away the greatest value from whatever we covet, the place of which is succeeded by a fresh phantom, to be alike followed and disregarded—yet these are deductions which men seldom make: on this point continual experience fails of producing any conviction.

Numbers, therefore, would think, that the man, who, at the close of a long life was willing to return to the starting place, and to measure his course again, must have possessed what even they may at the present moment desire; and, resting upon this assumption with as unlimited confidence as if it were incontrovertibly proved by the fullest knowledge of his life, would urge the chase with a speed redoubled by the idea, that the prize, for which they contended had, in this instance, conferred full happiness. Nor would they change their mode of reasoning, if success in the pursuit should show them its fallacy; and though, when satiated with the enjoyment of their wishes, they started again, untired, and full of hope, in some fresh chase, they would conclude themselves mistaken: yet they would perpetuate the error by making the second object of pursuit, in its turn, the *summum bonum*.

But some would adopt a different opinion, who, wearied with continued endeavors, had, late in life, been, by successive disappointments, driven from all hope of success; and in despair, ceased every effort to obtain happiness, and were ready to join Amavia, when—

“But if that careless Heaven (quoth she) despise
The doom of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men’s miseries,
As bound by them to live in life’s despoil.
Yet can they not warn death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soon, come sweetest death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be
That long captived souls from weary thralldom free.”

They would conclude that Franklin must have been highly favored by fortune, and have met with but few of the misfortunes incident to human life.

Very different would be the inference of the man of reason, who was accustomed to act from principle, and not from impulse. Knowing from experience, that it is not the enjoyment of ideal pleasures, nor any exemption

from human misfortunes, which confer happiness; but that it must be successfully sought, by a firm and unwearied course of conduct, by reducing the scale of our expectations, and acting so as to find pleasure in recollection, rather than in anticipation; he would, naturally and justly, be led to conclude, that the man who had lived a life which he was willing to repeat, must have made use of every fault, as a beacon, whereby to guide his steps from a similar error; must, as he lived, have grown wiser, therefore happier; and must have enjoyed all the pleasing recollection of having, during his past life, whenever circumstances allowed him, been useful to his fellow creatures. To the man who reasoned thus, Franklin’s life would be of inestimable value; there would he see the conclusion of all his views on this subject, and have before his eyes a forcible example, that, not upon any series of events which man can never control, but upon rational principles of action, firmly adopted, depends the happiness of life.

But those who advocated the groundless opinions which we noticed above, would, although they read his life, fail to perceive the necessary connection between reason and happiness; and driven from every other hold, would stoutly maintain, that Franklin was of a particularly happy temperament, that he felt not the ills of life; for *them*, poor souls, they are “framed of tender stuff.” “His passions and feelings,” they would say, “must have been very sluggish—he must have been very *cold*. We are of a warmer temperature; our feelings and passions hurry us away with irresistible impulse.” I do not know, whether I would, if I could, be one of those *cool men*. Such seem to attach ideas of energy, of mental superiority, to those who are the slaves of every present impression. *But these are errors as deep as they are dangerous*. In asserting and maintaining an habitual command over ourselves; in restraining, but not extinguishing, our feelings, lies the whole secret of happiness. Allowing for every difference of natural constitution, there are, to every man, allotted, in an abundant degree, the means of effecting this. No man has, I believe, passions or feelings so strong, that they may not, by the determined and timely use of proper means, be so far brought into

subjection, as is desirable, for "*it is the business of reason to moderate, not to extinguish, the passions.*" On all, then, who read, and particularly on the young, whose dispositions are as yet ductile, and the task comparatively easy, would I wish earnestly to impress that they, and they alone, can make or mar their own happiness. To those who indulge a rational desire for that which their own efforts, rightly directed, will certainly secure, I would recommend Franklin's Journal of his own Life as a most useful work. Thence they may learn to reason, and "on reason build resolve." Let them, with Rasselas, discover that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted; that our past errors may, if rightly managed, be of more use to us than our good actions.

Let them not despair at the former, or be puffed up with the latter; but endeavor to correct what is wrong, and improve what is right. Nor are those studies which strengthen the mind and confirm its powers to be neglected; for to those who would live happily they are of infinite importance. Such must seek their recreation in mental, and not in sensual pleasures; the former exalt, the latter debase and enervate our nature. On the exaltation of our nature, on our hopes and fears being lifted beyond this transient world, depends, after all, much of what men call happiness.

Here the candles appeared, and their light broke the train of my thoughts; so I resolved, that my next retrospect should boast a brighter character, being convinced that it depended upon myself; and under this impression I sat down to prepare this paper for the *Anglo*.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

Fare, fare thee well, thou dying Year!
Thy parting knell is rung,
And the tear-drop glistens on thy bier,
With cypress boughs o'erhung.

Thy birth with smiles was ushered in,
And feast, and festal rout;
And merry bells, with joyous din,
From spire and tow'r rung out.

And mirth and music blest the hour,
And many a legend wild
Bade grief resign her wonted power,
While love exulting smil'd.

And meeting hands, and sparkling eyes,
Made glad thy natal day;
And withering care, and mourning sighs,
Were banished far away!

Now at thy close, how changed the scene!
The festal rout is o'er,
And the merry bells, with joyous din,
Peal forth, alas, no more!

And the lov'd and lover both are gone,
And the mourner weeps alone;
And the green grass waves o'er many a one,
That joyous, hailed thy dawn!

And the hoary head by youth is laid,
And the smiling babe at rest,
Sleeps the last sleep, ere woe might fade,
Or rend its sinless breast!

And blessed they thus early ta'en,
The infant cherub blest,
Betime snatched from a life of pain,
And borne to endless rest!

Yet still will pitying Nature weep
Beside the daisied sod;
But blest, thrice blest are they who sleep
In the bosom of their God!

Thou dying Year! thy sunny days,
But few and brief have been;
And Memory turns her tearful gaze
On many a fitful scene!

And blighted hopes, and broken faith,
A sad and dismal train;
All, all that fate inflicts in wrath,
Revive to wound again!

And, oh! amid remembrance drear,
Scarce blooms one little flower;—
One brightening ray the heart to cheer
In retrospection's hour!

Thou dying Year, now past away,
With time before the flood!
Thy mourning rites, and festal gay,
Thy evil, and thy good!

Thou dying year, my farewell take!
'T may be, perchance, my last;
And stranger hands the lyre may wake,
That consecrates the past.

And if decreed the coming year,
Death's messenger must be;
I will not shed one coward tear,
To die is to be free!

COUNTRY SKETCHES:—SCUGOG AND ITS VICINITY.

BEARING in mind the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we propose to vary our illustrations with occasional sketches of country scenery, and have selected, as a commencement, Lake Scugog and its vicinity. We mean by our quotation that having, for eighteen months, devoted our attention exclusively to sketches of cities or towns in British North America, for the purpose of showing the rapid increase and prosperity of these Provinces, it is now expedient to show that there are nooks and scenes in the country worth visiting for pleasure alone—or what is better in this utilitarian age, spots, a visit to which will combine both profit and pleasure. We begin by a short extract:—"The artist recommends parties intending pic-nics next spring to think of Lake Scugog and its vicinity. Whitby is easily reached by steamer, and Lake Scugog is only nineteen miles to the north, with a very good road." We find further that accommodation will not be found wanting, as our artist goes on to say, "I stayed at Jewett's house, and must say that I have been rarely better treated, or more moderately charged.

"Port Perry is a thriving village with several saw-mills, and the tourist will be surprised to see so flourishing a place, where he expected, most probably, to find naught save nature in her wildest garb. Lake Scugog, or the larger portion of it, as it at present exists, has been artificially made; the formation of the dam at Lyndsay, many years ago, raised the water and forced it back over the land, thus flooding a large tract of country. From this cause the lake has not yet been properly delineated on any map, all, hitherto published, having been copied from the original plans of the surveyors.

"At the time these townships were surveyed, what constitutes the southern portion of Lake Scugog was dry land. The back country being but thinly settled, it was sometime before the mischief was discovered, when legal proceedings were instituted by the owners of the property, and the dam was ordered to be lowered two feet. This checked the rise of water to some extent, but the mill was required to supply the necessities of the country, and without the dam the mill would

have been useless. The proprietors therefore, of two evils, chose the less, and put up with the loss.

"The Island of Scugog is, strange to say, not mentioned by Smith, in his Canada, although it is a prominent feature in the scenery around Port Perry. It is, I should think, about one hundred feet above the level of the lake; on it there are some well-cleared farms, and it is well covered with hardwood mixed with some pine. The little steamer, Woodman, plies between Port Perry and Lyndsay, so that the tourist may visit both places, and if time permit, he should also visit the thriving little village of Prince Albert. The Indian name Scugog, or as the Indians pronounce it *Scu-a-gog*, implies submerged or flooded land."

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

In no class of edifices do we find the simple poetry of Architecture better expressed than in the ancient village churches of England. There is a beauty about those venerable fabrics, not easily described, but which is recognised as well by the untutored as the most learned in architectural science. Local associations, it is true, as well as pictorial predilections, may greatly enhance the effect with the mass of admirers; but there is an intrinsic power, so to speak, in the architectural composition of most of those edifices highly calculated to produce a strong impression on the mind. The men who fabricated those ancient fanes could give an expression to the mere exterior outline of their buildings capable of striking awe and wonder into the minds of the rude and unlettered, while around and within, the walls, the roof, the pavement, and other parts spoke volumes to the learned in architectural symbolism.

There is a wide distinction to be observed in the architectural characteristics of various sized churches, each having its peculiar style of beauty. Though the majestic grandeur of the vast cathedral may be more striking than the simple dignity of the village church. We admire the former only as the sublime canonization of art, while the latter appears to us the spontaneous creation of nature. This

difference is not one of mere scale and proportion. The integral parts of each may seem identical and capable of transposition, yet it would be grotesque in the extreme either to magnify the size and proportions of an ordinary village church to that of some "mighty minster," or to make our village churches assume the form of miniature cathedrals.

Now, in the whole range of Canadian Ecclesiology, we shall scarce find a professedly Gothic church true to the type of its class in those respects. When we do happen to meet with fair proportions and good outline from a respectably pitched roof, we are almost certain to find the details exaggerated, perhaps borrowed from another edifice ten times its size. The building which, in other respects, would be tolerable, is simply marred by incongruity of proportions. Such is the case also with every feature of the building which is unfitted by form or dimensions for its proper destination. We frequently see, for example, an erection perched on one end of the roof of a church, too large to be meant for a bell-cot, and too small for a steeple; but an evident apology for the latter. The roof not being a proper or secure support for a tower, suffers in effect from the imposition. The mind of the observer becomes exclusively occupied by this one deformity, and receives an impression which no subordinate part, however beautiful in itself, can efface.

Of a totally different character, however, is the new church about to be built at Brampton, a sketch of which we engrave in our present Number from the designs of Mr. Hay.

The whole aspect of this church is unmistakably English. We have here no ginger bread work, no gimcrackery, no useless pinnacles to give a trumpery effect to a commonplace erection; but a substantial looking edifice with low walls and high pitched roof, giving a bold and fearless outline, expressive at once of dignity and humility, to which the low-roofed porch adds effect. The tower stands as it ought, upon its own base. It is a massive structure, indicative of strength. The plain broach spire by which it is surmounted, tapers gracefully to a point to which the principal lines in the picture seem to converge.

The style of this building is the early middle pointed, or the latest phase of early English—a style sometimes termed "transition."

Plate-traceried windows, with quatrefoil piercings, splayed mullions and hoods, indicate the severity of the style. The grouping is admirably calculated to produce that kind of architectural effect usually termed picturesque. This is not effected, however, at the expense of *truth*. We see no member of the design that could be omitted. Indeed there are some features that are often looked upon as essential to a Gothic edifice, which are in this case (with a solitary exception) dispensed with. We see enough, however, to convince us that the Architect knows the proper use of those valuable adjuncts.

We find a solitary buttress—the only one, we believe about the building, doing important duty at the south-east corner of the nave. On inquiring what it is about, we shall find that opposite this point is the great chancel arch, which, not being a lath and plaster sham, but a veritable arch, of solid masonry, requires considerable support to prevent its spreading. Hence the massive buttress which forms part of its abutment on one side; the tower giving its support on the other.

Buttresses, when massive and well proportioned, add much to the effect of a Gothic edifice in a pictorial point of view. The light and shade which they give is a great relief to a blank wall. Still it would not be legitimate to construct these merely for the sake of effect.

Among the Sussex churches, we find many beautiful examples without a single buttress, unless, it may be, as in the case pointed out, where a heavy lateral thrust has to be overcome. Then we find a plain, undisguised mass of masonry of the proper form and strength to effect its object, diminished in stages as the necessity for resistance becomes less, and having its surfaces most exposed to the weather, moulded to the best possible form for throwing off the wet. Hence we have an object at once beautiful from its appropriate character and fitness. Used in this way, an ordinary architectural feature becomes doubly interesting from the palpable meaning it conveys.

Accustomed though we are to the use of buttresses in almost every new church in the revived style of English architecture, we do not miss them in that of Brampton. Indeed such a church would probably suffer in pic-

turesque effect from their use in any large measure. They are expensive things, too, and sometimes difficult to keep in repair, being like all similar projections, liable to be affected by wet and frost. But while they ought not to be dispensed with in large buildings, where the walls are lofty and have to sustain great outward pressure from the roof, in a simple village church where the walls are low and strong in proportion to the size of the building, their absolute use is not essential.

We find from its proportions that Brampton church will be of the following dimensions:—

Interior length of nave.....	58 feet.
“ width of do	26 “
“ length of chancel	25 “
“ width of do	16½ “
Height of walls.....	14 “
“ from floor to apex of nave roof	37 “
“ of tower and spire.....	80 “

The church is to accommodate 270 persons and to cost £1,500.

Nothing tends more to deform our Canadian churches generally, than the great height of the walls contrasted with the squatness of the roof.

In this country where woodwork is comparatively cheap and masonry dear, we should have better and cheaper fabrics by letting the wooden element enter more largely into the composition of our ecclesiastical edifices than is generally done. A steep roof is the beauty of a Gothic church. In the early English styles, the outline of the roof usually formed the two sides of an equilateral triangle. With a roof of this pitch, or even somewhat less, the walls need not be higher for rural churches than from nine to twelve feet, as the whole space within the roof may be gained by making the external boarding of the roof, also the ceiling of the church.

While advocating the extension of the wooden element. We are not to be supposed as approving its application to illegitimate uses, such as the mullions and tracery of the windows of a stone or brick church. The mullions and tracery of pure ecclesiastical edifices are essentially a portion of the wall, and had their origin in *thinning* and *perforating* that part, for the purpose of admitting light. When circumstances will not admit

of using stone, it is better to be content with single perforations for the windows after the manner of the early English. Nothing is more offensive to good taste than a want of truthfulness in ecclesiastical design.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XIX.

TREATING OF SUNDRY LITTLE MATTERS, CALCULATED AT ONCE TO DELECTIFY AND INSTRUCT THE DISCREET STUDENT OF THESE UNSURPASSED RECORDS.

THOUGH I would willingly have lengthened out my sojourn with the hospitable denizens of Peterhead, a variety of considerations constrained me to think seriously of retracing my steps to Dleep-daily.

In the first place, tidings reached me that I had been summoned to attend the ensuing seditious at Ayr of the Circuit Court of Justiciary, in the capacity of jurymen. This requisition of his gracious Majesty I might, indeed, have eluded on the score of absence, without subjecting myself to the pains and penalties denounced against contumacious recusants. From my youth upwards, however, I had (as previously intimated in these Chronicles) taken a deep interest in the sayings and doings of criminals, and there was something peculiarly juicy and appetizing in the idea of acting as a judicial investigator of their exploits. It was next in dignity to occupying the bench itself, and for that matter it may be fairly questioned whether the jury are not entitled to be regarded as playing the first fiddle. To quote a verse of one of Sir Alexander Boswell's songs—

“Awa,” cried the angry Judge, “awa
Wi’ the knave to the gallows tree!”
But the burly jurymen said “Na!”
And jingling Jock went free!

There was another reason which made me unwilling to prolong my absence from home, and that was the unorthodox and unsavoury manner in which my representative, Job Sheepshanks, had been of late conducting himself.

Having met with a disappointment in love, Job (as Mr. Paumie certiorated me) had transferred his devotion from the shrine of Venus to that of Bacchus. In plain English, he had been upon the “spree” for nearly three weeks, to the no small peril, as may readily be imagined, of the throats and craniums of the lieges who put themselves at the mercy of his professional weapons. One of his misadventures the dominie communi-

cated to me, by way of a spur to hasten my return, which I may narrate in passing.

There had arrived at Dreepdaily, in prosecution of his lawful avocations, a young commercial traveller, or bagman, Benjamin Bluebottle by name. The aforesaid Bluebottle was quite a buck in his way, and was just as particular in showing himself off to advantage as the wares which it was his mission to vend. One evening after dinner, Benjamin sought my shop for the purpose of having himself tonsorially beautified (these were the dominie's own words) prior to making his appearance at a "cooky shine" and dance given by Mrs. Bailie Bouncer, the spouse of one of his leading customers. Now, it so chanced that on this occasion the bagman's post-prandial potations had not been strictly limited to cold water, and he had no sooner seated himself in the professional chair than he emigrated into the land of Nod before he could give my journeyman an inkling of the specific services which were required at his hands. Job, who was, as usual, more than half seas over, took it upon himself to decide that the customer had come for the purpose of having his hair cut, and proceeded to act upon that theory without delay. So vigorously did he ply scissors and comb, that ere the world had become ten minutes more antique, the poll of the oblivious Bluebottle was cut close as the back of a new-shorn sheep!

Having concluded operations, Mr. Sheepshanks gave his client an emphatic shake, and informing him that the needful had been done, craved the customary honorarium. Up started Benjamin, thoroughly sobered by his snooze, and drawing his hand over his chin, asked Job, with an oath, whether he called that shaving? "Dinna swear, Sir!" hiccupped my *locum tenens*, who, being a New Light, Old Connexion, Reformed Cameronian, always uplifted his testimony against the profane—"dinna' swear in sic a regardless way. As for shaving, my razor never touched a hair o' your beard, but I flatter myself that your head has been as weel cowed this blessed night for that matter." "What is that you say?" yelled the miserable Bluebottle. "Do you mean to tell me, unalanged vagabond that you are, that you have been experimenting upon my head?" Without waiting for a reply, the victim rushed to the looking-glass, when in one moment he became aware of the crowning misfortune which had befallen him. It was indeed enough to make a saint blaspheme! His corporeal climax was almost as bare as one of the blocks which stood before him!

"Never mind, Sir," now interjected Job, who

by this time discovered that he had committed a mistake, "there is a plaster for every sore, as the gifted Maister Rabshake Rumblethump says. The weather being warm, you will not feel the want o' your hair, and here is a bottle o' spiritualized bear's grease, which will mak it grow as quickly, or nearly sae, as it was crappit!"

These words, instead of producing a sedative effect upon the excited bagman, appeared to aggravate him into a perfect frenzy and whirlwind of rage. "Confound you and your bear's grease!" he exclaimed, "I wish I saw you and it frying in one of the ripping-pans of Tophet! Look here, you miscreant! Will the lard of all the bears in Christendom ever cure this?" Uttering these words, the demented Bluebottle made a clutch at his scalp, and pulled off A WIG!

* * * *

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the state of matters indicated by the above recited tragical passage, urged me to hasten my departure. Accordingly, I took my ticket in the Edinburgh mail-coach, immediately on receipt of Mr. Paumie's epistle, and the same evening beheld me progressing homeward at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The night being fine, I contented myself with an outside place, and was fortunate enough to secure a moiety of the box-seat. I use the word *fortunate*, because, as it so chanced, the driver was quite an original in his way, and at once good-humoured and communicative. He had some story to tell connected with almost every leading object upon the road, and as I took care to "wet his whistle" at each halting place, I managed to acquire a vast amount of gossiping information in the course of my locomotive journey.

"There is a curious story relating to that house," said my whip-flourishing friend, as we were leaving a way-side house, "built for the refreshment of pilgrims" (to use honest John Bunyan's cherished phrase). Having expressed myself desirous to hear the legend, Thomas Thong was—for so the Jehu named—indoctrinated me with the substance of the following narrative, for the truth of which he pledged his credit.

ANENT THE APPARITION WHICH MANIFESTED
ITSELF TO THE LAIRD OF HUNGRY KNOWES.

Near the famous town of Montrose, there dwelt, not many years bye-gone, a landed proprietor, answering to the name of David Dreg-horn. His estate was denominated Hungry Knowes, and so far as its owner was concerned, no designation could be more fitting or appropriate. If the misers of Scotland had agreed to

elect themselves a king from amongst their number, most assuredly the crown would have fallen upon the head of David, that is on the supposition that thrift was the leading qualification sought after. He was the very incarnation of grinding penuriousness, and used to be quoted as such by the whole country side. Though possessed of a large income, and having a goodly sum to his account in the bank, he denied himself not only the luxuries and comforts, but almost the very necessaries of life. There was not a cotter of Hungry Knowes, who did not usually sit down to a better dinner than did his Laird, and as for garments, few beggars would have exchanged habiliments with the wealthy pauper. On more than one occasion, he had been observed recruiting his wardrobe from the rags of a potatoe bogie, and if a compassionate stranger (as was sometimes the case,) offered him the benevolence of a penny, he never scrupled to pocket the donation, with a mumbled benediction upon the head of the giver.

With the exception of a female drudge of all work, the only domestic in the house of Hungry Knowes, was an ancient male servitor, called Gavin Park, who was nearly as great an economist as his principal. In fact, the familiar saying, "like master, like man," never had a more complete realization than in this pair of skin-flints.

Only once a year, on the anniversary of his birth, to wit; did Laird Dreghorn relax the Lenten rule which governed the balance of his existence. On that epoch he was in the habit of giving an entertainment to such of the neighboring gentry as chose to be on visiting terms with him; and on these occasions none of the guests had cause to complain of the quality of the feast. The table presented every luxury which the contiguous markets could supply, and as for the wines they were of special and almost unique excellence. David Dreghorn had found the cellar of Hungry Knowes richly replenished when he succeeded his father in the property, and as not a bottle was ever consumed except on the occasions above referred to, the stock suffered but slender diminution for many years.

This cellar and its contents formed the leading boast of the Laird of Hungry Knowes, and so jealously did he conserve the precious locality, that no one was ever permitted to act as his deputy in exploring its recesses. Not even in the case of Gavin Park, was a rule relaxed which was as stringent and inexorable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

On one of Dreghorn's periodical saturnalia, the supply of wine fell short, before the festivities of

the evening had terminated, and the landlord was obligated to procure an additional allowance. A formidable difficulty, however, presented itself to this consummation. The Laird had imbibed so copiously of his vinous treasures, that though in full possession of thought and speech, his limbs refused to perform their regular functions. Sundry attempts did he make to rise from the table, but all in vain. He was to every intent and purpose as much a fixture as if he had been sculptured in marble or carved in ivory.

In this predicament, one of the guests whose locomotive organs were in more available order, offered his services to enact the part of butler, and bring the desiderated fluids. This proposition met with a stern and decided negative from the host. He vowed and protested that he would not part with the key of the sacred crypt to the Great Mogul, or the Queen of Sheba, let alone to a parcel of north country land loupers!

At length, the minister of the parish, Doctor Drouthycraig hit upon a method of solving the difficulty. He suggested that Mr. Hercules Horning, an Aberdeen lawyer, and the Laird's favourite man of business, should carry his client upon his shoulders to the cellar, and so act at once as his Bucephalus and Ganymede. This proposition was at once acceded to. The jurisconsult uplifted the agriculturist, placed him upon his back, and with a gait tolerably steady, all things considered, carried him out of the festal chamber. After a short interval the rider and his bipedal steed returned, amidst the congratulatory shouts of the expectant revellers, each laden with a supply of stimulants amply sufficient to lay the whole synod under the table, a catastrophe which actually occurred before cock-crow!

There is only one other feature connected with these birth day entertainments, which falls to be condescended upon. On the ensuing day it devolved upon Gavin Park to collect the fragments of the feast, such as cheese, fruits, &c., and having carefully disposed of them in baskets, conveyed them to the purveyor in Montrose who had furnished the same. The dealer, in accordance with a previous bargain, weighed whatever reliquia were in a merchantable condition, and gave the Laird credit for the same at the settlement of accounts.*

The only near relative of the Laird of Hungry Knowes was a sister who had married an officer in

*There is nothing fictitious in the preceding account of Mr. Dreghorn's convivial peculiarities. They must be familiar to many Scotsmen whose memories can reach back to half a century.—*Ed. A. A. M.*

the service of the East India Company. This lady and her husband died within a short time of each other, and their sole issue a son, was sent to England in order to be educated. When John Embleton, for so was the young man named, had attained majority, Mr. Dreghorn invited him to take up his abode with him, throwing out a hint that on his decease the nephew would step into the shoes of his uncle. As Embleton's means were far from being plethoric, such an offer, attended though it was with many drawbacks, was not to be sneezed at, and, accordingly, he soon found himself an inmate of the most comfortless mansion which Scotland, in all probability contained.

It is unnecessary to detail the mode of life which John was now constrained to pursue. Enough to say that had he been a Trappist monk his privations and mortifications could hardly have been exceeded. These drawbacks he felt more in consequence of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed in Hindostan. His life there had, comparatively speaking, been the life of a prince,—here, he was obliged to submit to sumptuary grievances, which would have driven to insubordination a palanqui bearer of Bombay, frugally as these unsophisticated children of the sun sustentate nature.

In fact, so signally did the feelings of young Embleton revolt against the system of semi-starvation to which he was subjected, that six months would have terminated his probation, had not a powerful motive constrained him to put up with the domestic purgatory. To make a long story short, John was over head and ears in love, and mutual vows of constancy had been exchanged between him and the object of his affections.

Dorcas Rubric was the third daughter of the Reverend Augustine Rubric, under whose roof Embleton had received a modicum of what proverbs assure us is better than house and land, learning to wit. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the excellent ecclesiastic would have admitted the orthodoxy of the above cited proposition. With all his learning—and its ripeness was beyond controversy—he had never been able to attain a higher step on the ladder of preferment, than a curacy of some seventy pounds per annum, and, unless the sky should rain patrons, he had no prospect of ever bettering his financial condition. When to this is added that the number of juvenile Rubrics amounted to sixteen, it will readily be imagined that the portion which Dorcas could reasonably reckon upon, must have been almost too microscopic for even fractional arithmetic to calculate.

It must now be patent to the most obtuse, how it came to pass that the gay, and high spirited John Embleton could force himself to endure the thousand and one annoyances which prevailed at Hungry Knowes. Upon his uncle's favour depended, to all human appearance, whether he should ever be in a condition to fetter with a plain gold w-ring the fourth finger of the plump left hand of his dearly beloved Dorcas!

Rough as was the lot of poor John, it might have been rougher still, but for the anxiety which Gavin Park uniformly displayed, to ameliorate its ruggedness. From the very first, Gavin had conceived a strong liking for the young Laird—as Embleton was generally designated, and this liking was more firmly cemented by the fact that both parties were devotedly attached to field sports. Miserly as Gavin was, he never begrudged the cost of powder and shot, and the frequent sallies which the pair made against the feathered and piscatory tribes of the domain, had the effect of creating between them, a union, offensive and defensive strong as that which characterised Castor and Pollox, Damon and Pythias, or John Doe and Richard Roe!

Often when John Embleton disgusted at some extra-miserable commons, threatend to leave the inhospitable dwelling, did the faithful, and more prudent Park prevail upon him to give up his determination. On such occasions the majordomo would refer to the senectitude and complicated infirmities of Dreghorn, and remind the murmurer that a man of seventy-nine, endowed with rheumatism and asthma, was not likely to live for ever! The selfevident truth of this proposition never failed to produce a soothing effect upon the irritated expectant, and, thinking upon the charms of Dorcas Rubric, he continued to masticate oat-meal porridge, and watery beef-less broth, with resignation if not with relish.

But a sorer trial than any thing of a mere gustatory nature, was in reserve for the hapless heir expectant of Hungry Knowes.

Laird Dreghorn had been through life a confirmed, and dogmatical advocate of single blessedness. The female sex he regarded as natural enemies to the masculine species of humanity, and firmly opined that their leading destiny was to deck themselves with haberdashery superfluities to the empoverishment of the lords of creation and generally keep the aforesaid lords in boiling water. The few prints which adorned the wall of his dwelling room had all reference to this main and engrossing idea. For instance the picture gallery of Hungry Knowes embraced, *inter alia*, the following subjects, Dalilah shearing the

locks of the confiding Sampson,—Pandora peeping into the prohibited box.—Diana translating the overly curious Actæon into a stag.—Helen levitating from Troy.—Venus sitting with that graceless cavalier Mars.—Lady Macbeth egging on her remorseful good-man to cut the throat of honest King Duncan. Millwood seducing George Barnwell to serve out his uncle after a cognate fashion, and last but not least, in the Lairds estimation, for David was a rigid Episcopalian, Janet Geddes hurling her sacrilegious joint stool at the head of the prelaical parson in St. Giles' cathedral!

Young Embleton being well cognizant of the above mentioned peculiarity in his uncle was one day filled with no small astonishment at being told on his return from shooting a few birds, and a brace of hares or so, that there was a lady in the drawing room! Such a phenomenon had not been witnessed at Hungry Knowes during the incumbency of its present owner, and had John certiorated that an elephant or hippopotamus was enacting the part of *hospes* up stairs, but slender addition would have been made to his surprise.

The perplexity of the stripling was by no means abated, when Gavin Park informed him that Laird Dreghorn had not only received the dame or spinster (as the case might be) with every demonstration of cordiality but had even gone the length of bringing up from the cellar a bottle of sweet wine, for her especial discussion! "Surely" exclaimed the wonder smitten servant, "dooms-day must be close at hand! Just think o' the Laird drawing a pint o' Lisbon that hasna' its marrow out o' the Kings' cellars, and this no his birth-day! But aboon a' to think that he does sic an unheard o' thing to petile up a creature in petticoats! If some marvel does na' happen after a' this, may I refer bring down a muir fowl again!"

Whilst Gavin was thus giving expression to his excited feelings, the bell rang, and having answered the summons, the factotum of Hungry Knowes returned with a request, or more properly speaking mandamus, that Embleton would transfer his person to the drawing-room. So in duty bound the young man lost no time in complying with the requirement, and having hastily made some improvements upon his toilet, he entered the chamber of audience.

No sooner had he developed himself than Mr. Dreghorn took him by the hand, and with all the formality of the Golden School, presented him to the fair visitor whom he introduced as Miss Pru-

dence McThrift of Glen Skinfint. "A braw estate (as the old gentleman took care to state,) in the adjacent parish of Sour Sowans, worth twa thousand sterling a year if it was worth a plack, and of which Miss McThrift was the sole and unfettered owner! The Laird added that Miss Prudence had hitherto been residing in Edinburgh, but, being desirous of superintending her property in person had recently removed to Glen Skinfint where she proposed dwelling in future. Mr. Dreghorn concluded by inviting his nephew to drink a glass of wine to the health of their visitor, and their better acquaintance.

Though belonging to the gender which by the prescriptive usage of politeness, is called *fair*, there was but little to justify a literal application of the word to the Chiefness of Glen Skinfint. In height, she closely bordered upon six feet, but her bulk was far from being of corresponding proportion. Indeed, for that matter, a whipping post conveyed no very far-fetched idea of the lady's general appearance. Her eyes were small, greyish in hue, with a slight dash of verdancy, and exhibited that restless, peering, poking expression which irresistibly conjured up the comparison of a gimlet on active service. Inoculation not having been practised during the "green and sallad days" of the virtuous Prudence, her visage bore testimony that small pox had been among the ills to which her flesh had fallen heir:—and a wrinkled sheet of antiquated parchment was peculiarly suggestive of the maiden's neck, at least so much of it as the profane were permitted to behold!

Upon the whole, John Embleton could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that if all the women in the world bore an intimate resemblance to the heiress of Glen Skinfint, few clergymen would ever be called upon to perform the matrimonial office! He likewise opined that had Prudence been the captive Princess whose honor Scipio Africanus conserved, that warrior could have claimed but slender merit on the score of continence!

It is only necessary to add that if the damsel lacked those external charms which usually command the devoirs of the opposite sex, there was every reason to conclude that she possessed the more solid and utilitarian qualities alone to be acquired in the school of experience! A few grey hairs, which feloniously peered from behind the rampart of her yellow frontlets, told a story not of yesterday's date. Indeed, for that matter, the baptismal of Sour Sowans furnished conclusive evidence, that never more on this terrestrial globe, could the fortyseventh birth-day of

Prudence McThrift be celebrated with any chronological propriety!

If the nephew was somewhat lacking in admiration of the visitor to Hungry Knows, not so the uncle. He appeared to regard her as the very paragon and perfection of womankind—in fact, as something too precious and sublimated for the common wear and tear of existence. To the most ordinary observations, which she enunciated, he listened with appetized attention, as if from her thin and pursed up lips there had been gushing torrents of wisdom—and so marked was his devotion that a third party would not unnaturally have concluded that Dan Cupid had made an orifice in the senior's heart!

After a season Miss Prudence took her departure, having previously exacted a promise from Mr. Dreghorn and John, that they would favour her with their company to dinner on the following day. Embleton would fain have excused himself, as feeling no special vocation to undergo the irksomeness of penance, but the Laird effectually knocked his intention on the head, by accepting the invitation on the part of both, with a scream of *jubilate*!

As John retraced his steps up stairs, after seeing Miss McThrift safely deposited in her rickety old gig, which was propelled by a living skeleton of a horse, he could not help asking himself what all this was to grow to? "Can it be possible," he soliloquised—"that my uncle contemplates wooing and wedding you animated vinegar cruet? If so, there will be but a sorry look out for poor Dorcas and myself! The sooner that I depart, and commence pushing my fortune the better! Heigh ho!"

[At this epoch of the story, the mail coach came to a halt for the purpose of changing horses, and as a matter of course, Mr. Thong had to intermit his narration for a season.]

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

Sorrow shows us truths as the night brings out stars.

He who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest.

A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find, creates them.

The world is all up-hill when we would do, all down-hill when we suffer.

Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than the last.

PAUL PRY AMONG THE BLUE NOSES.

No. 1.

On a sunny morning in October, 1853, not "two men on horseback," but two men in a light waggon "might have been seen," and, in fact, were seen, progressing along the north shore of North Britain from Shediac. One was a descendant of the Acadian French, dressed like the rest of them in dark blue homespun, straw hat, and home-made shoes, whom a sufficient consideration had induced to officiate as driver of a pair of lively ponies; the other an individual engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties for the benefit of society in general, and the readers of the *Anglo* in particular.

For about forty-eight miles along the coast the farmers and oyster-diggers are nearly all descendants of the Acadian French: but the mechanics, merchants, and business men, British, by birth or descent. The women of the former class invariably wear an antique dress of black homespun. Attempts on the part of individuals of either sex to vary their modes of dress are of rare occurrence; when they are made they are usually promptly repressed by the ruling power. They are almost as enterprising as their cousins in Canada East—instances will shortly be given to that effect.

A ride of 18 miles through a rather level country, occasionally diversified by rivers (over one of which, the Cocagne, is a very long bridge), brought the aforesaid persons to the village seaport of Buctouche, where there is nothing particularly noteworthy—two steam saw-mills, a river with two mouths, a few vessels afloat, and one or two ashore, constituted the most prominent objects. Another 18 miles through an equally monotonous country, and the explorer pitched his tent for the night in the lively village of Richibucto, on the river of the same name; the word in the Indian tongue signifying "the river of fire." The village is neatly built; the houses usually have small gardens attached to them. In natural beauty it is deficient, as there are no hills in the vicinity; it contains about 700 inhabitants, who appear to be generally in comfortable circumstances, prompt in their business transactions, British in their habits and feelings, industrious and intelligent. The majority are probably New Brunswickers by birth; of 465 immigrants, all but ten are from Great Britain and Ireland; of these ten, four are from other British possessions. Shipbuilding, sawing and exporting timber, seem the main business of this place, as well as of the village of Kingston, which is rather picturesquely

situated two and a half miles up the river, where there is a large saw-mill and two ship yards; the harbour is capacious; several vessels of considerable tonnage were loading at both places; a steam tow-boat was also moving round, the only thing of the kind in these waters: the enterprise of the New Brunswickers seems to run in any other direction than in that of travelling arrangements; those of them who travel must have lots of time on their hands, judging by the small account they make of it.

About the time of the sojourn of the before-mentioned knowledge-seeker, there was a grand-ploughing-match in Richibucto, whereunto journeyed sundry persons from divers parts. There were four prizes and three competitors. Common men would have been somewhat frustrated touching the disposal of the fourth prize—but not so these mighty men of the field; they concluded to try again for the fourth, and one of them won it.

A few days afterwards the before-mentioned knowledge-seeker again set forth on his exploring expedition among the blue-noses, one of whom *persuaded* a quadruped to exert her superior muscular capacity in conveying himself and the philanthropic explorer 38 miles further to the Miramichi river, through a country abominably “flat, stale, and (mostly) unprofitable,” the latter from bad management rather than from any natural deficiency. The principal productions thereof are potatoes, spruce, hackmatack, and rampikes. An Acadian Frenchman with a horse, cart, and a whole bushel of potatoes, was met about seven miles from Richibucto, proceeding to that place in order to dispose of his cargo. The blue-nose aforesaid asked him the price. About that matter, however, he was in a state of blissful ignorance, but probably realized the enormous sum of 1s. 8d. all told. There were likewise seen sundry specimens of the manufactures of the country, which should have been sent as such to the Great Exhibition, where they would no doubt have attracted considerable attention—to wit, cart wheels without spokes, the lower portions projecting about a foot beyond the upper; an excellent contrivance for runaway horses, the amount of motive power required to draw the machine being so great as to absorb nearly all the energies of the animal, leaving none for superfluous antics.

The explorer was informed that it was difficult to induce the Frenchmen in those parts to sell more than a bushel of potatoes at a time, and that although a large quantity of surplus potatoes was raised by them, it was very difficult to get at

it; they would sell cheaper by the bushel than by the hundred bushels; pay their tithes mostly in kind; sell little, buy less; are no good to anybody else, and not much to themselves.

Twelve miles from Richibucto, the travellers stopped a few hours in a village rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kouche-i-bouguac, commonly and barbarously mis-pronounced Kish-ma-gwack. The Rev. Robert Cooney has not given its signification. It consists of two blacksmiths' shops, one mill, and the ruins of another, a store, two taverns, and about a dozen houses. After leaving this place, the Acadians are fewer and the land better cultivated. After an additional ride of 26 miles, the travellers were safely deposited and comfortably housed in the town of Chatham, Miramichi river, whereof a description will appear in the proper place.

NO. II.

THE explorers having fortified the inner man by sojourning in Chatham some time at the quiet and comfortable establishment of Mr. John Hea, set forth on a perilous journey of 106 miles on a frosty morning in an open waggon, wherein were packed seven passengers and driver, much after the manner of herrings in a cask, only not covered: this being probably the height of “comfort,” in the estimation of the stage proprietors. All future way-farers travelling by Kelly and Orr's “comfortable” stages from Chatham to Fredericton are recommended, as a preliminary operation to get chopped into mince-meat or pounded into a jelly, and then get put in India-rubber bags, by undergoing this process they will pack much better and not be incommoded by further pressure. The operation had better be performed at once than by slow torture. The explorers, with six other miserable wretches under the same sentence, having paid the sum of thirty shillings for the privilege of being tortured twenty-eight hours, took his position on the edge of a seat, one leg inside, the other out—half squeezing the life out of the unfortunate wretch in the centre: the other passengers were in much the same relative positions, the seats being calculated to hold two passengers each, but three crammed into, or on the edge of, two seats. One gentleman privileged on account of the length of his nether extremities, sat in the front seat with the driver. The passengers were consoled by the information that only 60 miles on the road, a large and comfortable night-stage would be provided. The concern passed through a country rather picturesque, up the south-west branch of

Miramichi river—the houses, however, mostly small, and the farms neglected for the more hazardous and less profitable pursuit of lumbering. Much of the land appeared to be of superior quality, and a small portion well cultivated, but not an orchard or even fruit tree was visible. The whole distance of over 100 miles from Newcastle to Fredericton. About two hours after sunset the establishment arrived at a small place called Boystown, consisting of about a dozen houses—the only village on the road. Here the horses were changed—not much for the better. The passengers having packed away a quantity of fried pork in their interiors, were themselves packed away into another open waggon about the same size as the first. All that frosty night, “for many and many a weary mile” they journeyed on painfully—the explorer was equally unable to sleep or keep awake, and presumes the others were in a similar predicament: he cannot say much about the road for the next 24 miles, but concludes it to be thinly settled, and not to partake much of the sublime.

Judging from observation, he arrived at the conclusion that, whips form a leading item in the expenditure of the company, probably more so than the article of oats—those latter that are used seem to be mostly of the *long* species, if the appearance of one of the animals forms any criterion. The appearance of the said horse reminded him of an incident that occurred some years ago while he was engaged in making enquiries concerning the social, moral, intellectual and pecuniary position of the residents of Markham, Scarborough and York townships:—when in the latter he was asked, if he made horses; somewhat surprised at the query, he replied, that he was not engaged in that branch of manufacture, and desired to be enlightened touching the purport of the enquiry. The querist replied, that from the appearance of the animal driven by the explorer, he had inferred that, having erected the *frame-work* of a horse, he had not yet found time to fill it up!

Slowly rolled on the weary hours of night, and rapidly rolled the stage with its load of agglomerated bipeds—the dark; blue moonless, but starlight firmament grew pale in the east. In the grey dawn the Naashwaak, a tributary of St. John, was crossed. The scenery on many parts of this river is very beautiful and varied. The symmetrical forms of the spruce trees which here grow abundantly; the windings of the river, the flat, fertile, alluvial lands on the bank, and the hills clothed with verdure, and crowned with evergreens, a clear sky above, clear water below

and pure air around, form a combination of unsurpassed magnificence.

The residents along the banks which appear to be thickly settled, are said to be nearly all descendants of the soldiers of a Highland regiment disbanded in this neighbourhood shortly after the Revolutionary war. Early in the morning the establishment put in for supplies at a place about 14 miles from Fredericton. The explorer, being a lineal descendant of the Wandering Jew, and dreading another dose of pork-chops, decamped down the road: he afterwards ascertained that his apprehensions were ill-founded. They remained about three hours, probably to give the explorer a full opportunity of observing and describing the scenery of the Naashwaak, and showed the immense muscular strength that *long oats* will infuse into horse-flesh, as the roads, from the thaw, were twice as heavy when they started as when they stopped. The explorer, meanwhile, walked slowly down the banks of the river, turning ever and anon to gaze in wrapt delight on the ever changing, ever beautiful landscape. At length, fatigued by want of sleep and long walks the preceding twenty-four hours, the explorer sat down and slept; was awakened by carriages going to market, and after waiting a considerable time the stage made its appearance. About a mile further on it was discovered that the *frame-work* of a horse had given out, notwithstanding the liberal allowance of *long* and *sheep* oats wherewith he had been supplied. The pilot left the crew and passengers to obtain more motive power. The passengers having waited impatiently some time, concluded to make a fire on the road. Lulled by the heat into a state of blissful unconsciousness of things before him, the explorer dreamt of Muddy Little York, absent friends, peach-preserve and apple dumplings, and was quite comfortable until the arrival of the pilot dispelled these illusions, and reinstated the sad realities of New Brunswick staging, fried pork for supper, and no breakfast. The pilot had failed in his mission. No horse could be obtained for four dollars to go ten miles and back in place of the “used up” animal, so the pilot concluded, by a liberal expenditure of long oats, an extra feed of meal and water, and by getting the passengers to walk most of the remaining distance, to fetch the establishment to Fredericton. As they only drove the horse eighty miles per day in two stages, (Sundays excepted,) and administered as many *long* oats as the animal desired, it is clear that neither over-riding or under-feeding had anything to do with his exhaustion—he was only driven forty miles at one stage and fed with

sheaf oats, meal and water on the way. It is therefore, quite clear to any right-minded person that, the aforesaid stage proprietors are fully entitled to a medal from the society, for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Some unreasonably persons, however, insisted that being tied to the horse's heels and dragged forty miles over a rough road would be more appropriate treatment.

Nevertheless, the whole establishment arrived at Fredericton without the loss of a man: how long the horse survived is unknown to this deponent. Peace to his ashes!

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NO. III.

After a brief sojourn in the pleasant and handsome city of Fredericton, the before mentioned individual took passage in a steamer for St. John. For some time after leaving Fredericton, the scenery, though picturesque, is rather tame, the banks are densely settled, but no village between it and St. John, except one about a mile off the bank: there are no wharves or stopping places the whole distance. The boat, however, stops whenever a small boat puts out, and will also stop to put off a passenger, ringing a bell to give notice for a boat from shore; they probably lose less time in this way than by stopping at wharves: a few small orchards are visible at some places. The country must have been long settled, as the fields are free from stumps for some distance back and the vicinity of the houses shaded and ornamented by planted trees: the dwellings appear comfortable but not showy,—mostly frame buildings, no log houses. Here as on the Naashwaak and other rivers in the Eastern Provinces, are large tracts of flat rich land on the banks and islands in the river, sometimes overflowed; this land is called "intervale," and is very fertile and valuable, producing enormous crops of hay and aftergrass, from two-and-a-half to three tons of hay per acre, mostly inferior to English hay for horses, but said to be much superior for fattening cattle. Some of these would produce English hay altogether; at other islands and flats it is mixed. This land on the St. John is worth £20 to £25 per acre. Good common land in similar situations, £2 to £2 10s. cleared, or £4 to £4 10s. uncleared. The stacks of hay are mounted on a kind of scaffolding to keep them from high water, tides, &c. Cattle are turned on to graze on the aftergrass in the fall, and fatten rapidly on it. On the river Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, most of it is dyked to keep out the tide. The intervale on the St. John is in a state of nature.

At about thirty miles from St. John the character of the scenery changes and becomes wild,

rugged, sublime and infinitely varied; the houses less numerous, though still thickly scattered; high and distant hills in every direction of curiously diverse forms; the river expands into a lake, but as we near St. John its channel is somewhat narrowed by numerous rocky islands; off the left bank stretches far away Lake Kennebecasis, magnificently encircled by high hills, gloriously beautiful, blue and distant hills piled on hills, until they are almost undistinguishable from the pure azure above them. In Canada West they would be called mountains.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

Land of the mountain and the flood,

is almost as applicable to many parts of the Eastern Provinces, as to the land of Burns.

The love of the beautiful and sublime, which is closely allied to, if not absolutely identical with, the love of the perfect, can only be adequately nourished in a country of hills; hence great poets, prophets, reformers and philanthropists, have mostly arisen in hilly countries. The poets, painters and sculptors of Ancient Greece and Modern Italy drew their inspiration from the hills by which they were surrounded. Rome, that ruled the world, was a city of hills. The Swiss, unequalled for bravery and love of freedom, live in a land of mountains. The Scotch, unexcelled by any nation for undaunted perseverance, unyielding courage, unquenchable hatred of wrong, keen intellect, and great capacity of adaptation, appropriately inhabit the

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

England is mainly a hilly country; there are a few level parts, but nobody of consequence except cotton lords and country squires was ever born in them.

"The green hills of Erin,"

are the birth places of a race or mixture of races who under favorable circumstances are excelled by none, equalled by few in genius for poetry, painting, music, oratory and general literature. The most energetic, ingenuous, intelligent and refined people on the American continent—the New Englanders—inhabit a country of hills, rocks and mountains. The Israelites, having been slaves 400 years in a level country, in fulfilment of their high destiny, were removed to the land of their inheritance, appropriately "a land of hills and valleys," Deut. xi. 11, a country of surpassing beauty. There prophets and poets unequalled in any other age or country, drew the breath of inspiration, there sang the "sweet singer" of Israel: there gushed forth the blissful visions of Isaiah. The language of inspiration from Genesis to Revelation is full of allusions to

mountains and hills. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that fear him. Ps. xcv. 2. The strength of the hills is His also. Ps. xcv. 4. I will lift mine eye unto the hills. Ps. cxxi. 1. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. Isaiah lv. 12. The everlasting mountains were scattered: the perpetual hills did bow. Habakkuk iii. 6."

The above are but a few specimens of the numberless beautiful and appropriate allusions to hills and mountains in every book of the Bible. The Law was given on Mount Sinai: the transfiguration took place on "a high mountain." John the Revelator "was carried by the spirit into an exceeding high mountain." Rev. xx. 10. The Redeemer of mankind passed His earthly life among hills and mountains; the mount of Olives was His favorite resort. There, amid scenes of glorious beauty: there, amid hills, valleys, rocks and mountains, were first uttered the words of eternal life: there the aspirations of unbounded love first found utterance.

It is measurably fitting that serfs should inhabit the steppes of Russia;—pastoral barbarians roam over the plains of Tartary;—semi-civilized centaurs gallop across the pampas of South America, or pork eating braggadocios chew tobacco on the prairies of the West. Such places may do for inferior races: the valley of the Mississippi to raise pork and grain; but the place to raise men and women is a land of hills, rocks, rivers, valleys, ocean and mountains: hence the future greatness of the Eastern Provinces.

ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES OF BRITISH AND UNITED STATES WRITERS CONCERNING BRITISH AMERICA.

As it is one of the most important functions of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, to disseminate information concerning the peculiarities of British America, it is presumed that the following is too valuable to be lost; facts are stated on high authority (?) whereof residents are either profoundly ignorant, or entertain a contrary opinion; it is important that they should unlearn their error, and rely less on their own biased vision, than on the impartial testimony of travellers and compilers of geographies, newspaper articles, &c., who having no personal interest in the matter, and in many cases, never having seen the Province, may be supposed entirely free from prejudice.

An illustrated magazine published in Boston having a large circulation in many parts of British America, discovered in 1861, that "The popu-

lation of Canada West is now upwards of 500,000, that of Canada East nearly as much." The census returns for 1850 give about 900,000 to each.

Another United States paper recently discovered that vessels of 500 tons burden could enter the Port of St. John at high water. The "natives," are, however, under the hallucination that no vessel, building or built, can touch bottom at any time of the tide; the existence of a bar is indignantly denied by the Pilots.

In a school book published under the superintendence of the National Board of Education in Dublin, will be found the following notice on the title page. "Sold by H. Cliff, St. John, Halifax, Canada." It will be seen that this celebrated gentleman, Mr. Patrick Bull, who is probably the writer of the above, has thus effected by a stroke of his pen, what Colonial politicians have been vainly endeavouring to effect for many years; viz. a *Union of the Colonies*. The benighted inhabitants of these regions would, however, be somewhat puzzled to recognize the locality therein mentioned, the book is greatly used in the schools in British America. In the 4th book of lessons, issued by the same publishers, is to be found the following authentic information.

"New Brunswick is a large country to the north-west of Nova Scotia. Some parts of it are hilly and watered by fine rivers, but the whole country is almost an *unbroken* and magnificent forest (!) The inhabitants are much engaged in the timber trade, this is carried on by a set of men called lumberers, who cut down the trees in the depth of winter, in the heart of these immense woods. * * * * * In the spring, when the ice melts, and the rivers are full, they send down the timber in vessels or in rafts to Halifax, whence it goes to England." A raft on the Bay of Fundy would be a novel spectacle. To cross the Atlantic in a wash tub with a hole in the bottom would be an undertaking trifling in comparison with crossing the Bay of Fundy on a raft.

Speaking of Nova Scotia. "The inhabitants are partly French, partly Scotch, and partly Indians." It is generally considered there, that nearly all are descended from U. E. loyalists and British settlers, neither of whom intermarry to any extent with the Acadians or Indians: These latter are comparatively few. "Its capital is Halifax, a place whence much timber is exported." Some say imported would be much nearer the mark.

"The chief towns of Upper Canada are Kingston and York, both on Lake Ontario," where is York? Toronto and Hamilton perhaps only exist as yet in imagination. "The climate of Canada is very cold in winter, and the country is buried in snow, (grey-mud) five or six months in the year."

"Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, are two large islands separated from Nova Scotia by narrow channels. They are all cold and foggy in climate, and the inhabitants are principally engaged in the fisheries."

They think, however, in Prince Edward's Island, that they raise large quantities of oats and potatoes, and a great number of horses; this however, may be only a freak of their vivid imaginations; nevertheless it is certain that at a certain hotel in St. John, where the writer sojourned, which is much frequented by Prince Edward Islanders, the talk is of horses, *ad nauseam*. A large quantity of coal is exported from Cape Breton, if shipping lists speak truly. Probably "fish," in the Hibernian dialect signifies and includes horses, oats, potatoes and coal.

A gentleman in the British service issued in London some time since a work on the Provinces, wherein, speaking of railway schemes, he states that it would be impossible to run steamboats across the Bay of Fundy in the winter season, as enormous icebergs are floating about in every direction. The natives, however, say that it is doubtful if any of the said icebergs are of sufficient magnitude to float anything heavier than a *sea-gull*, and that even such ones are few and far between. They are also under an impression that the writer above-mentioned viewed the icebergs (?) through an optical medium equal in magnifying powers to the telescope wherewith Herschel, from the Cape of Good Hope, saw the *Man in the Moon!* They are also under the delusion (having possibly been all biologized by an eminent professor of the science) that a steamer runs across the bay from St. John all the winter, except four or five weeks, and that its stoppage during that period is caused not by the presence of icebergs but by the absence of business.

It is said that persons having control over educational matters in the Province of New Brunswick, anxious that the rising generation should be thoroughly indoctrinated in the true faith—to wit, that the New Brunswick timber is exported from Halifax; that rafts are floated across the Bay of Fundy, thence several hundred miles along the coast of Nova Scotia into Halifax harbour for the purpose of being exported in *sea-going vessels* (there being *none* in St. John); that

Canada is buried deep in snow for five or six months in the year; and that horses, oats, potatoes, and coal are *fish*,—are dissatisfied with the omission of these primary articles of faith in the Canada reprints of the school-books above-mentioned. They therefore use nearly altogether the original Dublin edition, though endeavors have been made to introduce the Canadian editions. All such insidious attempts to undermine their faith in transatlantic oracles have hitherto been egregious failures. They won't have anything to do with such a hotbed of annexation and rowdiness as Montreal.

The writer had penned the foregoing paragraph when a friend, engaged in "teaching the young idea," suggested that the books in question being used as class books, and the Dublin edition having been first introduced, the parents are too stingy to buy new books, which, if the Canada edition was used by any, all would have to do—that a new edition has just been printed in Philadelphia, wherein the remarkable facts above detailed are embalmed, like any other mummies, for the benefit of the rising generation of Columbians and Blue-noses, which is to be henceforth the only edition used in the eastern Provinces. It will, among other purposes, answer admirably, that of preventing the young men of the United States from emigrating to countries under the "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," by making these Provinces answer in place of a "raw head and bloody bones,"—thus preserving intact Blue-nose loyalty in generations to come.

Albeit; the writer is unshaken in his conviction that the above course of conduct is mainly traceable to the spirit of unswerving loyalty (some would call it "consistent toadyism") which animates the people of New Brunswick.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF 'EXPECTANT ATTENTION.'

A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotised by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awake, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply of milk for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent *Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics* seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

FUNERAL OF WELLINGTON.

Nights' sable pall withdrew,
And the dull dawn gave to view,
Wellesley's comrades brave and true,
Grief-struck and mute.

Where the dead Hero lay
They had formed their armed array,
O'er the glorious dead to pay
Their last salute.

They do not grieve alone,
A deep gloom o'er all is thrown
From the cottage to the throne,
The loss all share.

Prince, Commoner and Peer
Join in tribute o'er his bier
In the silent heart-felt tear,
And funeral prayer.

Deep booms the minute gun,
Mournful rolls the muffled drum
Through Britain's sacred dome,
As with arms reversed they come;
Lo! the red cross flags all drooping,
Hang unfurled.

Midst a mighty empire's moan,
On they bear to his last home,
"The first and foremost man
In all this world."

Near Immortal Nelson's mound
Place his kindred Hero's grave,
Let the warriors laurel-crowned,
The mighty and the brave
Rest, for "his duty" each hath nobly "done,"
While their blooming, well-earned bays
Live in Glory's proudest rays
Bright as the brilliant splendour
Of the sun.

ANSIEM.

Ancaster, C. W.
13th November, 1852.

SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

"I was this evening at a large party of the Boston fashionables at Mrs. B.'s. I felt quite well; the company was handsome, elegant, very polite, and the evening was agreeable to me. Another evening I was at another great fashionable party in another house. I did not feel well, and the company seemed to me rather splendid and aristocratic than agreeable. I saw here a couple of figures such as I did not look for in the drawing-rooms of the New World, and least of all among the women of New England, so puffed up with pride, so unlovely—one read the 'money-stamp,' both in glance and figure. I was told that Mrs. ——— and her sister had spent a year

in Paris; they ought to have brought thence a little Parisian grace and common sense, as well as fashion. People who are arrogant on account of their wealth, are about equal in civilization with our Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. A man with one thousand reindeer is a very great man. The aristocracy of wealth is the lowest and commonest possible. Pity is it that it is met with in the New World more than it ought to be. One can even, in walking through the streets, hear the expression, 'He is worth so many dollars!' But the best people here despise such expressions. They would never defile the lips of Marcus S. Channing, or Mr. Downing. And as regards the fashionable circles, it must be acknowledged that they are not considered the highest here. One hears people spoken of here as being 'above fashion,' and by this is meant people of the highest class. It is clear to me that there is here an aristocracy forming itself by degrees which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society; it is really the aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not yet general. It is merely as yet a little handful. But it grows, and the feeling on the subject grows also."

ADVOCATES AND CLIENTS.

An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To save that client by any expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and costs to others, and among others, to himself, is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for the client's protection.—*Lord Brougham.*

A DEAD SEA BATH.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water, sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to 'sneak in,' but to walk through the water a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salt held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by the want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised that I could not swim with my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I felt myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear, its taste horrible. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with salts.—*Travels in Judea.*

P R E F A C E.

As we wish to avoid needless repetition, we beg leave, once for all, to say that we are infinitely above the paltriness of an unjust national feeling; and disclaim anything and everything in the shape of an Anti-American feeling.

In the course of the following papers we have, again and again, spoken somewhat more than but slightly, somewhat more than indignantly, more than contemptuously, even, of the sham and merely nominal Republicans of the States in general and of New York in particular. But are we, therefore, deaf as the adder that listeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely? Are we unable to recognize the great and the good qualities of the American Republicans, worthy of that name, because we are proud that we and that ours are, ever have been, and we trust ever will be, to the latest generation earnestly attached and inflexibly true to that form of government which long since made, still keeps, and long shall continue to keep, our own loved island, not only in the first national rank, but in the unapproachable one of "the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations?" Because we utterly despise the absurd and silly Americans who never mention their own country but in terms of exaggerated praise, and those insolently unjust Americans who, like Abbott and other small scribes, chiefly residing and publishing in New York, will any honest man say, or will any sane man believe, that we therefore withhold our admiration from all that America has of the truly great, or our love and respect for all that she has of truly good? To all upright and honorable Americans we confidently appeal for a truer and more impartial judgment; and, far from fearing that we shall be disappointed in that respect, we feel confident that from all such Americans

our labors will experience the same welcome and the same applause which they will receive from our own compatriots of the same high-hearted and clear-headed stamp. We are well nigh as certain as we can be of anything, that, on both sides of the Atlantic, sham liberals and small scribblers will reproach us with divers and sundry forms of injustice, and will more especially endeavor to raise a popular howl against what they will misrepresent as our anti-American prejudice. Once and for all, then, we emphatically and sincerely repudiate and disclaim all such prejudices. We not only believe, but we have positive and personal knowledge of the fact, that America possesses, in every rank of life, multitudes of men who would do honor to any country in the world. But, because we honor—at once respectfully and enthusiastically honor—such great writers as Washington Irving, the late James Fennimore Cooper, and the still living—long may he live!—William Cullen Bryant, are we therefore bound to be silent as to the shameful plagiarism and shameless injustice and impiety of such scribbling and book-making men as this Mr. John S. C. Abbott? Not we, indeed! We have sternly performed an imperative duty; and though separated, most probably forever, by the broad Atlantic, from our native land, that land is dear and sacred to us as ever; and for Abbott and all who shall dare to imitate his flagrant and insolent attacks upon that dear land, our own birth place, the dwelling place of many a dear friend, and the burial place of our kith and kin; for Abbott, we say, and for all who shall be unjust and reckless enough to imitate his reckless injustice towards our country, we have an undying hostility to which the cant of the timid; and the brazen imputations thrown by the native or foreign enemies of Britain shall never deter us from giving full, hearty, and very unmis-takeably spoken expression. We feel sure of

the approbation of the wise and the just on both sides of the Atlantic; for any remarks made in courtesy and candour even by avowed opponents, we have open ears and great patience; for foes of another description, we have—scorn and defiance!

A few words more, and our brief Preface shall no longer detain the reader from our far more important observations.

We have again and again accused Mr. Abbott of plagiarism; we have again and again accused him, in plain English, of having often taken, without acknowledgment, the very words of other, abler, and more industrious authors; and we have also stated that there is not ONE authentic passage of importance as to FACTS which, even when the *words* are his own, he, as to the substance, gives to us for the first time. It has been suggested to us by literary friends for whose judgment we have the highest possible consideration and respect, that Mr. Abbott will probably endeavor to persuade the world that, in this instance at least, we do him injustice. We challenge him to do this; and we forewarn him that we are prepared to prove *the truth of our assertion, by parallel passages from his compilation and the books published in French and English during the last thirty years.*

We challenge him, then, to contradict us; and we again and emphatically assure our readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, that from the very first page of his truly shameful performance to the very last page of it that we have as yet received at his only too profuse hand, all that is TRUE in his scribbling is not NEW, and all that is NEW is not true; all the true he has unceremoniously taken from British or French authors, either in their actual words or in substance; the malignantly untrue and unjust, being, alone, his own production.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

IN this best of all possible worlds, there are not a few things to which we are compelled to confess that we are implacably hostile. We detest a creaking wheel; and the sound of saw-sharpening will throw us into a paroxysm, pretty equally compounded of pain and anger. A delicate looking young lady with the tones of Lablache, or a double bass; and a six foot fellow, who, with hair dark as the raven's wing, and a superb moustache to match, has a girl's voice and an infant *lithp*, are as abominable to us as an empty purse, or that public nuisance, a public dinner, where all the vices are quite sure to be lukewarm and all the soups as cold as though they were iced veritably and of *malice prepense*. We confess it, we scorn to deny it; nay, we go still farther than that, we are even rather proud of it than otherwise; there *are* things, and very many of them for which we have a hearty and implacable hatred, and to which, had we the power to work our will, it is pretty certain that we should show very much less mercy than the world would very reasonably look for at the hands of an elderly gentleman with very white locks and an aspect but little suggestive of probable longevity. Yes! we confess that there *are* divers and sundry nuisances, animate and inanimate, tangible and intangible, for the which we feel proud that we entertain a most intense and undying hatred. We are proud of this, because we are quite certain that though we know how to hate bitterly, we, yet, never hate unjustly, and that, for all that is really loveable, we have an ever-springing and inexhaustible love. We hate whatever is base or cruel, mean or hypocritical,—and why should we not hate such things? Nay, why should we not be proud, thankfully proud, that nature and education have made it utterly impossible for us *not* to hate such things? Oh! Yes! for all that is loveable, we have a true and inexhaustible love; not a noble or a lovely sound or sight is there, from the sublime thunder of Niagara to the sweet hisings of an awakening child; from "Heaven's own artillery" pealing above the storm-lashed ocean

to the small *cheep-cheep* of callow and unfledged nestlings, no noble or lovely sound or sight is there that will not make our heart bound or melt, as hearts but too rarely can, bound or melt, after half a century of hard 'prenticeship in the world's hard school.— But while we thus love all that is lovely and admire all that is grand, that very love and admiration teach and enforce upon us a most scorning and intense hate of all that is hateful, and alas! there are but too many hateful and loathsome things in this our beautiful but perverted, and therefore, wrong fraught world!

When so many abominations present themselves as candidates for our hatred and our loathing, it is no easy matter to be either very accurate or very consistent in apportioning them out among claimants at once so numerous, and so equally hateful and loathsome, though hateful or loathsome for reasons so diverse. But "good hater as we are ("Sir! I love a good hater!" said Dr. Johnson, one of the best christians that ever lived,) and multitudinous and various as are the objects of our hate or loathing, or of an ineffable mixture of both, there is one object which we loathe and hate far beyond all others; one for which *no* plea could by any possibility obtain our mercy, and that one is—Humbug! For Humbug and Humbugs we are quite literally pitiless and implacable; compared to them, we deem tigers mild, rattlesnakes harmless, and grizzly bears, desirable additions to a small tea party. Yes! We can admire the lion in his sinewy might, and the panther in his sleek and agile beauty, even while we dig the ensnaring pit for the one, or level the deadly rifle at the other. But, Humbug! In warring against that we feel a real hate, mingled with a real loathing, such as one feels when trampling upon some of the horrid reptiles of the far South, reptiles at once venomous and loathsome; alike revolting to human sight and perilous to human life. Yes! We confess, and it is with pride that we confess it, we even yet know how to hate—as a Christian and an English scholar should hate. We well know that he who makes up his mind to make truth the loadstar of his course must also make his mind up for a very rugged and difficult course. If he oppose some popular cry, if he refuse to pay to this or that popular Idol the same

homage that the multitude formerly were taught to pay, and pay now, just as parrots repeat their lesson, he must be prepared to hear that he loves calumny: if he point to atrocious public cruelty on the part of that idol he must expect to be met not by a denial of that cruelty, but by one or two *pooh-poohs*, and two or three notes of admiration, and a few suppositions having not the slightest relevancy to the matter in hand, the whole very appropriately winding up with the ever blessed *petitio principii*, that bland and serviceable begging of the question which meets specific charges of any given vice by a general assumption of the very opposite virtue. We well know all this, we have experienced it ere now, and we are quite ready, if need be, to experience it again, to laugh at it again, and to go on as ever, valuing Truth above all things.

"True it is that we grow milder than we were in our hot youth when George the IV. was King," then, indeed, we were wont to hate more strongly than was altogether consistent with Christian mercy; now, that we feel ourselves growing old, we somewhat incline to dealing with a comparative lenity with humbugs while crushing, pitilessly as ever, each new or newly revived humbug which they would fain impose upon the world. Yea! We are growing old:

"——our visions flit
Less palpably before us, and the glow
That once our spirit felt is fluttering faint and low."
But heaven be praised, we are alert still, our eye has not yet grown dim that we should be unable to discern the wiles of the insidious enemies of truth, of England, and of man's best interests, neither has our heart grown faint that we should fear to hold up those wiles to the mingled wonder and scorn of the truthful, and the high of heart. No! We are English still, English to the heart's core, ever ready to defend even our most rancorous enemy if he be unjustly attacked, and ever equally ready to oppose all, friends or foes, if they would set up ferocity for courage, the base hankering of an apostate after pence and praise for a noble self abnegation and a sincere change of faith, or the theatrical spouting of a wordy mountebank for the genuine and generous outpouring of a true patriot. In one sense, at least, we have not loved the world, nor has the world loved us: we

"——have not flattered its vile breath, nor bowe
A patient knee to its idolatries."

English alike in mind and in heart, we ever have had, and we still have, fresh, fiery, scornful and fierce as in our very best day, on hallowed and halloving, unquenched and unquenchable hate—the hate of humbug! Yea! Thank heaven, we hate that as heartily as ever we did, and if there is any one specimen of it which has a double portion of our hate it is the great humbug of false or exaggerated, or, worst of all, of a merely simulated Hero worship. And of that worst, that paltriest, that most entirely detestable of all humbogs, how much alas! how very much have we not been obliged to detect, and to loathe, and to brand with an ever-burning mark, during our long pilgrimage here on earth! To gratify an unjust and aching grudge against a great people or a great man, alas! to what low and dastardly expedients have we not seen even great men and able men descend! For the sake of a side hit at England, how many, including the sublime though moody Byron, and the brilliant and honest but terribly prejudiced Hazlitt, have bowed the knee to the unjust and the despotic, called vice, virtue, and virtue vice, and in the much abused name of liberty, made as it were bond slaves of their own great souls! Sad, oh very sad, that prejudice should be so strong in such great souls, and the love of truth, pure abstract truth, for its own sake, so very *very* weak!

Even in the errors of the truly great in intellect we rarely fail to find something to prevent us from wholly withholding our respect; even while regretting, indignantly regretting, that they have allowed passion to overcome all sense of truth and justice, we yet perceive that the misleading passion had nothing in it of dastardliness or of paltriness. But if the world will accept this plea, if it will accept any plea, for departure from strict truth and strict justice, alike to friend and foe, on the part of great writers, the world must make up its remarkably sagacious mind to seeing very middling and very small writers equally or even more regardless of truth and justice on far weaker and meaner pleas, or upon no plea at all save those of a natural itch for scribbling and a strong determination to dine somehow; and accordingly False Hero Worship and simulated hero worship may now be met with in authors of every calibre; six-penny story books teach the child to look

only to brilliancy and success of achievement and not to justice of cause or honor of procedure, and quarto histories, octavo novels, and Blue and buff reviews at 6s sterling the number, do their best to keep the man in the same delusion, praising the wit and coolness of Talleyrand and the acuteness and dexterity of Fouché, but saying not one word about the utter, the loathsome, the damning contempt of truth, feeling, honor, and fidelity, exhibited, from the cradle to the grave alike by the diplomatic spy and by the police spy! Shame, shame, that it should be thus! What sort of writers do people expect to arise under such a system? For our own parts, we should expect and have expected precisely such writers as—only too many are so—men of a false watchword, so often repeated that they at length learn to allow the foeman to pass with flag-flying, trumpet sounding, lance couched, and sabre in hand, if he have but the Belial wit to shout that watch word in their ear!

Among “the signs of the times” there are but too many which a man of true benevolence must needs look upon with mingled pity and sorrow, and there are still more which he must needs look upon with mingled contempt and dislike; but we know of not one which inspires us with such unmingled fear, such an overpowering horror, as the moral recklessness which is exhibited by political parties and their literary partizans. The empty pated Blue Stocking who, in her unreasoning hate to George III, and his court, vowed and protested that Jack Wilkes “squinted no more than a gentleman ought to squint,” was but the mere precursor and type of a perfect host of historians, Biographers, Reviewers, Compilers, and scribes in general, who, more especially on this side of the Atlantic, “for their dear hate” of England (to say nothing about their dear love of dollars and dimes) are ever ready to protest that this, that, or the other hero whose course and achievements have been especially anti-English “lied no more than a philosopher should lie” or “murdered no more than a hero should murder!” Truth, stern truth, utterly regardless of party interest and national prejudice, has for years past been falling into utter neglect, if, indeed, we should not speak with more rigid correctness if we were to say utter contempt. To do justice to the merito-

rious achievements or to the moral excellencies of our opponent, seems to be no longer considered a noble and chivalrous virtue, homage paid alike to the writer's self respect and his love of truth; if we may judge of opinion from practice we must suppose, on the contrary, that writers in general consider it quite a "slow" thing, a Quixotic ultra refinement, an indiscretion sufficient to damage any amount of talent, and to neutralize any amount of effort.

For our own part, thankful as we are for many blessings that have been showered upon our path in alleviation of many sorrows and sufferings that have beset and darkened it, we know of nothing, save sight and sanity, for which we are more heartily and unfeignedly thankful than we are for our utter moral incapacity to be guilty, publicly or privately, as writer or as man, of this truly abominable injustice. Is a man politically or personally our foe? We will oppose him to the last pulse and to the last gasp; we will expose his blunders, we will baffle all his efforts to impose upon the world, we will denounce as well as expose his sophistries, and, God aiding us, we will defeat his unjust endeavors, whether they regard mankind in general or our own much maligned and little understood country in particular; but we trust that we shall never live to see the day when either hate or fear of our foe, or affection for the cause that we undertake to uphold against him, shall induce us to misrepresent our opponent's talents or virtues, or unduly to laud those of his foes just simply because they are his foes.

If any one virtue were more than any other conspicuous in the genuine old British character, it was an outspoken and uncompromising truthfulness; carried, in fact, by only too many of us, to the very verge of absolute rudeness, until education brought its ameliorating influences to bear upon so many of us, not in this or that rank, merely, but in all ranks. But of late years, since such marvellous facilities have been afforded for both domestic and foreign travel, one class of British, at the least, has altered very greatly in character—and terribly for the worse. We allude to literary men, from the great Historian down to the small paragraph maker for the obscure weekly paper. Far from being improved by

foreign travel, this class of our compatriots has become deteriorated in the worst possible manner. Within our own memory, British writers were frequently, and not always unjustly, charged with overweening prejudice in favour of their own country and its institutions, laws, customs, and manners. Assuredly, no one can now justly charge them with any such old-fashioned prejudices. Imperial despotism in Paris, the despotism of rowdies and petty-larceny aldermen in New York; the absolute despotism of a monarch, or the still more frightful despotism of a mob—anything so that it have in it no touch of sturdy British sense, or of sturdy British honesty—anything and everything from autocracy at St. Petersburg to "the fierce democracy" in New York or New Orleans, will now find favor with only too many British writers. A spurious liberalism is now the order of the day; and British writers, and those by no means of the lowest class, either, are so much afraid of seeming prejudiced that, to show their liberality of opinion, forsooth! they will deny justice to their own country, in order to do more than justice to their own country's rivals and enemies. This paltry preference of a spurious liberalism to that brave and abiding love of truth, without which the most admirably artistic writing is "but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" is, we repeat it, by no means confined to the lowest class of writers—"great historians" and "eminent reviewers" are flagrantly and mischievously guilty of it.

America really is a great country, *although* called so by certain of her writers who are so notorious for saying the thing that is not, that the mere fact of their asserting anything may generally be considered reasonable ground for gravely doubting it. Yes! America is a great country, and the Americans are a great people; but they have a fault or two which we should gladly see them get rid of, and one of the worst and most absurd of them is their wretched habit of railing against every thing British. True it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," the example of this railing has been basely set by British writers; but the rancour of feeling constantly shown by certain American writers, is none the less disgraceful for all that. Whether in print or in conversation, only too many Americans degrade themselves by constant indulgence in the most shameful libels

upon everything connected with Britain. Generally, we must admit, Britain is openly abused. Judges, fresh from the courts in which they have just decided causes upon principles laid down by the great legal worthies of England long ages before the first convict was landed in "the plantations" of Virginia; military men who are on the way to the parade ground to endeavor to teach English manoeuvres to exceedingly awkward squads; editors who have just made up nineteen of their twenty columns, by unacknowledged as well as unauthorized "borrowings" from the British press; Tom, Jack, and Harry, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, the little dogs and all," have a sneer or a foul libel for Britain—just as though all that they have about them of either good or great were not as thoroughly British as the by no means remote ancestors of ninety-nine out of every hundred of these shamelessly unnatural writers! What, in fact, are the Americans of the States? Deduct the Europeans, immigrants themselves, or, at the least, sons, grandsons or great grandsons, of European immigrants, and how many Americans are there? Americans! The red Indian is your only true American; the white men there are as English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and so forth, as we here in Canada, in all in which they are superior to the red Indian; and it really is almost as absurd as it is insolent for such people, whether they or their immediate or more remote ancestors left Britain voluntarily or upon compulsion; we repeat, it is nearly as absurd as it is insolent for such people to speak contemptuously or inimically of that land to which they owe all that they have of good or great; speaking thus on no other account than their having thrown off the very limited authority of a limited monarchy to place themselves under the yoke of a republic in name but a mob despotism in fact. It is, very sad, no doubt, and very detestable, too, that men, many of whom were singing "Rule Britannia" in the good old land long after even we left it, should bitterly hate and revile the land of their own or their ancestors' birth; but, as we just now remarked, for the most part, this American abuse of Britain and of the British has at least the redeeming quality of being open and above board. There is, at all events no deception, no disguise about this anti-British feeling; from New York to

Niagara Falls "the Britisher" is in no danger of for an instant forgetting that wherever he meets with half-a-dozen self-styled Americans, there are at least five who curse his country—and him for his country's sake. In this merely conversational abuse, unjust as it is, there is, at all events, no taint of hypocrisy; but, with some bright and honorable exceptions, the American periodical press, and more especially that of New York, adds the meanest hypocrisy to the most insolent injustice. The writers to whom we at this moment more particularly allude, will confess that honest men and lovely women are almost as frequently to be seen in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, as in New York; but they delicately hint that to doubt that an American gun-brig can with great facility, "whip" a British seven-four, is an indubitable qualification for Bedlam or Barnum's; they steal whole volumes from British authors and publishers, but will not for one moment allow that the American press is under the slightest literary obligations to either British genius or British capital and enterprise; and while they celebrate their great General this, or Colonel that, who "besieged" some wretched log hut in Texas, or defeated certain dozens of ill-armed, worse disciplined and more than half starved semi-savages in Mexico, they are quite prepared to prove that our Wellington was after all but "small pumpkin," and that he would have lost Waterloo but for the Prussians! In all that they do or say, these people tacitly acknowledge British superiority, yet in terms deny it; and some of their inconsistencies in this way, would be exceedingly amusing, were it not so outrageously impudent. As a single specimen of it, we may just notice the cool performance of one of these New York pirates. Having no soul-stirring sea songs of their own, they have boldly reprinted Dibdin's and the best of Campbell's; only, for

"British sailors have a knack," &c., they have printed,

"Yankee sailors have a knack," &c. and for

"Britannia needs no bulwarks," &c., they have printed,

"Columbia needs no bulwarks," &c., as witness a very thick volume which at this moment lies—in both senses of the word—upon our desk. The volume in question con-

tains several hundred songs, every one of which is stolen from British writers, and all of which, that would bear the operation, are thus impudently altered! While the example of our native recreants or deluded blunderers was only followed by such petty larceny knaves as these, the printed abuse of Britain and the British could do but little harm; but we are sorry to perceive that the general anti-British feeling of America has lately taken a more decided and, at the same time, more insidious form, and that, too, in works of somewhat respectable pretensions as respects the capital of their publishers, if not as respects either the talent or the originality of their writers. As in Britain, so in the United States, and more especially in New York, indirect attacks are constantly, of late, being made on British character by those who have just method enough in their anti-British madness to perceive that direct and coarse abuse has long since become a mere drug in the literary market, and is, moreover, unpalatable to all but ignorant and brutal rowdies, who are already, and by their very nature so thoroughly anti-British, that to make them worse or more malignant, is a sheer impossibility. It is by indirect attacks, then, that the comparative respectabilities of the New York press now proceed to propagate the anti-British feeling among the candid but not over clear-sighted who hate Britain they do not quite know why, and who, as the periodical respectabilities in question well know, would be glad enough of some plausible and grave matter of grudge against Britain and the British, and yet are far too fastidious and refined to take either hint or help from the mere rowdies, ruffians, and clumsy as well as unscrupulous plagiarists of the literary lower empire of Gotham, so blessed in the purity of her conscript fathers, and in the singular cleanliness of all her ways and walks,—side-walks included!

We are truly sorry to see that such a writer as the gentleman, the title of whose book we have taken by way of peg on which to hang a few remarks which may benefit if read in the same candid spirit in which from first to last we vow that they shall be written. It is, we say, with very real pain that we see such an author as this, no great genius, certainly, but a tolerably correct writer of English, lay himself out for the task of exagger-

ated praise of a bold bad genius, not, as it seems to us, *not* from even the comparatively pardonable error of an excessive enthusiasm for that personage, but just simply for the purpose of making exaggerated praise of Napoleon the Great the means of paying undue homage to Napoleon the little, and of inferentially and by more or less dexterously aimed side-blows, attacking that one great power which baffled and smote down the great Napoleon, and which, let the recreant Britons croak as they please, can smite down, and, if necessary, *will* smite down—the *Kite in the Eagle's nest!* We regret that the writer of this new Life of Napoleon has put upon us the task of defending our country against a side-blow of this sort; but, the task having been undertaken, we will, life and health permitting, take care so to perform it, that all the readers of this Magazine shall be thoroughly prepared to understand and to appreciate the precious work of Bourienne, for which we anticipatively and fearlessly challenge the hostile criticism of the most unscrupulous anti-Britisher from Gotham to the Gulf of Mexico. A new Life of Napoleon! New! Yea! But the new only in that very unenviable fashion mentioned in we know not whose criticism on much such another performance. "Whatever in it is true is not new, and whatever in it is new—is not true." A new Life of Napoleon! What! O'Meara, Bourienne, Segur, Scott, Hazlitt, the Duchess D'Abrantes; articles of every degree of goodness and of badness, from the merciless truth of Gifford and Croker, and Walter Scott, in the Quarterly, and of Professor Wilson, Lockhart, Maginn, and George Croly in Blackwood, to the fluent, but too frequently unjust as well as ungentlemanly, diatribes of Dr. Stoddart, (the renowned Dr. Stow of Hone and Cobbett) in the New Times, these and a quarter of a million or so of *Memoirs pour servir*, have by no means sufficiently shown the world what manner of man was that who so long since

"Left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Nay, even the clever and the by no means too scrupulous M. Thiers, in spite of his access to all the Consular and to all the imperial documents, has failed to do justice to the shamefully persecuted Napoleon, on the one hand, and to cruel and perfidious Albion on the other! And so, after due flourish of drums

and trumpets, enter Mr. Abbott with a new, quite new, nay, as the sons of Levi in Holywell Street or Houndsditch, when recommending revised coats and newly-edited unmentionables, with a *petter ush new* Life of Napoleon, published in that strikingly original and peculiarly American work known as Harper's Magazine, though chiefly supported by those very small English writers, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, and Charles Lever, and certain French authors often made useful, but never by any chance mentioned, far less thanked! To what end, even the least suspicious of readers must surely ask, to what end, this new Life of Napoleon Bonaparte? We reply, that we firmly believe that the chief, if not the sole end of this undertaking (of course setting aside certain interchanges of MSS. for dollars) is the damaging the character of Britain and the British by an exaggerated eulogy of the splendid, but none the less faithless, selfish, and cruel, tyrant whom she smote down because no choice was left her but either to do so or to allow him to wreak upon her sons his ten thousand times avouched spite, and, having done so, to subjugate all connected with her, from the Tagus to the Don, and from the Thames to the Indus and the Ganges. We firmly believe that this and a desire to pay court to the present, usurper of France, form, with the more commercial consideration to which we have already alluded in the way of exception; we firmly believe these to be the real motives of the publication of a series of papers which, in any other view, must be utterly useless; a long and quite evidently laboured series of papers upon a subject with which we venture to say that there are not many British school boys who are not better acquainted than Mr. Abbott is, or, at the least, than he has chosen to show himself. Admitting these ends and aims, the papers in question have an interest and a value—of a sort. Setting aside these ends and aims, a more entirely purposeless and useless set of papers, we, in the course of some five-and-thirty years connection with the press, have never by any chance been so unlucky as to meet with. Firmly believing, as we have already said, that this elaborately exaggerated eulogy of Napoleon the First is intended to flatter Napoleon the Second, and to lower the character of Britain and the British in the estimation of

those who, notwithstanding extreme and unjust national prejudice, are yet too fastidious and too honorable to adopt the more obvious falsehoods, or to repeat the coarse abuse which on both sides of the Atlantic, has so long been a mere drug in the literary market, we are no less firmly determined that the bane shall not long be unaccompanied by the effectual antidote. Proudly we say it, *we* are not to be either terrified or deluded into a base recognition of such a man as Napoleon the Second, nor an equally base submission to the anti-British diatribes of his partizans, whether in the old world which we have quitted, or in the new one, in which, British:—ever, alike in mind and in heart, we have sought a home for our remaining life, and a grave for our remains when it shall please God to bid aching heart and wearied head at length to be at rest. "Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we pay the wolf homage, proffering him lowly gaze?" Not so, while we command the good old tongue of Shakspeare and of Milton; not so, while but one drop of British blood still remains warm within our veins.

Let us not be mistaken; let it not for a single moment be imagined that we shall enter the literary lists as the headlong, headstrong, through thick and through thin apologist either of Britain or of Britain's various ministries, Whig, Tory, or Mongrel; far less let it be for a moment feared that we shall disgrace alike our country and ourselves by a denial, or a less than frank and full acknowledgement of the greatness of the first Napoleon, so far as he really was great. For close upon six-and-thirty years, that is to say, from our fifteenth birth-day, we have contributed, and very industriously, too, to our land's political literature; and all who know us can attest that, in the earlier years of our career, when the times were such as to render honest speech by no means too safe an experiment, we boldly, plainly, always at our own proper peril, and not unfrequently to our own great loss and hindrance, denounced whatever was wickedly done, and ridiculed what was blunderingly done, by those who, administering in the British name, did not always administer as the sensible, the just, the clear of head, and the true of heart, among the British people, would have had them administer. We would no more flatter Britain or the Bri-

fish than we would tamely coincide in unjust censure of them. All that we ask, all that we are prepared to contend for, is strict justice; we ask no more and we will be content with no less, and it is in the strict spirit of justice that we undertake to review Mr. Abbott's at once unnecessary and unjust series of papers.

All who have read (and who has not read?) Sir Walter Scott's admirable Life of Napoleon, must, we think, concede that of all authors Scott was the most entirely adapted to doing full justice to his subject. In his own nature there was very much of that chivalry of which he so much loved to write. The bold, the high-hearted, the grandly picturesque, appealed strongly to his vivid imagination; at the same time that a rare sagacity and keen sense of right and wrong rendered it impossible for his imagination to overpower his better judgment. His great industry and his access to the most important evidence, both oral and documentary, enabled him to give the details of Napoleon's life, both public and private, with an admirable completeness, while his great powers as a writer enabled him to throw a singular charm around even the driest and most homely details; and if ever work combined the authenticity of grave history with the fascinations of romance, Scott's Life of Napoleon did so. Moreover, though anti-Gallican, and a staunch one, he disdained to gloss over the real and great faults—not to say crimes—of the Emperor, he equally disdained to deny justice to his great and good qualities, and, as we shall by and by have occasion not merely to assert but to prove, the discriminating praise bestowed by Scott where he honestly could bestow it, far exceeds in solid value the empty verbiage and fulsome eulogy of those who praise Napoleon, not because they truly admire him, but because they hate that Britain which struck him from his pride of place, and relieved the world from his outrageous tyranny. Even had not so many other authors, including Thiers, thrown a broad and bright light over the public and private life of Napoleon, we maintain that Sir Walter Scott's fair, impartial, and admirably full narrative, render such a series of papers as those of Mr. Abbott, absolutely useless for any other purpose than that of forming a medium for bitterly meant but most clumsily-made side-hits at the British government and the British people.

Mr. Abbott's very first page shows how mere and meagre a compilation he proposes to inflict upon us, and it shows us, too, that even as a compiler, even as a mere stringer of other men's pearls, he is far enough from being a master of his craft. He does not condescend to favor us with a single line explanatory of his motive for inflicting upon us a mere repetition of what other authors have already given us in better style and in something like orderly arrangement. His opening page consists of four paragraphs. The first paragraph gives us the very novel and important information that Corsica, "with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean, was formerly a province of Italy, and was in 1767 annexed to the *empire* of the Bourbons." We have some slight notion of having been aware of all this a long life-time before Mr. Abbott's genius began to enlighten our dark world—with the single exception of that same *empire* of the Bourbons, of which we confess we never heard. The second paragraph tells us that when Corsica was invaded by the French, Charles Buonaparte, a young lawyer, lived in Corsica, possessed commanding beauty of person, and great vigor of mind, and being successful in his profession, was able to provide a competence for a large family; and the third describes the position of the Buonaparte family in Corsica, and the birth of the young Napoleon. In the very next paragraph our luminous author goes on to tell us what the young Napoleon did—when? In his infancy? Oh no, but when he had become Emperor of France! Should Mr. Abbott feel distressed for a name for his peculiar fashion of arranging the materials he so boldly borrows, we would suggest that of the *higgledy-piggledy*. But *surgit anuri aliquid*, the author is not, you may rely upon it, a mere compiler—or, at least, he is not so in his own estimation. In the second page of his first contribution to *Harper*, the original Mr. Abbott favors us with a touch of his quality in the way of eloquence. Madame Buonaparte, he tells us, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house, which, we confess, seems to us to have been by no means so surprising a circumstance as to require the genius of an Abbott to record it; but our author has better things in store for us, and

proceeds to say "a smooth sunny lawn which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destiny which awaited them, to their infantile sports. *They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols, they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown.*"

Can the powers of bombast married to bathos go beyond this? How strange that children, being marvellously like young ducks in their fancy for little streams, *anglicò* puddles, should "bathe their little naked feet!" Having, in truth, nothing either very new or very important to say in the way of fact, our eloquent author feels himself bound to say something in the way of commentary, and surely, oh surely, a very pretty say he makes of it. All that can possibly be known about Napoleon's not too-toward boyhood, we already knew from a score or so of other sources—but Mr. Abbott undertook to write a new life of Napoleon, and bathos and bombast must do their work upon the really insignificant actions of the boy, to prepare the way for grandiloquent complaints that the man, the usurper, the slayer of the Duc d'Enghien, the butcher of the Mamelukes, the ungentlemanly *roturier* in the imperial audience chamber, the ruthless conqueror on the battlefield, was not allowed by that perfidious Albion to do as he pleased with what was *not* his own! Page after page we have of this terribly *young* writing, of this piling up of word on word, and phrase on phrase, with either no meaning at all, or meaning at which the most indulgent of logicians must smile, half in pity, half in contempt. But let us be thankful; all honor to Mr. Abbott, we at length have a new life of Napoleon Bonaparte! Let us then be duly thankful—and read on.

True to his systematic want of system, our sleep-provoking narrator of a twice one hundred times told tale passes, hop-skip-and-jump fashion, from Napoleon, with brothers and sisters and the great yard dog enjoying themselves, duck fashion in the laving of little naked feet in little streams more or less muddy, and treats us to an oratorical burst, inimitable save in pages Abbottish—and about what? Napoleon's union with Josephine! We have not

yet had a single word about that very original matter, young Napoleon's snow feat; but let us be consoled, if we have not that yet, we shall have it by and by. It is so much in the Ab' Attish style to give us a touch of bathos about the man before, and not after, we have heard all that we have to hear about the boy! Originality before all things; if we cannot do without Bourienne's, and Scott's, and a score or two of other people's facts, at the very least we may bid defiance to their logical sequence of narrative—so here goes for a touch of the sublime which our author might, if he pleased, have learned from his immaculate hero to be but "a step from the ridiculous."

"How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable providence which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus"—(yard dog and puddles, of course, included in that same *thus!*)—"rearing a Napoleon; and, far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa groves and orange trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of the beautiful and lovely Josephine."

Let us pause, let us admire! Just look at that, "moulding the person" and that, "ennobling the affections" of the lovely *and* beautiful Josephine! We believe it was sturdy old William Cobbett, who so often told plain British truths to sallow and envious Yankeeedom; we believe it was sturdy old William Cobbett who, speaking of caligraphy, said—Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Doctors may differ as to whether it really is worth while to write nonsensical euphemisms at all; but certainly our author writes them admirably; never since the decease of late lamented Rosa Matilda of the London Morning Post, has superfine phraseology so admirably said—nothing that mortal man can find meaning in! Lovely *and* beautiful; moulding the person; *ennobling the affections!* Ah! this grand historian will surely be the death of us!

But we have not yet done with the moulded person and ennobled affections of the lovely *and* beautiful (what *would* our dear friends in New York do without the conjunction copulative)—Josephine.

"*It was by a guidance which neither of these children sought that they were con-*

ducted from their widely separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France."

Let us be duly thankful for that information, any how! It is so very new, very, for people born in distant parts of the world to meet in the same city, and to marry; such a marvel and mystery can only astonish us in the case of a Napoleon and a Josephine. Thomas Smith and Betty Brown never yet met and married unless born next door to each other! Was printed page, even the page *Harperian* ever so wasted until the Abbott—worse luck for us all!—felt it his duty to give us this novelty of novelties, his new, his *petter ash new* Life of Napoleon! In truth, in sad, in very sad truth, but that we have discerned his purpose, and choose to defeat it, we neither could nor would bestow one line more upon such mere and miserable book-making. But we have a high and a stern duty to do, and we shall do it. We must show that if the author has but an indifferent literary taste; that if, knowing how to construct a tolerable sentence as to words, he yet has neither logical precision nor logical sequence at his command, still less has he that high and clear political morality without which a writer is pitifully unfit to discuss the life of such a man as Napoleon, or the conduct towards him of that Britain at which this poorest of all poor performances is so evidently meant to aim a heavy blow, "a heavy blow," indeed, and "great discouragement." Just fancy a Republican, a man who evidently detests the limited monarchy of Great Britain, just fancy such a man speaking as follows of the usurper and blood-stained, of that Napoleon who rarely either wrote or spoke but to bully or to deceive. Thus speaks the erudite and original Abbott:—

"There"(the Metropolis of France) "by their united energies, which had been fostered in *solitary studies* and *deepest musings*, they won for themselves the *proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen*; a throne which in power and splendor eclipsed all that had been told of Roman or Persian, or Egyptian greatness."

Let us take breath; such a burst as that is not to be equalled, out of Abbott's own page. The solitary studies and deepest musings of Josephine! There are some jokes which are not to be laughed at;—and this is one of

them! The dressy, giddy, flighty Creole Josephine, musing deeply and addicting herself to solitary studies! Her partner at the past ball or her dress for the next coming ball, might perhaps cause her "deep" and, (her shameful extravagance being considered,) we should think no very pleasant, "musings"—Such were her "solitary studies," oh Abbott of wordy Gotham—and you know it! But the wretchedly childish talk about Napoleon and his very much overpraised first wife is a merely venial offence, in our estimation, when compared with the servile adulation of their blood cemented throne. What this writer's fellow republicans may think of his worse than slavish enthusiasm in favour of the splendor of a throne to which the usurper waded through literally a sea of blood we know not, but we will beg to remind him that if in power and in true splendor, "Roman, Persian, and Egyptian, (the oldest power last mentioned, of course, for it is the consecrated Abbottish fashion to scorn such paltry matters as logical clearness and chronological accuracy!) had no throne that could compare with that which Napoleon usurped, there was a throne which had power enough to send him, helpless as the humblest criminal, to brood in exile and restraint over the crimes and the follies by which his usurped throne had been only too long disgraced. We leave "Roman, and Persian, and Egyptian" to answer for themselves; we must assure the erudite and Britain-hating writers and readers of Gotham, that the British throne, at all events, shone with a splendor and wielded a power to which even the lauded Napoleon, so beloved by consistent and liberty-loving Republicans, aided by the nations that robber-like he invaded and tyrant-like trampled, vainly attempted resistance. How Napoleon obtained his throne, we shall have occasion briefly to discuss, at proper time and in proper place; we merely point out here that Mr. Abbott, the Republican, has great reverence and much laud for that throne. At the very commencement of his anti-British labours, and even before he has written down a tithe of his borrowed pages upon the juvenile years of his hero, he is thus eloquent in praise of that hero's wrongfully acquired and bloodstained throne. Judge then of his eagerness to heap fulsome praise upon that throne, and, by inference,

censure upon the grand, the truthful, the righteous power that struck down that Imperial throne, and sent its tyrannical occupant to meditate on, but, infidel and ruthless, prayerless and conscienceless, as he was, *not* to repent of his manifold crimes alike against God's laws, and man's rights, interests, liberty, and happiness.

Unskilful Biographers nearly always blunder in their description of the childhood of their hero; they cut the man up into small pieces, and fancy that they are showing us the child. The truth is that the childhood of the most sanguinary hero is pretty much the same in its details as that of the smallest possible historian. We all munch cakes and fruit, (when procurable) and tantalize our elders in pretty much the same fashion. Juvenile stargazing and precocious melancholy exist in Napoleonic histories, Byronic Biographies, and fiftieth rate novels—but no where else. The mistake thus commonly made is, however, one into which mere compilers, troubling themselves but little about philosophy very naturally fall; and we need not wonder that Mr. Abbott falls into headlong, seeing that of philosophy he is perfectly innocent. With a strange inconsistency he tells us that "there were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection," and then, in genuine Abbotian style illustrates and enforces that statement by adding that the boy's favourite play thing was a cannon weighing thirty pounds, and that "in imaginary battles he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharge of his formidable piece of artillery;" and again "he delighted in fancy to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape shot, to see the routed foe flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground." We have never been accused of cruelty, but should such an accusation be brought against us we implore Mr. Abbott not to defend us. Such defence as a his would convict any man; yea, even though his mature years were passed as peacefully as Napoleon's were passed murderously. The truth is that only too many circumstances go to show that Napoleon was cruel by nature, and that malignant passion could, and did hold him in subjection, in a subjection extreme, even for an Italian, a Corsican, familiar

from his very babyhood with the traditional and blood-thirsty *Vendetta*. Had Mr. Abbott told us only about the imaginary butcheries, or only about the absence of cruel and malignant passion we might have been able to believe his statement; but he must excuse us for declining even on his high authority to say that white is black, and black white. Of two opposite statements we may believe one—but we find it impossible, such is our British stolidity, to believe them both. The story of the cannon and the imaginary and murderous discharges of grape shot we believe to be quite true; and we think that the murderous play of the boy only foreshadowed the murderous realities of the man. We presume that it is by way of strengthening our belief in the freedom of the boy Napoleon from the cruelty and callousness to human suffering which so terribly characterized the man Napoleon, our author relates an anecdote to which, presently, we shall have occasion to allude. Let us, in the mean time observe that Mr. Abbott occupies much time in relating trivial anecdotes of Napoleon's infancy while in Corsica. In the first place those anecdotes are familiar to every school boy even where true—in the next place most of them are of doubtful authenticity at best, and are utterly out of place in this new life of Napoleon even if they were true. The world, if it wanted a new life of Napoleon at all, would look for something both new and true about the man; old, and, at best, doubtful, trivialities about the boy previous to his tenth year, when he left his dame's school in Corsica for the military school of Brienne, are, we must tell even the profound sages of the New York press, somewhat out of date in this year of grace 1853.

From Corsica, Napoleon, on the recommendation of the Count Maubeuf was sent to the military school at Brienne; even the best authors have said fully enough, if not with a trifle to spare, about Napoleon's career at this school; of course Mr. Abbott, *not* being one of the best authors, gives us not only the *decies repetita* of all his Napoleonic predecessors, but some of his own superfine writing into the bargain. A boy leaving his mother for the first time, with the prospect of hard fare, hard study, and some hard fighting, usually does, we believe, anticipate black Mon-

days with very considerable disgust. We have had the trial, and we remember that when we found ourselves suddenly thrown among the seven hundred and fifty young pickles of our first, and last, school, we thought the arrangement which threw us there a decidedly objectionable one. But we did nothing more sublime than sharing our cake with a "fellow" to whom we took a liking at first sight (he is now a Lieutenant Colonel in India,) and exchanging black eyes with another whom we did not like. But no one has thought fit to chronicle our sublime feelings. Thank Heaven, no one is ever likely to do so; for, as we said at the outset of this article, we have a hard and hearty hatred for everything in the shape of humbug. Our erudite, though somewhat stilted and wearisome friend Abbott very evidently does not agree with us; Napoleon even at ten years old, and with an anticipative horror of long tasks and short commons could be nothing less than sublime!—Just hear this eloquent and *new, petter ash new*, Historian.

"Forty years afterwards Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt when parting from his mother.—*Stoic as he was*,"—a stoic of ten years old!—"*his stoicism forsook him, and he wept like any other child!*"

Come, come, at length we get at something true, if at nothing remarkably new; Napoleon at ten years old was, just like any other child!—An actual child, born of woman! We fancied that it must have been so, but we trust that we are not ungrateful to Mr. Abbott, for thus confirming us in our own opinion. But let us proceed with our author's sublime account of the sublime child of ten years old.

"The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France.—Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditure. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien produced

an impression upon his mind *which never was effaced.*"

Ah! Yet malignant passions could obtain no permanent power over his mind! Yea! and our candid author, who would make a demigod of a surly malignant boy of ten years old, goes on to say that Napoleon, "in an hour of bitterness," when probably some oldster had boxed his ears for his petulance not unmingled with malignity, said: "I hate those French, and I will do them all the mischief in my power!"

Mr. Abbott seems to overlook one rare merit of his hero; the malignant promise above recorded he most signally fulfilled; witness two millions and a half, at least, of lives sacrificed to his selfish and insolent ambition; witness the solitary lanthorn lighting up the tyrant's myrmidons in the castle ditch of Vincennes, and witness too, the blood-stained snows of Russia!

"*In consequence of this state of feeling*," continues our author, "he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his maps and his books."

For left-handed praise commend us to our new biographer of Napoleon. Of *what* state of feeling was seclusion from his fellow-students the consequence? Obviously if, which we sometimes doubt, Mr. Abbott means anything by his fine phrases, obviously, of his malignant hate to "the French," because they were better provided than he with pocket money, spent it cheerfully, and thought him both "morose and moody," as Mr. Abbott himself confesses.

It is strange enough that while our new biographer heaps declamatory laudation upon his boy hero, he rarely borrows from better authors a single anecdote which does not tell, and tell strongly, too, against that hero. Every one has read of young Napoleon's snow fortification at Brienne. Being rather worse provided with fact than with "words, words, words, see you," Mr. Abbott gives us this *very* novel anecdote at full length. Our readers, of course, remember that malignity, according to Mr. Abbott, and cruelty, formed no part of Napoleon's natural temper. Our logical biographer thus supports his statement. "The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so com-

pletely blocked up the walks that the students of Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed that, to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with entrenchments, and bastions, parapets, ravelines, and horn works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and under his superintendence the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself; no one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed, while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being entrusted with the defence of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defence. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on both sides. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers venturing to disobey the commands of his general, *Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.*"

And it is of this savage Corsican boy that Mr. Abbott, almost in the very page in which he retails without acknowledgement to any one, this twenty times told tale, would have us believe that cruelty and malignity were not a part of his nature. Mr. Abbott makes, as we have remarked, no acknowledgment to any one for the twenty times told tales with which he so thickly studs his unnecessary *Life of Napoleon*. We greatly prefer, however, even the old anecdotes that he borrows to the very new light in which he would have us see them. He protests that his hero was not cruel; and he shows him to have been from his veriest childhood, cruel both actively and passively, malignant both in thought and in act.

All this would, no doubt, be of small consequence to any one but Mr. Abbott, only that he very obviously intends to carry the same

systematic misreasoning into his history of the maturer years of his hero. Now this we must once and for all tell him that we will by no means permit him to do, without frank and open opposition. Whether Napoleon was a surly, morose boy, always moody and unsocial, and sometimes malignant in thought and cruel in act, we should not have spent so much time in discussing, but that Mr. Abbott's strange misreasoning and bold assumption on this point convince us that his purpose is similarly to eulogise and apologise for the man Napoleon. This, we repeat, we cannot and will not permit. If Napoleon, general, consul, emperor, was a good man as well as what we all confess him to have been, a great genius, though a vastly overrated one, then Britain was the worst of persecutors—as it seems to us that Mr. Abbott wishes inferentially, at least, to show. There are, no doubt, only too many Americans who would cheer Mr. Abbott to the echo for blackening the British character, and perhaps Mr. Abbott is not without full knowledge that his historical achievements will be very palatable to the French and their self-constituted ruler of the present day. But we do not feel inclined to pay much respect to the national prejudices of either Americans or Frenchmen. Admitting Napoleon to have been a man of great genius, we think, on the one hand, that that genius was greatly overrated, and that, on the other hand, from first to last, it was always selfishly, and often vilely exerted. To *facts* we, equally with any writer, French or American, have access. Will those facts be again and again repeated as hitherto Mr. Abbott has repeated them? We shall merely hint, firstly, that we could do without his repetition, and secondly, that proper acknowledgment of his obligations to his authorities would not by any means degrade or dishonor even so eminent a person as a New York author. On the other hand, will the facts be accompanied, as heretofore, by unquestionably new, but as unquestionably unsound, comments? In that case we will without ruth and without stint, oppose, expose, and denounce, those comments, to the laughter of all sound reasoners, and to the sterner censure of all just men. Thus far, merely dealing with Mr. Abbott's rather absurd than actually mischievous history of Napoleon's boyhood, we have not felt either

obliged to, or warranted in, anything like very serious comment. But when we proceed, as we shall in our next paper, to glance at the life of the man Napoleon, the case will be very different. It will no longer be writer commenting upon writer; we shall have the higher and more sacred task of showing that though we do not for an instant deny Napoleon's great talents—his genius, if folks prefer that word—we do affirm that he could be, and too often was, so dishonorable, so guilty of falsehood, dishonesty, and cruelty, in the very fullest and worst sense of those words, and that he, consequently, was so great a scourge to the world (and that too from merely selfish motives), that if after Waterloo he had been sent to the scaffold, or to the castle ditch of Vincennes, instead of to St. Helena, the sovereigns of Europe, and more especially the sovereign of England, would have been fully justified even in that extreme severity, which we may add that it is quite possible that that severity, by deterring another Napoleon from tampering with the liberties of his country, might have proved the means of saving that country from ineffable present disgrace, and Europe—perhaps America also—from the frightful and sinful waste of blood and treasure which the whim, the fancied interest, or the hereditary bad faith of one man may at any one moment cause to commence.

We are not of the time serving nor of the courtly; we speak strongly because we feel warmly; and we plainly repeat what we have already said, that we believe this exceedingly ill-executed compilation would never have been attempted but with a view to such eulogy of Napoleon the First as would at once gratify Napoleon the Second, and throw discredit upon England, as having unjustly persecuted the former; and we also repeat that we will not permit this to be done without offering all the opposition which a writer can offer without forfeiture of self-respect, or neglect of just so much respect as a hostile writer has a right to expect. We shall, throughout, justify every comment of our own by appeal not only to high and decisive authorities, but also to Mr. Abbott's own wholesale borrowing therefrom, and we shall fairly appeal to our readers to decide between our commentaries and those of Mr. Abbott.

We repeat that, while only the small scribes of the literary Lower Empire of New York

borrowed from our writings, yet libelled our national character, we did not care to interfere. But when more respectable writers indirectly censure our country by equally absurd and exaggerated eulogy of a gifted man, indeed, but so bad and so baneful a man, that our country was *compelled* to hurl him from his bad eminence, we are ready to enter the lists, and to keep them, too, against all comers;

"And God show the right!"

Even apart from the fact that exaggerated eulogy of Napoleon the First is, at the least, indirectly, a bill of indictment against those who smote him down, there are other reasons for censuring and, if possible, checking, such eulogy. It is contrary to sound morality, it is contrary to the best interests of the world, and it is just at present more especially and more mischievously ill-timed, as being only too well calculated to give increased confidence and influence to an audacious usurper, who, Heaven knows, is quite well enough inclined to imitate all the worst actions, civil or warlike, of the world's highly-gifted, but detestably selfish, scourge, Napoleon I. Such encouragement no right-minded man should either give, or allow to be given—so far as he has the power to neutralize it by a stern appeal to the facts of history. Of slavish eulogy and senseless rhodomontade, conquerors and tyrants can always get only too much. The time has come when usurpation must be called by its true name, and when we must so write the history of dead tyrants, who murdered men and broke the hearts of women and children in the prosecution of their own selfish and dishonest schemes, that living tyrants may know that their posterity will not pronounce their final judgment in the honeyed phrase of supple courtiers, or of venal or ignorant scribes, but in the scathing and pitiless language of TRUTH, that truth which our good old adage tells us will shame the Devil, and which, therefore, we may reasonably hope, will do something towards shaming his darling and zealous sons and servitors here on earth.

Yes! It is high time that our mere and aggressive conquerors and tyrants should be held up to the mingled fear and detestation of that world of which they have during so many ages been a chief curse and a chief calamity.

N O W .

“ Arise I for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the futuro—
Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arms will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshines and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away.
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dinly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.”

THE PAGOTA.—A VENETIAN STORY.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER III.

THE evening preceding the excursion to Saint Felix, the doge dined, *en famille*, from a dish of soup and a plate of turnips and boiled sparrows. Whilst he was engaged in the task of introducing these into his system, the dogaressa with her broad shoulders, regarded him with frowning looks, he all the while bending his nose over his plate, and not daring even to speak a single word, for fear of thereby provoking an explosion. The young signoria, a large but handsome girl, with arms of ivory and hair of ebon, was eating her dinner in silence on the other side of the table.

After the silence had continued for a rather lengthened period, ‘ May I presume to ask you,’ said the dogaressa to her husband, ‘ what is it you are dreaming about? Is it, as usual, of a game of chess at the Café Florain?’

‘ I should have thought you would have been well pleased with my going to the Café Florain, since my meeting the engineer there procured you an invitation to the fête at St. Felix.

‘ So far,’ replied the dogaressa, ‘ the Café Florain, the meeting with the engineer, and the

invitation to St. Felix, have only been causes of expense. And besides, what do you think I care myself for any pleasure parties? It is only our daughter that I ever think of; and I would ask you, are you a father, or are you made of marble?’

‘ If human blood would sell,’ responded her husband, ‘ I would spill mine, and give the proceeds to our daughter. But what can I do? How can I get any money? Who shall I ask for it, and what shall I say to them?’

‘ What have I to do with such matters at all?’ asked the dogaressa; ‘ you cannot have mentioned them for any other purpose than that of embarrassing me. All I know is, that you must give a ball before the spring is over, and two or three musical parties, in order that people may hear our daughter’s voice. Moreover, the whole fashionable world is ab out to repair to the waters of Recoaro, and it is necessary that we should pass at least a month there, and also, *en attendant* the season of the water, that we should go in the evenings in an open gondola to the Fresco, and further to the fête of the *Redemptore*. This is the least that a father could think of doing for his daughter. So, of course, I shall expect you to do this for us.’

‘ But where on earth,’ exclaimed the astonished doge—‘ but where on earth do you suppose that I can find the money necessary to defray so many expenses? A ball, two or three musical parties, a voyage to Recoaro, and trips to the Fresco, how do you think that I can pay for them?’

‘ I am going to tell you,’ was his wife’s response. ‘ Since your immortal ancestors—may God bless them!—have dissipated their property, and left none of it for you, in order to sustain the lustre of their name, you must agree to let the second story of your palace, and place a notice on your door asking for a lodger. We have a little furniture that we do not use, and half of what is in this room we could do without. Let us, then, rent half our house and half our furniture to the French engineer.’

Upon hearing this, for once the patrician blushed. ‘ But every one in Venice,’ he replied, after a few moments, ‘ would hear of the affair, and would know that we had let for hire the chambers in which the ancestors of Catherine Comaro were wont to sleep, and that a stranger lay in the bed in which died the great admirals of the Adriatic!’

‘ Well, and what of all that?’ was his wife’s answer. ‘ Do you imagine that there is a Venetian who is not aware of our debts and our poverty, and the poor fare we live upon? Let out for hire, and even sell, if it be necessary, but procure something to eat and drink, and robes for your daughter to wear! Have I brought a daughter like that into the world, in order to let her iron her own linen? Be a father first, and then the descendant of the great admirals of the Adriatic after, when you can?’

‘ To get into debt,’ replied the doge, ‘ to live by means of artful expedients, or even by vile subtrefuges, is nothing if honor be safe, and one has no need to blush before one’s peers. Still, you shall have your will. I will sleep in a domestic chamber and let mine, and you shall go to Recoaro.’

* Continued from page 593, vol. iii.

This determination left the patrician no more appetite, and he therefore rose from the table, and went out. The dogaressa had been informed that the French Engineer was in search of extensive lodgings, which would be large enough to enable him to establish his offices under the same roof as his private apartments, and the next day, during the banquet at the salt works of St. Felix, she contrived to offer him the second story of her palace, and with so much insistence, that the young man could not possibly refuse engaging it. The imprudent gallant, at the dogaressa's particular entreaty, consented to lease the lodgings for a year, and to pay for them the enormous price of 150 francs per month. On the first day of his arrival at the palace, the dogaressa brought to him a minute of the lease, prepared by herself. It contained, amongst others, the two following clauses:—

'Item—The signora being obliged by her high position to receive much company, and to give musical and dancing parties, which the engineer will be pleased to attend whenever he can, as a neighbor and a friend, it is agreed that on all ball and party days, the principal apartments of the engineer shall be opened to the guests invited by the signora.

'Item—In consideration of the age and quality of the young signorina, the engineer engages to place his gondola and his gondoliers at her service whenever she shall express her desire to go to the Fresco.'

Not long after the engineer had signed the lease containing these two clauses, he received a pathetic note from the dogaressa, in which she supplicated the *pregiatissimo signor* to pay in advance the first month's rent, and the engineer, like a good young man, complied with the request. On the next Monday they took his principal apartments for the purpose of a dancing party, to which he was invited; but as he did not care to go, he slept upon a bench in the Café Florain, whilst the guests of the dogaressa danced in his own chamber. He took a pleasure at first in conducting the ladies to the Fresco, but he was mostly accustomed on such occasions to dine with the commanding officer, and when this was the case, the dogaressa and her daughter did not wait for him, but returned without him, leaving him no gondola in which to be taken home; and this he did not find to be over convenient. Still, however, he put up with it, and with a thousand other similar things, for the more patience he exhibited, the more they attempted to get out of him. As for the doge, the only benefit which accrued to him out of the matter was the famous new hat which had so scandalized Colette. It was but a small share of the rent paid by the engineer that he could manage to get hold of—absolutely no share in reality. It was all in vain that he represented to her that a poor gondolier had carried them to and fro for a whole month on credit—not a farthing of money would she give upon any p.e.a. It is true, however, that if it had been otherwise Marco would have been none the richer, for the magnifico signor would have assuredly turned the sum he received into another channel, in order to meet demands of a more pressing character. It was in this conjuncture that he con-

tracted his loan from the French engineer. We have seen how our friend Marco had contributed to the success of the negotiation; but the sum that it consisted of, instead, as the gondolier imagined, of ten millions svanzicks, was only a hundred francs. From the patrician's point of view, the wages of the nicolitto did not constitute a debt which compromised dishonour, whilst the humble condition of his creditor rendered him little dangerous, and the doge would never have dreamed of paying a debt, even supposing that his pockets were full of money, before he had exhausted his whole stock of excuses, which, in the case of Marco, he had not anything near done. He knew that he could expend his money with far more advantage to himself in making good some losses at the card-table, giving gratuities to a number of domestics and presents to various noble ladies of his acquaintance; and, above all, in opening new credits by paying some little upon account of old ones; and accordingly this was what he did with it. As soon as he had touched the hundred francs, his radiant and triumphant countenance awoke suspicions in the mind of the dogaressa, but the season for the waters was commencing, and the signora and the signorina set out for Recoaro on the morrow of the ball for which the nicolitto had observed some of the preparations.

CHAPTER IV.

As for Marco, he returned to his old occupation in consequence of the remonstrances of his young brother, he placed under the protection of the contrabandists himself, his fortune, his love and his marriage, which last the faithlessness of the magnifico signor had so long delayed. He repaired one evening to a *vendiza-de-vino*, which he knew to be frequented by contrabandists, and placed himself in an upright posture against a wall, with his finger on his lips, like a statue of Harpocrates, to watch the proceedings of the drinkers of black wine who were gathered within. From the far end of the tap-room, a middle-aged man, with a red beard, who was in close conference with two old nicolitti, kept his eyes fixed upon him for some time. At last, Marco could hear him say to his companions, 'You are past the age; but here is a young fellow who will not hesitate, I am sure, and who will be just the man.'

'What is it you are alluding to?' asked Marco upon this, addressing himself to the red-bearded man who had made the remark, and who was evidently a master contrabandist.

'The task we want to set you,' was his answer, 'is that of going to Fusina.'

'Well,' responded Marco, 'I accept; and tomorrow will risk the adventure. But what is your merchandise composed of, let me ask?'

'A case of cutlery,' replied the contrabandist; 'a bale of English stuffs, and fifty pounds of Levant tobacco. The value of the whole is about four hundred and fifty svanzicks, and your wages shall be ten of them.'

As evidence that he agreed to the proposal, and in place of signature, seal and stamp, the gondolier made a sign of the cross, and then the bargain was concluded. Venice being a free

port, the merchandise of all countries can enter it without paying duty, and consequently, those who can manage to elude the vigilance of the Austrian officers of customs and police, can make a great profit by smuggling them thence into various portions of the neighbouring territory. But to escape these human bull-dogs is no easy task, and ten *svauzicks* was not too much by any means to repay the risk run by our friend Marco in attempting the perilous enterprise.

On the morrow, just at noonday, his gondola traversed the canal of the Giudecca, which is a veritable arm of the sea, and directed itself obliquely toward the opposite coast. The officers of customs who were promenading the shore turned their eyes towards it but only supposed that it was taking a stranger to the Church of the redeemer, or conducting one of the numerous English visitors, who are so fond of going thither, to the middle of the celebrated canal *Orfano*, famous for its being the scene of the nocturnal *noyades* of the Council of Ten. The gondola did really turn into this canal, but hardly had it proceeded twenty paces down it, ere it made a sudden turn, and darted off in the direction of *Fasina*. Upon this, a customs' boat, with four rowers, put itself instantly in pursuit, and gained every moment upon the gondola. One of the officers of customs who was in the boat shouted to the flying *nicolitti* to draw up, but of course they refused to obey any such mandate. This greatly irritated the officer, however, and he seized thereupon an oar, and, as soon as he came near enough, struck at the gondolier with all his strength. Marco fell beneath the blow, with his shoulder broken.

About an hour after, *Digia* was drawing water in the court of the ducal palace, the *Coletto*, blubbering with sorrow and anger, came to announce to her brother that his brother had fallen from the good graces of the *Madonna* of the contrabandists, and was at that moment in the civil hospital, with a broken shoulder. At the mention of this terrible word, 'hospital,' the *Pagota*—forgetting her brazen water-jugs, which she had set down for a moment on the edge of one of the wells—ran off at her fleetest speed, and did not stop till she reached the church of *St. Maria, Formosa*, at whose shrine she staid to offer, in passing, a taper costing four sous, thinking that it would be well thus to place herself and Marco under the protection of a *Madonna* less an enemy to laws and authority than that of the contrabandists. Like the great majority of those belonging to his class, Marco had a profound horror of the hospital, founded upon the absurd belief that patients were suffered to die in it, in order to furnish subjects for the dissecting knife; and the fear of death in his eyes was nothing compared with the fear of that use which he imagined would be made of his body in the event thereof. *Digia* found the patient in despair; for he was about to undergo a very painful operation, and was firmly convinced, for his own part, that he was about to be sent on the long voyage. Clothed in very tight garments, and fixed upon his bed in such a manner that he could not move, Marco, with his cheeks both bathed with tears, kept evincing, by heavy groans, his participation in the sentiment which the sobe of his brother and mistress, as well as

their mournful looks, evidently showed that *they* entertained respecting him, namely, that he was a lost man. A young sister of the hospital, attracted towards them by this lamentable concert, gently reproached the gondolier with his ingratitude, and the *Pagota* with her ignorance. Evidence and reason could not triumph very easily over prejudices so deeply rooted as were *Digia* and Marco's; but still the words of the nun had much effect on their rude minds, and Marco at last condescended to believe that at any rate this good sister was not in league with the dissectors, and *Digia* to re-accept her assurance that her lover should be restored to her within six weeks or so. He was so in reality, at about five weeks thence; but he was still feeble and incapable of working, and *Digia* had to defray the expenses of his convalescence, and to sell her golden ear-rings, to enable her to do so. This last resource exhausted, the two lovers found themselves both sound in body, but absolutely desitute, and deprived of everything.

Such were the trials which drew the tears from the eyes of *Digia*, as she carried the water for my bath. When the *padrona de casa* had recounted them all to me, I repaired—the hour of dinner being at hand—to the *trattoria* of *Signor Marscille*, at which a large apartment is reserved especially for Frenchmen. I recounted to those of my compatriots whom I found there, and the engineer himself happened to be amongst them, the adventures of *Digia* and Marco, their love, poverty, and their troubles. One of my *convives* took the initiative in getting up a subscription in favor of the unfortunate lovers, and the engineer promised to authorise the *doge* to pay over to Marco those famous monthly instalments which were to pay off his loan. We sent our *padrona* with the collective amount of our subscriptions to the *nicolitto* (we learned afterwards that the rascal only paid over a third of it, putting the remainder into his own pocket,) and Marco, when he received the unexpected wind-fall, set himself to work to frame new castles in the air, of a still more gorgeous character than those which were built upon the foundation of the promises made by the magnificent signor; and he actually believed himself to be placed under the special protection of the French government. He was just about to buy the wedding ring, together with a pair of slippers, for his bride, when a circumstance occurred which he had not in the least calculated upon.

CHAPTER V.

UPON the quay of *Slavoniaus*, three strangers, very differently clothed, were standing chatting together, as they drank a cup each of the black coffee which was being offered for sale, at a sou the cup, by a *limonadier*. They had met each other for the first time in their lives, but they were all alike unoccupied with business, and with no more important task upon their hands than of killing time. The most aged of the three, who wore the red costume of an Albanian, was come to Venice to gather thalers from the exchangers for the queen of *Bavaria*, a profitable business, seeing that thalers transported thence from Venice gained thirty centimes each in value. The

second, who wore upon his head a turban, and upon his feet a pair of enormously large boots, was a Dalmatian clove-merchant, and his person was well impregnated with the perfume of his merchandise. The third, and youngest of the three, wore the closely-fitting pantaloons, half boots, and vest of a hussar. His closely-cropped hair, more yellow than blonde, his eyes clear as those of a bird of prey, his curly moustache, and the military air of all his movements, formed the completest contrast to the sunburnt countenances, natural postures, and oriental nonchalance of his companions. The Albanian and Dalmatian signors, after having explained to each other their own trades and occupations, invited their young companion, who had been listening to their recitals, to follow their example, and explain his. The young man thereupon took his long porcelain pipe out of his mouth, and responded briefly, and in somewhat proud and haughty manner:—

“I am a Croat, brought to Venice now by a little piece of family business. I belong to a military company, and am consequently more accustomed to military exercises than to the labours of the farm. From time to time an inspector arrives suddenly in our village, and calls us all together as hurriedly as though the houses were on fire. Our wives and mothers prepare us instantly provisions for three days, and we draw up in the street, with our muskets on our shoulders, and our knapsacks on our backs. Sometimes we are led to a greater distance, and sometimes to a shorter one; but we are seldom out for a longer period than three days, during the whole of which we are occupied in making rapid and difficult marches, and executing all kinds of warlike manœuvres. Then we return home, to be shortly called away again in the same manner.”

“But you are surely paid a handsome sum for the inconvenience you are thus put to?” asked the Albanian.

“Paid?” replied the Croat; “we shall be paid well enough when they give us permission to descend into Lombardy; but we shall have nothing till then.”

“What! you count, then, upon war and booty?” returned the Albanian; “but you must be stronger, musn’t you, before you can make sure of the latter?”

“Not that I know of,” was the soldiers answer; “we are more than fifty thousand strong already.”

“Well,” replied the Albanian, “I prefer my trade before yours.”

“And so do I mine,” added the Dalmatian. “War engenders nothing that is good. For one single thaler of booty that a conquering soldier robs a city of, the country loses at least a thousand. The winds of Croatia, young soldier, have tempered you like steel; but the father and mother defending their nest you will find more valiant still. The booty you hope for will cost you very dear, and”—he added, observing that the eyes of the young Croat were fixed on the recently restored façade of the palace, Danielo opposite—“these gorgeous palaces will form no part of it, neither will any other of those Venetian *chefs-d’œuvre* which people come so constantly from all parts of the world to admire.”

“I care nothing for that,” returned the soldier, “for I detest Venice above all things.”

“And you will never win it,” answered the Albanian, “for it was not built to be delivered over to barbarians.”

Just at this moment, a Pagota, who was passing along the quay, drew up before the three coffee-drinkers, and saluted the youngest of them with “Good-day, François Knapen! And pray, what are you doing in this Venice, that you detest so much?”

“I have come to seek you, Digia,” was the young man’s answer; “and my reason for not having come to you at once is this—I had information to gather respecting your conduct. I have now learned all that I wished to know, and can explain it to you upon the spot, if you desire it. For three months your parents have been vainly waiting for news of your marriage, and you know very well they did not send you here to become the mistress of a gondolier. You have given him all your savings, I suppose, and even sold your ear-rings to support him; and he, too, a rascally contrabandist, as well as everything else. I regret to be obliged to disturb the course of such honorable amours, but it is necessary that you return with me to Pago.”

“You have been wrongfully informed, Knapen,” replied the young girl, with firmness. “Receive something rather more trustworthy, and know that Marco is an honest and an honorable man, and that unfortunate circumstances—a bankruptcy, an accident, and a severe wound—have alone delayed our marriage. Remain here a fortnight longer, and you can be present at my wedding. I do not say this to dare you, Knapen; your disdainful silence has too well apprised me that—”

“My disdainful silence, indeed!” interrupted the Croat. “Of what use, pray, would it have been for me to write to you? You did not wait for my answer, in order to give your heart to some one else. But, as for my waiting a fortnight, that is all nonsense. Seduced by a gondolier, it is time you were drawn from shame, and you will go back with me immediately.”

“I tell you I have incurred no shame, do you hear?” she replied, violently; “and that Marco is an honest and more honorable man than you are!”

“Oh, you are getting acclimated, then, are you?” responded the Croat—“as deceitful and as little trustworthy as a Venetian, not to say anything of being as free-mannered! Take this letter of your father’s, however, and read it; and then, if you refuse to accompany me, I shall only have to announce to your father that he has no longer a daughter Digia.”

Digia took the letter, but she knew not how to read. The Albanian signor came to her relief, and read the parental missive to her. It contained nothing but reproaches, written in the style of an uneducated countryman; and, although the reader did all that in him lay to soften its harshness, it caused Digia to turn very pale. At the close, when she heard that her father threatened her with his malediction if she refused to accompany François Knapen, she groaned, and fell fainting into the arms of the Dalmatian. The two old men, naturally slow, were entirely ignorant how to set to work to re-animate her;

and, as for the Croat, he remained looking at her fixedly, and as immovable as a statue.

"You are hard, young man," said the Albanian, as soon as Digia's recovery left him free to speak.

"*Durissimo*," added the Dalmatian, "and, what is a great deal more, either unjust or blind, for I am sure this child is innocent, and that being the case, her father's letter has no more to do with the matter."

But the Croat took no notice of these remarks, and only said in reply, "Digia Dolomir, I summon you to follow me to Pago."

"My good, good Knapen," murmured the Pagota thereupon, "do not be unpitiable. I *can* not go!"

"When you are of age," was the Croat's response, "you may walk the streets of Venice as a courtesan, if you choose; but at present you are but eighteen years of age, so you must make up your mind to live elsewhere some years yet!"

Upon hearing this, the agony of the Pagota was intense. Knapen, however, had no pity for her; but, if he had not, the Albanian had; and "Sir soldier!" said the latter to the Croat, "no more insults, in the name of heaven! Listen, young man. At the end of the month, I set out for Trieste, Pago, Zara, and if, in three weeks the Pagota is not married, I promise to conduct her to her father in my brigantine."

But Knapen did not answer. He only said, in a stern tone, "Digia Dolomir, once more—yes or no? Are you a rebel to the authority of your father, or are you not? Do you refuse to return with me!—for the last time, yes or no?"

"I will obey," replied the young girl. "When do you set out?"

"To-morrow, by the Trieste Boat."

Accordingly, on the morrow the passengers by the Trieste boat were diverted for a few moments from their anxiety respecting their baggage by a violent quarrel between two men upon the shore. Marco, having assumed an attitude like that of a gladiator, was opposing the embarkation of his mistress. Knapen advanced with a calm and determined air, with his eyes fixed upon those of his adversary, equally prepared for attack or for defence. The Albanian and the old Dalmatian were upon the spot, and they vividly admired the academic *pose* and the elegant form of the handsome Nicolitto, beside which the stiff, short Croat, with his thick legs, seemed like a block of wood; but they could not help fearing that the gondolier made too many demonstrations in the preliminaries of the combat. The spectators who interested themselves in the affair would have preferred to have seen him make use of fewer words, and exercise more promptitude of action, for they doubted not that he could easily have overcome his enemy. And he would in reality have got the better of his antagonist, had he only employed his strength and skill, instead of his eloquence. As it was, however, the Croat did not suffer himself to be intimidated, but marched right towards the man, and dealt him a heavy blow, which Marco avoided, by leaping a little on one side, in such sort, however, as to leave the passage free; and thus ended the affair. When

he saw what he had done, and how he had lost his intended wife, the poor gondolier sat down on a stone, and cried like a child.

CHAPTER VI.

MIDNIGHT in our climate is as dull as need be. Even Paris, *par excellence* the city of pleasure, transforms itself into a silent convent as soon as the bells have struck the twelfth stroke. Everything then closes, all lights are extinguished, and the visitor finds himself shown to the door of the café. But in Italy this is not so; and at the hour at which the Parisian finds himself driven from all public places, and compelled either to go to bed or let his vigils be kept in his own house, St. Mark's Square in Venice is the most charming *salon* imaginable, in which one chatters with the ladies in the open air, or plays at chess, or does anything else that he fancies will suit him better.

One splendid night in August, the engineer of the salt-works and myself were seated, at a very advanced hour, before a table in the Café Florian, devouring with the utmost zeal large quantities of the most delicious ices ever tasted. The engineer was about to set out on a visit to the salt-works of Istria and Pago, and, in consequence of his amiable desire to have me for a companion, he occupied himself with producing most excellent reasons why I should quit with him these seas of warm and stagnant water, and this collection of stone buildings, three parts calcined by the sun, amongst which, he said, we sometimes dined in an oven, and sometimes in a *bain-marie*. It is true that the dog-days had brought with them the terrible *zauzares*, the fear of whose sting kept us all in a state of perpetual alarm, and that the heat of the weather was in many respects almost intolerable. But Venice is like some of those dangerous and frail beauties whom one loves almost the more for their faults; and I could not induce myself to consent to the engineer's proposal. I told him that I would oppose a mosquito curtain to the *zauzares*, and hire a gondola by the month, to take me about like a Sybarite, whilst the warm weather lasted; but that to leave Venice whilst I could stay in it, was an utter impossibility.

"But, since you are going to Pago," I added further, "just have an eye to Digia Dolomir. Try if you cannot do something in her favour, and, if she still loves the nicolitto, if you cannot persuade them to let you bring her back to Venice. From this day I will take Marco into my own service, and the hope of recovering the Pagota will hinder him from being unfaithful to her, I have no doubt."

"I shall find it more difficult, perhaps," responded the engineer, "to overcome the obstinacy and prejudices of a countryman, than I should to obtain a decree from the Aulic chamber. But, in order to please you, and to give me a field for the exercise of my powers of persuasion, I will plead her cause as well as I can."

The next day, as I conducted the engineer to the Trieste boat, I reminded him of his promise, and, as soon as he had departed, I repaired to the neighbourhood of the palace of Faliero, near which I found Marco, profoundly asleep in his

gondola. He was not ignorant of the interest I had taken in his amours; and when I proposed that he should enter into my service, I could not restrain him from kissing my hand, in token of most joyful acquiescence.

"I warn you, however, before you go too far," I said, "that I have not the honour of being descended, either in a direct or indirect line, from the defenders of Fagnouste, or the assassins of François Carrare. But I will pay you a fortnight's wages in advance, and that, too, in good silver Napoleons, and, upon my recommendation, the signor engineer will bring back Digia to you."

The delight of the gondolier upon hearing this was beyond bounds. He declared that he would gladly serve me for only bread and water, and made a thousand other and similarly foolish declarations. At last he was, for a wonder, calm enough to be able to ask whether he should take me.

"To the general archives of the Frai," I responded, and instantly the gondola was in motion, at a speed greater than it would have been had all the customs' officers in Venice been in pursuit of it.

But Marco, not content with serving me in this excellent fashion as a gondolier, wished additionally to serve me in quality of *valet-de-chambre*. He awoke me in the morning, brought me my clothes and shaving-water, and so quarrelled on all occasions with the servants for the privilege of waiting on me, that, as they could not believe that mere gratitude could inspire such an amount of zeal, they came to the conclusion that I must have recently inherited a large fortune. One day, it seemed to me that Marco, while washing his gondola, sang with some little more voice and gaiety than bespoke an almost despairing lover; and, when he came to me for my orders, I observed that his hair was dressed with a greater than ordinary, and, indeed, a quite ridiculous care, hung in long curls over his ears, like those of a woman, and that he wore in his button-hole a large and beautiful moss-rose. I asked him who had given him the rose, and he answered, in his own, euphonious and graceful dialect, "*Xé una bela tosa paron.*"

"A pretty young girl," I replied, "would not give away a rose without being asked."

"*Go pregà, gier si,*" was his response.

"What then! Did you beg for it?" I asked him in return. "Is it thus that you intend to keep your promised faith? I see, then, that I must withdraw my protection from you, and write to the engineer, to tell him not to trouble himself with regard to Digia."

"Gently, gently, your excellency!" cried Marco, in alarm, "The dyer of the street of the Fabri has dwelling with him a young niece, whom I knew when she lived at Murano. She is the most laughing little creature in the world. When I pass by her door, she throws water on me, and calls me a *vilain noir*. Can I endure these attacks without responding? Be just, most noble signor, be just to me; you would not have me act like a misanthropic and philosophical enemy of women, and you know very well that it is all badinage—nothing more."

"But such badinage may carry you too far, Marco, and I do not approve of it."

"Well; but, pardon, the Muranelle is clever, and her uncle has plenty of money; And who knows that the engineer will succeed in bringing Digia?"

"There is a French proverb which forbids one to run after two hares at once," was my only answer."

"Ah!" responded the gondolier; "but this is a different matter! To run after two hares at once is impossible, but two girls are very different things. Let Digia return, and I shall marry her; but, nevertheless, I shall strive to entrap the other. Can you see any harm in my so doing?"

I had quoted French proverbs to the Nicolitto; and if he had had a little more acquaintance with them, he might have strengthened his position by adducing that which counsels one to have "two or three strings to one's bow." As it was, I warned him to remain faithful for a day or two, and then went out upon a stroll. I had not gone far before I met the learned Abbé—, canon of St. Mark. We had chatted together a little while, concerning certain documents I was seeking relating to the death of Stradella, when the abbé pointed out to me a young girl, with a large Murano veil, who was approaching, with her eyes cast down, by the street of the Fabri.

"Look!" whispered the abbé to me—what a charming model of a virgin!"

These flattering words reached the ears of the Muranelle, and she acknowledged them by a smile and an inclination of the head.

"I'll be bound," replied the abbé to me, "that no Parisian belle would have so gracefully acknowledged a compliment, at least in the street."

He was going to say something more, but he was interrupted by Marco, who at this moment took hold of my coat, and drew me on one side, to whisper in my ear, "It is the niece of the dyer, signor. Tell me if you think she is like a hare, and, therefore, if I do ill to run after her?"

"I certainly think you do," was my response; "but you must do as you please, thorough Venetian that you are. Only take care that you never have to repent of your conduct, Marco."

CHAPTER VII.

Whilst the fascinations of the dyer's niece were thus tempting Marco out of the narrow way, the French engineer, in the midst of all his grave pre-occupations, still managed to find a little time to devote to the interests of poor Digia. Gifted with extraordinary force of will, and accustomed to do battle with obstinacy and prejudice, he was just the man to understand such a hard enterprise. In the little-frequented port of the little island, he chanced to encounter both the Dalmatian and the Albanian, of whom I had spoken to him. The first of them was seeking, from town to town, piastres for the Queen of Davaria; and the other, having sold his cloves, was returning to Zara in the brigantine of his new friend. The engineer imagined that their two picturesque figures would be calculated to aid him in his task, and he therefore prayed them to accompany him to the house of old Dolomir. They both gladly consented, and all three were then conducted to the door of the little *vendiza* in which

the father of Digia sold most execrable beer. At the sight of these three strangers, so magnificently clothed, Dolomir, only accustomed to serving ploughmen and farm-labourers, stared as he would have done had he received a visit from the renowned Haroun-al-Raschid. A rapid *coup d'œil* sufficed to enable the engineer to judge exactly of the man before him, and to lay his plans accordingly. Digia recognised immediately both the Albanian and his friend, and retired into a corner, pale and trembling. Half a dozen children, some stupified, and some terrified, ran into a stable, or were pushed in by their mother, who commanded them, with threats, to preserve silence. All eyes were fixed upon the red clothes of the Albanian; and when the engineer began to speak, which he did before any of the others, he was taken merely for an interpreter.

"Dolomir," said the engineer, "we are come to try to take your daughter away from you. But do not intend to contest your parental authority; we hope that the step we advise will be found most pleasing in even your eyes. Answer us, therefore, candidly this one question: what were your motives for recalling your daughter from Venice?"

It was designedly that the engineer attacked his adversary on the weakest side, by obliging him to speak at the commencement of the conference. He knew that by so doing he should intimidate the tavern-keeper, as he did in reality. Dolomir began to blubber.

"Excuse me," he said, as well as he could, "and let your lordships pardon me my ignorance. A poor Pagote does not know how to express himself in fine language."

"Speak how you like, in your own fashion," replied the engineer, "provided only that it be candidly and with freedom."

Thereupon the father of Digia commenced an obscure and trivial story, in which he said that he had believed that the gondolier had seduced his daughter; the only foundation for this belief hinted at being the evil reputation of the nicolitti.

"You are entirely deceived, then," interrupted the engineer; "your daughter was really about to marry Marco, when you sent for her to return home. This thrice puissant Albanian signor, and this thrice honourable Dalmatian noble, are come here as witnesses in Digia's favour, and to assert her innocence. It is strange that a father cannot recognise for himself the truth of such a matter. But you must have been imposed upon. We three are all friends of your daughter, and wish to see her made happy. You have deprived us of the pleasure of marrying her."

"But I have found her another husband," said Dolomir, gathering a little assurance.

"Yes, François Knapen, is it not?" asked the engineer; "the same who has excited you to so ill-treat your daughter, and who has also foully calumniated her."

"*Magari!*" exclaimed Dolomir, "would to God he had calumniated her!"

"You have a hard head, I see," responded the engineer. "And you, Digia, why do you not protest the truth?"

"Alas! I do, your excellency," replied the maiden; "I have done so from morning to

night, but all in vain. Knapen has perfectly bewitched my father."

"Yes, bewitched—that is just the word," put in her mother.

"Well, we will try to break the charm," said the engineer. "Let François Knapen be found, and brought before us."

"I am here," said the young Croat, coming out of his hiding-place behind the cellar-door.

"Come forward, monsieur," said the engineer, whom Knapen was regarding with an insolent look—"come forward, monsieur, and let us talk to you. We are come here on purpose to prove that you have calumniated Digia, and occasioned disorder in this family."

"I should like to know how," was the answer of the young Croat.

"Well, we will try to tell you," responded the engineer. "But first let us ask one question, it is this:—if a girl of abandoned manners were offered to you as a wife, would you marry her?"

"No, signor," replied the soldier, "certainly not."

"What would you call him, then, who sought to marry another's mistress?"

The Croat felt the blow, when too late, and did not answer.

"We should all say that he was a vile wretch," continued the engineer. "Well, monsieur, this being agreed upon, one of two things is true:—either you have deceived Dolomir, and calumniated his daughter, or you are the man whom we have just spoken of, lost to every sense of shame and decency, since you have sought Digia in marriage. Which do you choose? What have you to answer?"

Knapen, disconcerted, could only throw an angry glance at his interlocutor, and murmur, hesitatingly, "when one loves, one passes over little things, and—"

"But this is not a little thing," interrupted the engineer; "it is the more than life, the reputation of a young girl. You cannot deny that, either out of love or jealousy, you have used unlawful means to gain your end, and dispose of your rival. You have robbed your mistress of the affection and esteem of her father, in order to assure to yourself a woman whom you deem worthy of your own esteem, who you know is innocent, and possessed of an excellent heart and many virtues. Neither love nor jealousy can excuse so grave a fault, or so cruel and dishonest a proceeding. But you can still in some measure atone for it, by confessing it with humility, or repairing the evil, by sacrificing to justice and to truth a love which is not reciprocated by its object, and by thus restoring to the young maiden the tenderness of her father, and that husband of which your culpable manoeuvres have deprived her. If you resign yourself with a good grace to this painful effort, you will play, after all, by far the best part in the drama. We will endeavour to console you, and will confess that the love which could drive to such extremities a young man capable of so much generosity and devotion was great indeed. In fact, this is what you had on all account better do, for your first position is not tenable, and if you persist in the endeavour to sustain it, you will condemn your honour. If anything

further be needed to convince you, just look at the sorrowful countenance of your intended father-in-law, who at last comprehends his error and his injustice."

The Croat saw that he was lost, and now only looked for an outlet for his pride, for he was not disposed to occupy the humble position which his adversary proposed by any means.

"Since Digia cannot resolve upon herself to love me," he said with emotion, "I renounce her. With that be satisfied. This conspiracy against my happiness, which you have plotted so far off, has now succeeded to the full extent. I have nothing more to say, and ask for neither consolation nor reparation of my honour."

"Good, Knapen!" replied the engineer, "that is rather courageous. I like you for it, and am sorry if I have hurt your pride. I made your case as bad as I could, in order to bring you to the sacrifice. You have made it like a man, so give me your hand, just for once, for I may never be in Pago any more, and you have made me quite your friend!"

The soldier did as he was bidden, and a flash of joy lit up his eagle eye as he gave his hand to his late adversary, who thus so entirely reversed in a single moment his strain of address.

The engineer was fearful that after his departure the vanquished lover would endeavour to overturn the new state of things, and he therefore said to Digia's father, "Master Dolomir, I must take your daughter with me. So you must please procure us a boat to cross the water in; and in the meantime let your wife get dinner ready."

"My daughter, a boat, and dinner!" exclaimed the astonished tavern-keeper. "I do not give people to eat, your excellency; my house is only a *bierrerie*!"

"Ah!" cried the Frenchman, laughing, "you are opposing to me, as usual, the great word with you Italians, '*non-è-usita*'—it is not customary! Why, man, you are not half a tradesman yet! In France, if you went to a baker for a horse-shoe, he would get one, if he were only sure you'd pay for it!"

"Signor François," said the Albanian upon this, "my basket of provisions is at the service of the company, and I should feel myself highly honoured, I assure you, if you would prevail upon all present here to dine with me."

He did not wait for a reply, but sent his servant to the brigantine to fetch a supply of cold provisions and good wine, which, when he arrived, were spread out on the table of the *vendiza*. The three foreigners ate together with a good appetite, but Dolomir and Knapen went out before the meal began, and Digia occupied herself during its progress with waiting upon the three signors, and her mother with the preparation of her daughter's baggage. Just as Digia was putting the desert, which consisted of almonds and apples, upon the table, Dolomir and Knapen, who had been to engage a boat, returned, and brought word that no *padrow* would put to sea that evening, in consequence of the prevalence of contrary winds."

"Ah!" whispered the old Dalmatian to the Frenchman, when he heard this, "they are scheming to delay the girl's departure, that in

the night they may carry her into the interior of the island, and so prevent her ever leaving Pago, or, at any rate, her going away with us."

"My brigantine fears not the weather," said the Albanian; we will go together in it as far as Fiumo; that is, however, if we can find a proper pilot, one used to the passage."

Digia ran out to fetch the ablest pilot in the island, the old sailor who was acquainted minutely with the whole coast, but he declared pointedly, on his arrival, that the passage was impossible. Between Pago and the coast of Croatia is only a very narrow and a very rocky channel, and this the pilot declared, with such a wind as was then blowing, it would be madness to attempt to cross.

"Do you hear this?" said old Dolomir, addressing himself to the three foreigners, whilst Knapen added, "if your excellencies are at all desirous of getting drowned, you have here the finest of all possible opportunities."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Rude were the manners then; man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great; candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most two, mugs of coarse brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore cloths of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noblemen drunk little or no wine in summer—a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions—even ladies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which however, were very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre—and to use less assiduity in spinning and plying their distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large, is the sure sign of ruin in small states. So in Florence he might very well deplore what in London or Paris would be to cause a smile. Wretchedly, indeed, plebeians hovelled; and if noble castles were cold, dark, and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy, from the horrible modes of torture, characteristic cruelty, too frightful to dwell on. Few of the infamous structures built at the times treated of, stand at present. Yet their ruins disclose rueful corners.—*History of the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem.*

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

A drunkard cursing the moon,—a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach—or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever, but heartless and unimaginative, critic often makes of works of genius.

INTERCEPTED EPISTLE.

The young lady students of——are respectfully informed, that term commences again on Monday 2nd instant.

I promised, dear Fanny, to warn you,
If ever my love took a turn;
Well, that moment has come and I scorn you;
The cause of my fickleness learn;
Have you heard of the feminine college?
No illiterate ladies for me;
Just fancy the glory—the knowledge—
Of a woman who takes her degree!

Greek, Latin, French, Hebrew, and German;
She's a damsel of exquisite parts:
She will pen you an ode, or a sermon—
In short she's a Spinster of Arts.
S. A. on her card may now figure:
What an air—a position—has she!
Only think of the talents—the vigor—
Of women who take their degree!

Theology, History, Science,
From all fountains of learning she'll quaff;
She will wear a proud look of defiance,
And walk like a moral griffin.
Now your boarding-school misses who'll sigh for?
What is simple Miss M., or Miss E.?
No, no; *this* is the woman to die for—
When once she has got her degree.

There's a chance for you yet then, sweet Fanny;
Matriculate—don't lose a day;
I should like you love, better than any,
The moment you win the S. A.
Of mere commonplace nymphs I am weary;
A duchess were nothing to me;
Ay, I'd turn up my nose at a *Peri*,
Unless she had got her degree!"

D O R T H E.

FROM THE DANISH OF HENRIETTA NIELSON.

A TREMENDOUS panic seized upon our whole neighbourhood, when suddenly one day, during the war of 1848, the report was spread that the German free-corps had penetrated as far as our northern part of Jutland, had taken Aalborg, Viborg, and other towns, and were now advancing in our direction. The church-bells were instantly put in motion, and were immediately answered by those of the adjoining parish. All the young men of our village and the environs sallied forth, armed with scythes and pitchforks, to meet the enemy, who, it was said, were approaching the H—bierg Hills. Even our otherwise calm and quiet parsonage was in a state of tumult and confusion—we women being entirely left to our own devices, for my father was absent on business, and our male farm-servants had joined the other volunteers.

In her perplexity, my mother summoned the maid-servants to a council of war; and all made their appearance, with the exception of Dorthé, the brewery-maid, who had been seen going to the back of the house with a spade in her hand

—'probably,' as Marion the housemaid expressed it, 'with the intention of burying her mammon.' The council began by my mother making a proposal, which was opposed by my sister Julia—and two parties were thus immediately formed—my mother, however, being in the majority, as her proposal was adopted by the cook, the housemaid, and the fat old woman who weeds the garden; while Julia was supported only by the little girl who tends the poultry, but who spoke so shrill, that it was very evident it was not every day *she* was allowed to speak at all. I stood by in moody silence, feeling that I had no sensible proposal to make, when suddenly all deliberation was put an end to by the appearance of a peasant girl mounted on a poor jaded mare, which she was urging to its utmost speed, and who, in passing the parsonage, cried out in a voice of terror: 'They are coming! they are coming! Run, run for your lives! What else can we poor helpless women do?' But her words, by increasing our alarm, only made us more irresolute and helpless than before; and were staring at each other in stupid dismay, when Dorthé, rushing in, caught our invalid grandmother in her arms, and calling to us to follow her to the cellar, bore the old woman thither, and deposited her gently on a heap of bed-clothes she had prepared for her.

Dorthé was a stout square-built peasant-girl, with strong sunburnt arms and hands, and, on ordinary occasions, a composure, almost amounting to the phlegmatic, was spread over her whole being. This, together with an uncommon degree of reserve, had rendered her so uninteresting in our eyes, that we had given much less attention to her than we usually bestowed on our servants; and thus, although she had already been six months in our service, she was still quite a stranger to us. But, as is ever the case in decisive moments, the master-mind had taken the lead; and in a few moments we were all busily employed in carrying out the orders of our hitherto so little esteemed brewery-maid, whose energy and decision seemed to inspire us all with new life.

She explained to us in a few words that she had walled up the cellar windows—this is what she had used the spade for—and advised us to transfer ourselves and as many of our valuables as possible, to this place of safety, the entrance to which was in a remote part of the house, and might easily be concealed by a large chest or some such large thing. This Dorthé proposed to place before it when we were all in safety. 'And you, Dorthé,' I asked in amazement—'will you remain here quite alone to receive those notorious vagabonds?'

'I am not alone while I have this,' she answered in a somewhat sad but earnest tone, taking up a gun which was placed against the wall, and which, the other servants afterwards told us, had belonged to her father, who had been a game-keeper, and which she looked upon as her greatest treasure.

'Can you fire it, Dorthé?' I again exclaimed in surprise.

'No,' she replied, and her countenance now assumed a lively roguish expression; 'but I can take aim; and my father often told me that, in time of war, the empty barrel of a gun might, in

an emergency, produce as much effect as a whole volley of musket-balls; and so I have thought, that if I am forced to it, I will give them a little fright.'

We had been locked up in the cellar a quarter of an hour—the longest quarter of an hour I ever experienced—listening with anxiety to catch some sounds that should announce to us the approach of the dreaded enemy, when at length the clatter of wooden shoes and the sound of noisy voices reached our ears. Our hearts sunk. A few moments more spent in a state of dreadful suspense, and the key of the cellar-door was heard to turn in the lock. 'Heavens! have they already discovered our hiding-place?' The door opened—it was Dorthé, who came to deliver us, mute and with downcast eyes, as if heartily ashamed of all the energy and activity she had displayed to no purpose. The voices and footsteps we had heard were those of our own people returning from their wild-goose chase after the enemy, the rumour of their presence in our part of the country having been a pure fabrication!

It cannot be denied that we all felt rather foolish; and, what was worse, the milk which was on the fire had boiled over, the bacon that was frying had been burnt, the fire had gone out, and all prospect of a warm dinner for the men was lost. However, we gave them some cold salt meat, and a glass of brandy each, with the promise of a warm supper, and this restored their good-humour. They were, however, all in a state of too great excitement to take their usual mid-day nap, but dispersed in groups about the yard.

My sister Julia and myself drew near to our upper farm-servant Niels, a fine manly fellow, who had taken up his station at the chopping-block, and who had previously given notice of his intention to join the army as a volunteer. After talking to him a little while about the prospects of the war, we expressed to him our admiration of the courage and presence of mind evinced by the brewery-maid, whom he had recommended to us. Niels was not surprised as we had been. 'Did I not answer for Dorthé being a thoroughly trustworthy girl when I recommended her to Misses?' said he.

'You must have known her before, then,' I rejoined. 'Tell us something about her.'

'There is not much to be said about her, poor thing,' answered Niels; 'she has never known what it is to be happy. Her mother she lost early, and, to tell the truth, her father was not good for much. To be sure, as a gamekeeper he was clever enough, and might have been well to do in the world, but instead of that, he spent all his earnings in the public-house. In his way, he was very fond of the girl, and used to call her the apple of his eye; but it was a queer way he had of showing his love for her. From the time she was a little creature, he would never leave her out of his sight, but would have her follow him about when he went a-hunting, in rain and cold, in storm and sunshine. Then, when they came to the public-house in the evening, and people said: "The Lord preserve us, Hans Gamekeeper, how do you treat that child!" yes, then he would busy himself to get her warmed and dried, and was willing to give the publican's wife all the game he had killed that day, if she would

but lend him some clothes for the little one. But by and by, when the bottle had gone its rounds, and he had got her to sing for them—for Dorthé always had a sweet voice—then he would be as rollicky as ever, and call her his little singing-bird, his Gatalini; for you must know the gamekeeper was very fond of talking French when he was in liquor. He had served in the wars under the Emperor Napoleon, and he never could forget that.'

'That was, indeed, a very bad way to bring up a child.'

'Yes, wasn't it? And when any one told him as how he was keeping Dorthé from her school-learning, he would answer that he did no such thing, for he taught her himself. Then he would send the parson a brace of hares, and so that matter was settled. But it must have been a queer sort of teaching that; for when Dorthé was so old that she was to go to the parson,* she could not spell even the first commandment, and was turned out. This put the gamekeeper in a towering rage. He went right straight to the parsonage, all spattered over with mud as he came from hunting, and people say that he gave the parson a sound rating, and told him that Dorthé knew her Christendom as well as he did, though she could not read a book through word for word, title-page and all. But that was just what the parson would have her know how to do. He wasn't overfond of questionings and explanations, but what stood in the books they must not know by halves if he was to "lay hands on them." He was very strict in that matter, particularly—perhaps I ought not to say so, but so the story went—particularly with poor folk's children.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes; but the keeper was as testy as the parson when he had taken anything into his head, and he did not rest until he got permission to send the girl to another parson. This one was a young man, who had lately come into the living, and he took matters in a different way from the other. He was so pleased with Dorthé's Christendom, that he placed her above† all the farmer's daughters; and this had nearly set him at loggerheads with the whole parish; but when the day of confirmation came, and Dorthé read so that it rang through the church, and answered‡ the parson in words that made them all stare with wonder, while the others, as soon as they had done with the book, stuttered and stammered, and knew neither beginning nor end, then they couldn't help seeing that the parson had done right.'

'That must have been a happy day for Dorthé.'

'Yes; it was her first really happy day, and also her last. At that time she was well thought of by everybody, and might have got service in ever so many places; but that was not to be, and she had hard times before her, poor silly thing! Her father had grown infirm, and could not go about as he used to do, so he could

* To be prepared for confirmation.

† It is usual in Denmark to place the young persons to be confirmed according to their rank, as well when attending the religious classes at the clergyman's house, as in the church on the day of confirmation.

‡ Confirmation is preceded by public examination in the church.

no longer keep his situation as gamekeeper, but was obliged to hang his rifle on the wall. A few years then passed without my ever seeing the gamekeeper or his daughter, for I was far away in another neighbourhood; but, as I afterwards heard, Dorthe went through much hardship and misery during that time, as you may easily conceive, for there was no land to their house, and with the work of her hands she had to provide food and clothing for them both. It is true she might have been better off had she listened to them that advised her to let her father go upon the parish, and then get into service herself. But to this she answered, that as long as she had a pair of hands to work with, her father should not be a burden to the parish, were they to offer her ten days of plenty for one; nay, were they even to offer to clothe her in silk and gold, she would not forsake him in his old days. And so true was she to her word, say the folks thereabouts, that until the day of his death the keeper lived like a squire, while poor Dorthe put herself on short allowance, and suffered actual want.

'It is now about six or seven years ago, the winter before I came here to the parsonage, when I was serving the doctor up yonder, I was awakened one night by the tremendous barking of the dogs. Thinking that it was most likely a carriage come to fetch the doctor, I comforted myself with the thought that I and the horses—for I was coachman then—would be allowed to remain quietly in our beds. I listened and listened; no, there was no carriage; but the dogs continued to bark, and I could both see and hear that a dreadful storm was raging. Presently, I heard a gentle noise at my window, like some one fumbling and tapping against the panes, and sounds of a wailing voice, but words I could not distinguish.'

'You were out of bed and at the window in the twinkling of an eye, Niels, I am sure,' said I eagerly.

'O yes, as soon as I could get on my wooden shoes,' answered Niels with true Jutland deliberation; 'for the mud-floor was very damp. The tapping had just begun again when I got to the window. But, Heaven preserve us, what dreadful weather it was! Snow and sleet beat into my face, and the open lattice said "no" twice before I could get it open. Yes, and outside stood a woman! It was no other than the gamekeeper's Dorthe. The poor girl had trudged six miles,* through bogs and over ditches, in such weather that you would not have driven out a dog, to fetch the doctor to her father, who was dying: but the doctor had refused to go'—

'Had refused to go to a dying man?'

'Why, you see, miss, the old gentleman was very loath to go out in the night when he could help it, and I will say nothing of that; but he had answered her harshly and jeeringly as well, that as her father had now been ill four years, and had never sent for the doctor, it was no use doing so now that death had probably got a tight gripe of him. Now, this was in a manner true enough: but as the poor young woman had come so long and wearisome a way to fetch him, and had placed her whole trust in him, he might

therefore, at least have given her some mixture for the sick man; it would have comforted her, and most likely have done him some little good too. Well, Dorthe had known me ever since she was a child, and knew that I was in service at the Doctor's, and that I stood well with my master and mistress; so she had now come to me to ask to try if I could not persuade the doctor to go and see her father. But this was not to be thought of. I had by me a bottle of medicine, however, with which I had helped others in very difficult cases; it tasted like venom and gall, but it did well enough to help, so I gave Dorthe the bottle to bring home to her father. It is true, I thought as the doctor did, that most likely there was no cure for his complaint, but that medicine had never done harm to any one. And now the poor girl was to go back again; it was almost a matter of life and death in such weather, dripping wet and shaking with cold as she was. Seeing this, I did a thing I never shall regret, even should the doctor get to know it, and abuse me well for it: I loosened Stoffer—he was the horse; in reality, his name was Christophanes, but we servants always called him Stoffer, and he seemed to like it best—I loosened Stoffer, and drew him out of the stable, though, to tell the truth, it did not seem much to his taste, for he grew quite restive when he got his nose outside the stable door, and felt what kind of weather it was; but he might as well have spared his trouble. I threw a cloth over him, placed Dorthe, who had on a pair of dry stockings of mine, and was wrapped up in my thickest greatcoat, on his back, myself in front of her, and off we started. Stoffer had his freaks and fancies, but when you gave him time to come round, and coaxed him a little, he was as good-natured a beast as ever was. It was as if he understood where we were going, and was in as great a hurry as any of us; otherwise I cannot think how it was we reached the keeper's cottage in so short a time, in such a dark and stormy night too. It was quite awful how Dorthe loved that poor ne'er-do-well of a father of hers. She never spoke a word the whole of the way; but now and then she laid her head on my shoulder, and then I could perceive that she was crying, but quite softly. When we got to our journey's end, I had not time to stop the horse before she was down and in the cottage; but just as I was going to bring Stoffer under shelter, for he stood much in need of it, she came rushing out again, laid hold of the halter, and said: "God forgive you, Niels, if you were going away without even giving me time to say thank you! Do you not as much as care to know if he is still alive? Is there no one in the wide, wide world who cares for him but me?" And then she clasped her hands together, and began to cry so bitterly, that it cut me to the heart's core. I told her, as was the truth, that I had never meant to go away without looking in upon her father. Then she wiped her eyes, and said: "God bless you, Niels! Never shall I forget how you have helped me and comforted me this night." We then went in; and I can assure you, miss, that Dorthe was as cleanly and as tidy as needs be, even before she went to her aunt's, who wants to have the merit of having taught her everything, for no nobleman, I am sure, sleeps in a whiter

* One Danish mile is something more than four English ones.

and cleaner bed than the one the old gamekeeper died in.'

'He died, then?'

'Yes. I saw at once that he had not much time left, although he knew Dorthé directly we came in, and he turned his face round to us. I went up to the bed and spoke to him, but he did not answer me, and continued to look at his daughter. Wherever she moved, his eyes followed her so strangely. Quite right in his head he was not, for he soon began to talk wildly, mentioning names, and speaking to people who had been dead ever so long, just as they were standing before him. Dorthé, he would have it, had wings. Sorry wings they were! It was the corners of the handkerchief she had tied round her head, and which were white with snow. Then, again, he would fancy he was in France; in the midst of all the goings on he had seen there, and would put his hand to his head, as if he was going to wave his hat to the Emperor Napoleon, and all the rest of it. In short, it was death that had hold of him, and, indeed, he said that it had been watching him all the time Dorthé was away. The poor girl turned as white as a sheet when she heard him talk so wildly; but nevertheless she went to the cupboard, and poured me out a glass of brandy—and very good brandy it was—that kept me warm until I got home. When she had done this, she said: "Niels, will you now help me to give him the mixture?" But she could hardly get out the words for sobbing. "To be sure I will help you," said I; and so said, so done. The medicine went down easily enough, and I daresay it was that kept life in him until towards mid-day—then it was all over.'

'How did Dorthé take it?'

'Why, you see, miss, she is one of those kind of people who keep everything to themselves.—She did not whimper or take on like other women-folk; but, nevertheless, she must have sorrowed sorely; for when the blacksmith's wife said to her one day when she wanted to comfort her, that she need not take her father's death so much to heart, for he had not been so overkind to her; and that he drank like a sponge; while she hardly got food enough to keep life in her; and that, when she was a child, he had let her go about barefooted, when there was snow on the ground and ice on the water—they say Dorthé was so wrath, that she struck the table with her fist, and told the blacksmith's wife, that if she had not got food, it was because she did not ask for any; and that though she might have gone barefooted, she never remembered having been cold. After that, no one ever attempted to comfort Dorthé in that way.'

'And what became of poor Dorthé afterwards?'

'Poor Dorthé! you may well say so, miss. She went to live with a she-devil of an aunt, who treated her like a dog. This aunt had two high and mighty daughters, who were to be brought up like fine ladies, and marry farmers, and Dorthé was to be their drudge. Poor silly thing! she learned soon enough the truth of the saying, that there is no taskmaster as hard as a kinsman.'

'But why did she not rather take service among strangers?'

'Why, you see, that was not so easy a matter. At that time, Dorthé could neither do fine work nor coarse, as they say. The gamekeeper had never had any land, so field labor she had not learned; and all the bread and beer they used they bought at the public house with the few pennies she earned by twisting straw-ropes, so baking and brewing she did not learn either.—But the aunt was a thrifty housewife, and Dorthé was taught well in her house; although she also paid well for the teaching, for she fagged for them all, and had to bear hard treatment into the bargain. And as is always the case when our nearest treat us badly, others follow their example, so it was in Dorthé's case also. For instance, if they took her once in a way to a merry-making at some neighbour's, she used always to be pushed away into some corner, and no one danced with her, while the aunt and her two fine ladies were never off the floor. To be sure, she was not one of those who put themselves forward, and those that don't hav'n't much chance.'

'Perhaps Dorthé could not dance.'

'Is there any of us who can't dance when we hear the fiddle?' answered Niels; 'though I will confess Dorthé was none of the lightest.'

'So you danced with her in spite of her deficiencies? That was kind of you, Niels.'

'I used to say to myself when I saw her set aside in that way, says I, "It is hard for a poor young thing to stand by like that and see the others dance, when she would gladly be among them;" and then I went and took her out. And when once Dorthé was set a going, there wasn't her like for holding out.'

'That was because she was dancing with you, Niels, I dare say,' I observed jokingly; but I was rather disconcerted when he answered with a look of astonishment, and in a tone of contemptuous pity: 'Oh, there wasn't many that asked her, so she might well be pleased to dance with those that did, poor silly thing!'

The tone in which he said this made a disagreeable impression on me, and for the first time I felt hurt on Dorthé's account at the expression, 'poor silly thing,' particularly as I now remembered that it was generally thought that Niels was rather sweet upon Marian the housemaid, who in spite of her pretty face, was in reality a poor silly thing. I therefore said: 'Niels, I do not like to hear you call Dorthé thus: after all that you have been telling me about her, she must be an excellent girl, who will at last get on.'

'Yes,' answered Niels, and his countenance resumed its usual good-natured expression—'yes, I dare say, but not in this world; for Dorthé is one of those who are kind to everybody but themselves—and for such folk there is no cure. They never will get on well in this world. People always think that they have not much head-piece; and, as the old parson used to say, after all, it is the head-piece that gets people on in the world, and makes them respected. And therefore it was that poor Dor— May I not call her poor Dorthé either?'

'O yes; call her what you like,' I answered.

'Well, well, it has once for all become the custom in the parish to call her poor silly thing.—Well, six bitter years she staid with her aunt, where she got no wages, and very little clothing,

And why did she stay, do you think? Why, because she had attached herself to an old blind pensioner who was living with them, and who, it was said, they treated anything but kindly.'

Here Niels made so very long a pause, that I perceived he had nothing more to say. Everything he had told me in his simple manner about Dorthé, placed her in so advantageous a light, that I was quite ashamed of the indifference, nay, almost prejudice, which we had hitherto felt towards her; and I now asked him reproachfully, how it happened that he had never before told us anything about Dorthé, when he knew so much good of her.

Niels paused in his work, looked down for some time as if in deep thought, and at length answered: 'If the truth must be told, I seem never to have thought of it, until now that I come to tell her story.' He then looked slowly around, as if everything appeared new to him, and added:—'It does seem to me now'—Further he did not proceed, for his eyes had found a resting-point in Dorthé, who went by on her way to the well. Marian, the flirt, now also tripped by, singing and casting side glances at Niels, who did not, however, notice her. Not until Dorthé had gone in again, did he conclude his sentence; adding to the above, 'that Dorthé is an uncommonly respectable young woman.' Marian sang louder and louder, but Niels continued to gaze at the spot where Dorthé had disappeared; I believe a revolution was taking place in his mind.

We were now interrupted by my father's return. He had not placed so much confidence in the rumour of the approach of the enemy as we, and having soon found out that it was quite unfounded, he had not felt himself called upon to return home before his business was concluded. No sooner had he entered the house, than all tongues were busy relating to him the history of our fright, and of the precautions we had taken in expectation of the arrival of the German freecorps. All the maids, except Dorthé, gave themselves some errand into the room, to tell what deed of prowess they had performed, or had intended to perform. When my father, then, commended each and all for the zeal they had shewn, my mother observed that the brewery maid was not present and put forward the claim of the absent girl to the greatest meed of praise. The other maids could not deny this, but they left the room rather crestfallen. They were not used to see Dorthé taken notice of. But when Julia and I, now began to repeat the many fine traits of her character that Niels had told us, my mother and father were both quite moved, and we all felt a sincere desire to do something for the neglected but excellent girl.

My mother proposed that Dorthé should be called in at once, and that my father should thank her, in presence of the other servants, for the devotion and presence of mind she had evinced; and she would add to her thanks a little useful present, which, though it could not be worn on the breast, like the star of an order, might nevertheless be looked upon as a mark of honour.—The proposal was approved: and by my own request, I was deputed to fetch her in. I found her in the scullery, singing, as was her wont. Probably I delivered my message in a somewhat sol-

emn tone, which she did not understand, for she looked inquiringly at me with her pretty eyes—not until this day had I discovered that they were really uncommonly pretty—and said, after reflecting a little while: 'I can guess what master wants me for!'

'What do you think?'

'He is going to chide me,' she said, while exchanging her wet apron for a dry one, and then mentioned some trivial negligence of which she was conscious of having been guilty.

'By no means,' I answered. 'How can you think he would chide you, after your resolute and devoted conduct of this morning?'

She now looked puzzled, as if quite unable to conceive why her presence was wanted in the drawing room, and her astonishment increased when she came in and found all the other servants there, and father, taking her hand, said in his hearty way: 'I have sent for you Dorthé, to thank you kindly for the devotion and calm good sense and presence of mind you evinced this morning, when danger was thought to threaten my house. That it was but an idle rumour, in no way diminishes your merit.' It was touching to see the surprise and embarrassment which were depicted in Dorthé's countenance on hearing these words. It was as if to be praised was something so new to her, that she hardly ventured to believe her own ears, and knew not how to take it. But when father went on to say: 'Besides, Niels has told us many things about your earlier days which do you much credit, and which may serve as a good example for others to imitate, and will now and ever call down upon you the blessings of God and man'—Dorthé turned towards the side where Niels was standing, and burst into tears.—'You were always kind to me, poor lonely one that I am! may God reward you Niels!' she at length sobbed out.

'I haven't said anything but the truth,' answered Niels in a somewhat gruff tone; but it was only because he was ashamed that others should see that the tears had gathered in his eyes.

'I don't know what you may have told about me, Niels, but you have always been a friend to me, and, therefore'—she made a violent effort to suppress her sobs—'therefore you might accept of the only thing I have to offer you—the gun.'

'No, no,' replied Niels quickly, as if he were putting away a temptation. 'You promised your poor father never to part with it, and therefore we will not mention the matter again.'

These words were uttered in so decisive a tone, that it was evident they were meant to bring to a close, a contest of some duration. But we could see by Dorthé's manner that she had not yet given up her point, and that something was working in her, perhaps a decisive word, which she had kept back till the last, for she changed color several times before she replied, in a subdued voice:—'For the matter of that you may as well take the gun, for I—mean in a manner to follow it. My father's gun shall not hang idly on the nail in such times as these, and his daughter will not either spare herself.' We all looked with surprise at Dorthé, whose lips quivered as she turned towards my mother and continued: 'Yes, ma'am, I ought to have told you so long ago: I cannot remain here. My mind is made up; I must go

where I can be of more use. My father used to tell me, that there are women who follow the armies, and of how much good they can do when they behave as they ought.'

We now understood the excellent Dorthe's meaning. I thought of the strength, activity, and presence of mind she had given proofs of in the hour of supposed danger, and I also remembered what Niels had told me of her humanity, and I felt at once with her, that her vocation was to follow the army; and that the rest of those present were of the same opinion, was evident from the loud expressions of approbation that followed the first feeling of surprise to which her announcement had given rise.

My father alone seemed to entertain some doubt as to whether Dorthe's resolutions were not inspired as much by love for Niels as by love for her country; but a few minutes' further conversation with her convinced him as well as the rest of us of the singular simplicity and uprightness of her mind and character; and taking her hand again, he commended her for her patriotism, begging her at the same time to forgive him and all those who had hitherto failed to appreciate her as she deserved.

This seemed to make a great impression on Niels in particular; but Dorthe answered simply, yet with a certain degree of emotion, 'That she had been quite happy here, and had only thanks to give.'

We then all shook hands with her, expressing our best wishes for her success in her enterprise, and the servants left the room. Niels and Dorthe were the last, and we observed that he stood back and let her pass before him.

A few days later, Niels requested a private interview with my father, and at the same time Dorthe was closeted with my mother in the store-room. When my mother came out, she said to Julia and myself: 'Rejoice girls! we are to have a wedding at the parsonage! Father is to perform the marriage ceremony for our two volunteers—and my darling mother's countenance was as radiant as if it was I that was to be married to a lord. Indeed, we all sincerely rejoiced in the happy prospects of the lowly being who had taught us, that however humble be our lot in life, it will never be insignificant, if we will but make the best use of the faculties with which nature has endowed us.'

It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors, for there is this paradox in men, they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favor of that which is old.

People who are always talking sentiment have usually not very deep feelings; the less water you have in your kettle the sooner it will boil.

Health is a giant friend whom we often fail to respect until he is about to leave us.

A hypocritical Puritan is often worse than a tyrannical Pope.

Yankee—a fast steamer going ahead, with English hull and American screw.

Bad Temper—Moral scum which spoils the richest intellectual broth.

HOW BOGS ARE TURNED INTO CANDLES.

It would, we feel sure, startle the majority of Irish tourists were they told, when travelling through the vast bog districts in Ireland, that those dark and dreary places may before long be converted into shining lights, which will go forth to irradiate the halls of beauty. And were it not that chemistry is a marvellous worker, in comparison with whose magic wand, that wielded by the astrologer of old was a contemptible affair, scepticism, if not entire disbelief, might very naturally follow such an announcement. But the chemist is a mighty man. At his bidding, substances disclose properties and assume appearances stranger than the wildest dreams could imagine. And it is one of his especial qualities and triumphs, that by combinations which may almost be pronounced endless, he is enabled to make his knowledge applicable to the most useful purposes. One of these high achievements has been accomplished within the last few years. Dropping metaphor, candles of the most exquisite transparency, rivalling the best wax lights in brilliancy of combustion, have been produced from the bogs of Ireland; and so successfully has the experiment answered, that works on a very large scale have just commenced operations, which, it is confidently expected, will realise a good profit, and be of great benefit to that part of Ireland where they are situated.

Before giving some account of these works, which is the principal purpose of this paper, it is desirable to say a few words respecting the nature of bogs. These Irish fuel-mines—for hitherto it is as fuel they have been chiefly valuable—are estimated to occupy about 2,000,000 English acres. They differ much in their exterior nature, being sometimes soft and spongy, and sometimes firm and hard. But in one respect they are similar, for they all contain a mass of a peculiar substance called peat, of the average thickness of twenty-five feet, nowhere less than twelve, and never exceeding forty-two. This substance varies materially in its appearance and properties, in proportion to the depth at which it lies, the upper portion containing vegetable fibres, visible, though much decomposed; while below, the colour of the peat changes from light brown to black, and the substance is much more compact, assuming the appearance, when dry, of pitch or bituminous coal, having a conchoidal fracture in every direction, with a black shining lustre, and being capable of receiving a high polish.

Now, chemists long ago informed us that, by proper chemical combination, peat might be made to yield sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, and oil; and they further state, that paraffine is an admirable substance for making candles. Dr. Ure, in his well-known *Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*, emphatically asserts this, and, when we see what paraffine is, the truth of the statement will be evident. Turning to Brande's *Chemistry*, we read, under this head: "when beech-tar is distilled, three liquids pass into the recipient—1. A light oil; 2. An aqueous acid; 3. A heavy oil. The heavy is subjected to several redistillations, and then sulphuric acid is gradually added to it, till the

mixture becomes a black and thin liquid; and if it does not spontaneously rise in temperature to 212 degrees, it is to be heated up to that point; the mixture is then kept for twelve hours or more, at a temperature of about 122 degrees, when a colourless oil will be found floating upon its surface. This is to be carefully poured off, and on cooling, paraffine concretes upon its surface. This has to be purified by solution in hot anhydrous alcohol, when it appears a crystalline, tasteless, and odourless substance, fusing at 212 degrees into a transparent oily liquid, and burning with a white sootless flame. Its specific gravity is 0.870."

We may add, that this curious substance derives its name from *parum affinis*, on account of its inertness as a chemical agent, or want of affinity, resisting the action of acids and alkalies. It, however, readily dissolves in oil of turpentine, and in naphtha.

According to Guy Lussac, who made several experiments with paraffine, it is a binary compound of carbon and hydrogen.

From this account, it is evident, that if peat can be made to yield paraffine at a remunerative profit, a new and vast field of commercial enterprise is at once opened. As to the feasibility of the undertaking, no doubt exists. The writer has seen large blocks of paraffine, of the most beautiful crystalline appearance, procured from peat. The only question was, whether it could be manufactured at a remunerative cost. This result, after a long and laborious series of experiments has been realised. At least, Mr. Reece, the intelligent and scientific manager of the works we are about to give some account of, has been so well satisfied with the success of his experiments, that machinery to the amount of nearly £40,000 has been erected in the County of Kildare, on the verge of one of the largest bogs in that part of Ireland, for the purpose of extracting paraffine from peat.

The works, which are called the Irish Peat-works, are situated about eight miles from Monstereven, and four from Athy. The railway from Dublin to Athy passes close to the gates, and affords easy facility for visiting the works. The writer approached them from Monstereven. The road is monotonous enough, passing across tracts of dreary moorland, on the verge of which may yet be seen the genuine Irish squatter in all his unreclaimed misery. Happily, the disgraceful and melancholy spectacle of these human earth-grubbers is becoming every year more and more rare in Ireland, and the day is assuredly not far distant when the Irish squatter will no longer disfigure the face of the country. On reaching the works, which are visible from a great distance, we were fortunate in finding Mr. Reece at home, and he at once kindly undertook to go with us over the establishment. Visitors, however, are not an everyday occurrence.

The first thing that strikes the eye is a huge furnace, or rather a row of furnaces, there being four side by side. They are similar in form to those used for smelting iron-ore, but are considerably larger, each furnace being capable of consuming no less than twenty-five tons of peat in eighteen hours. When filled, the top of the furnace is closed, and a fierce hot blast being

driven through the mass of turf, the smoke escapes through a pipe at the top, which terminates in a condenser. The magnitude of this apparatus may be estimated by the fact, that it will contain 8,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Here the first change in the conversion of peat into paraffine occurs, the smoke being condensed and precipitated into the form of tar. The lighter or gaseous portion is conducted by pipes to another locality.

It has been ascertained that 100 hundred tons of peat will yield as much tar as will produce about 350 pounds of paraffine and 300 gallons of oil. But to obtain the paraffine, many delicate chemical operations are requisite, and for a long time it could not be extracted without using ether, which made the process far too costly for commercial purposes. At length—for what will not chemistry achieve?—Mr. Reece discovered a less expensive mode of proceeding, which is at the same time fully as efficacious. Sulphuric acid is the principal agent employed: the tar being boiled for about half an hour with 3 per cent. of this acid, it becomes decomposed, and all its impurities fall to the bottom of the vessel. Oil and paraffine now remain, which, after undergoing the process of distillation, separate. The paraffine then appears in crystalline flakes, but is of so dark a colour, and emitting such an unpleasant odour, as to be quite unfit for use. It is therefore necessary to bleach and to decolorise it, which is effected by subjecting it to the action of chloro-chromic acid; and finally, after another process of distillation, and passing through powerful hydraulic presses and steam, it comes out clear and perfect paraffine.

It is quite impossible to look at this beautiful substance, and witness its combustion, bearing in mind how it is obtained, without feelings of admiration and wonder, and particularly when we remember that it is derived from a black and apparently foul mass. Nor must it be supposed that when the paraffine is extracted, all that remains is valueless; quite the contrary is the case; for, independently of oils from which is generated gas, used as fuel for the steam-engines and other purposes, several valuable commercial and agricultural products are obtained.

It will be readily understood, that four such huge fiery furnaces as we have described require a great supply of food to keep them going. To meet this demand, canals to the extent of five miles have been cut through the neighbouring bog; and it is estimated that about 200 persons will be kept constantly employed in cutting and conveying the turf to its destination.

At the proposed rate of consumption, vast as is the area of the bog near the works, it will be exhausted in the course of a few years. This, however, will not affect the establishment, as there are other large bogs in the neighbourhood; and it must not be forgotten, that one of the advantages held out is, that the very destruction of the bog will develop a soil available for the purposes of the agriculturist.

We trust that the beautiful chemical operations which are now about to be carried out in a practical form, will answer the expectations of the company to whom the works belong. It is a good and healthy sign, that no advertising puffing

has been used to dispose of the shares, which, we are informed, have been taken up mostly by practical men. This augurs well for the success of the undertaking; and we hope soon to see the fitful Will-o'-the-Wisp which haunts Irish bogs spirited, by the chemist's potent wand, into the substantial reality of brilliant caudles.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE BOER'S FETE.

I HAD trudged across a weary flat county from early noon till reddening eve. Nothing can be duller than a walking tour through the monotonous district which forms the eastern boundary of Holland. You see nothing before you but long lines of trees, square green fields, with here and there a windmill, a boer's village, or a distant church. But I had lost my way, and thought of little else but finding it again. I had started from Arnhem betimes in the morning, intending to cross the Prussian frontier near the Rhine before nightfall; but my ignorance of the *patois* of the district had led me into a mistake about the true direction of the road to Zevenaar, and I was far on the route to Zutphen before I discovered my error. I hailed a soldier who lay by the road side eating bread and cheese out of a napkin, and asked him if this were the road to Zevenaar?—"Daivelabeet niet!" said the soldier, starting up. I understood enough of this, to know that this was not the road to Zevenaar. He proceeded to explain, pointing across the fields towards a village spire in the far distance, in which direction I understood my road to lie, and I at once set off on my way thither, bidding him a "Goed morgen."

The road I took was a mere by-road leading to a little farm, which I soon passed, and then my way lay through fields and along ditches, until at last all traces of road disappeared, and I had only the distant village spire lying far across the plain to guide me. I leaped the ditches, scrambling up the banks on the other side, and disturbing many sonorous bull-frogs, as I sped over them. Fortunately, the fields were in pasture, and I had little difficulty in making my way across them, still keeping my face directed towards the village spire. At last, when fagged and wearied by the long scramble through hedges, over ditches, and across grass fields, I found myself on the banks of a canal, across which a rustic bridge was thrown, and within sight was a little public house, with the sign of "Beer to Koop," or "Beer to sell." What customers this remote house, which I had reached with such difficulty, could supply, puzzled me at first; but my surprise ceased, when I saw a canal-boat shortly after draw up alongside the door, and the boatman seated himself without uttering a word, at the bench in front of the window, and on giving a nod, the woman of the house seemed to interpret its meaning in an instant, for she at once set before him a jug of beer and a substantial "bootram."

I had found the word "bootram" to serve my purpose well on previous occasions, so I entered the house and seated myself, calling "bootram." The landlady soon placed before me bread, cheese,

and butter, with a draught of delicious home brewed, and I enjoyed the meal with a gusto I should vainly attempt to describe. The little house was clean to perfection; and the copper dishes ranged along the shelves were so brightly scoured, that they might have served as mirrors; and when the elderly woman, who seemed the sole person about the house, had got me and the other customer served with "bootram," she settled herself down on a stool by the open window, and commenced plying her knitting. It was a picture of retired country life—still-life it might be called—on the verge of Holland.

An hour's rest revived my spirits and strength, and again shouldering my knapsack, I bade the good woman adieu, and crossing the wooden bridge walked on, still with the village spire in view. I was now proceeding along a frequented road, and an honr's walking brought me to the village, called Duisburg. I pushed through the village, and was now on the high road to the Prussian frontier, which I was anxious to reach that night. But the setting sun was already throwing long shadows upon the ground; I was becoming wearied and footsore, and dragged my feet heavily along. My knapsack weighed like lead, and its straps fretted my shoulders. Nature wanted rest; and it must be confessed, that some twenty or more miles walking across fields and ditches, was no bad day's work; so I resolved to rest for the night at the first house of entertainment I might fall in with.

For a few miles more I trudged along the dusty road, until a sound of dancing and music suddenly fell upon my ears. I looked ahead, and a little road-side *auberge* lay in my way, a group of Dutch boers, humbly dressed, standing and sitting about the door. Here, then, was a house of entertainment; and I resolved to rest here if possible. I entered; but the door was filled with dancers. A rude stage was erected at one end of the clay-floored chamber, and on it stood a player on the clarinet, another on the violin, and a third was seated at the violoncello. The music was spirited, but not first-rate; the players were evidently amateurs, and only of the rank of field-laborers. The dancers were flying across the floor, many of them with the pipe in their mouth, beating time with their feet, men and women mixed, and they worked as hard at their amusement as if they had been paid for it,—perhaps harder. The step and the figures were entirely new—something quite unknown at Almacks. Occasionally a youthful dancer would give a great leap and caper, as he sprang to his female partner, whom he whirled about and handled in the most ferocious manner, "she nothing loth." The elder and more staid couples, of course, danced more decorously, and suitably to their age. There were some aged, browned, and wrinkled peasants, who went across the floor as measurably and seriously as if they had been engaged in a religious exercise. The people were all of the order of peasants, and they were holding their Keremus or annual fair,—having resorted hither for their evening dance.

Seizing an opportunity of a lull in the dance, amid which a considerable clatter of glasses was heard, I walked across the floor towards an inner room, from which I had seen an apparent land-

lady issue during the dance with glasses and drinkables, and entered. The lady of the house was up to the ears in business, imperturbed first by one for "schnaps," by another for "bier," by a third for "swartz brod," until she looked the picture of distraction. In this dilemma, I suddenly entered upon the scene, and appealed to her for "coffee." I proved a godsend to the poor woman, for at once all eyes were turned on me and my travel-stained dress, and the men were silent, waiting till my question was answered. They saw I was a stranger, and a general politeness induce them, by a kind of unanimous consent, at once to give way. I explained my plight,—that I had travelled far,—wished to rest there for the night, but first wanted refreshment. I spoke in a mixture of bad German and worse Dutch, aided by some rather expressive pantomime, in which any man put to his wits' end will not fail to make himself understood; and I succeeded. Of course, they saw I was a stranger, but the landlady put the question, "Een Vreemd?" and I nodded. "Een Fransman?" All strangers abroad are thought to be French, especially when beyond the ordinary English high-roads; but my answer was, "No,—English!" What a stare! Then the customers for brandywine dispersed among their friends to tell them of the singular stranger who had appeared among them, and the Englishman became to them the wonder of the minute. The landlady bustled about to get the coffee ready, but vowed she could not accommodate me for the night. I insisted, nevertheless, on staying there, though it were only across two chairs; and at last she was persuaded and agreed to wake up a shake-down for me in a little chamber, adjoining the clay-floored ball-room. I found the villagers aided me in my appeals, and so the thing was satisfactorily arranged.

By the time I had finished my coffee, the dancing had waxed fast and furious. The brandywine was now beginning to tell, and some of the more lusty of the party began to grow rebellious and quarrelsome. There were a few bickers, in one of which the musicians' platform was upset, and the performers were spilt on the floor amid a crash of timber. But the boers never come to blows; the utmost extent to which they proceeded was in inflicting a few ugly scratches, and throwing each other down. The dancing still went on, nevertheless, and the bulk of the party seemed to think nothing of these affrays. The entire scene reminded one of the Boer's Fetes, so well painted by Teniers and Ostade, and showed that after the lapse of centuries, village life in the remoter parts of Holland had very little altered.

I strolled out into the field outside the house,—away from the noise and the fumes of gin and brandywine, which the villagers seemed to drink unreasonably often, though the glasses were of very moderate dimensions. On some, the effects were not apparent, and the more drunken gradually disappeared, having been led home by their wives or friends. It was now dusk; the sun had gone down, and a faint streak of light marked the place of his setting. The air was warm, and yet felt sweet and refreshing after the heated bustle of the hut. I observed on looking behind me, that a young man whom I had noticed

among the dancers, followed my steps; I waited till he came up, and he proceeded to address me in good English. I found him an intelligent, well educated youth, and he proceeded to tell me how he had acquired his knowledge of English.

"It all arose out of a bit of jealousy," said he.

"Jealousy, indeed, how could that be?"

"Very easy to be explained, sir. It was just on such another night as this, six years ago, that we held our dance in the cottage there. My Gretchen was the partner whom I had brought with me for the night; and though we were not betrothed, we were lovers then. But girls you know, will give themselves airs now and then, and I thought she displayed too great a liking for a young fellow who was present at the fete,—a kind of hero among the women, for he had been a soldier, and could talk by the hour, without any one getting in a word. I was provoked at his boasting talk, and still more so, when I once turned my back, to find he had led Gretchen to the floor, where the two were whirling briskly away in the dance. I think I lost my reason for the moment, for I forgot all that happened, except that, when my senses returned, I saw the fellow laid all his length on the floor, the blood running from his nose, and the people around calling out that he was killed! I fled—pursued by jealousy and remorse,—and every moment feared that the gendarmes would be at my heels, and that I should be taken and punished as a murderer. I ran all that night along the road to Prussia.—When tired out, I at length sat down by the road side to rest, and fell fast asleep. How long I might have lain there, I know not; but I was suddenly startled by loud noise and ejaculations, and looking up, I saw that the horses attached to a travelling-carriage, which had come up, had been startled, most probably by my appearance there, and the foremost horse had thrown his rider, who was beneath his feet. I at once jumped up, and seized him by the reins but the rider was disabled. They said his leg was broken,—at all events he could not proceed further, so he was carried into the nearest house and left there. But how was the carriage to be got forward? I at once volunteered my services, which, in the emergency, were accepted, and being a good rider, we reached the next post-town in safety. It was a godsend to me, this accident. I found the party consisted of a wealthy English gentleman and his family on their way to the Rhine; they knew nothing of the language, and having no valet de place, they felt the want of some native who could act as their interpreter. In short, they engaged me; I travelled as their servant, and returned with them to England. There I stayed some five years, and while there, I wrote home to my friends. What was my joy to find that the man whom I fancied I had killed, still lived and was married—but not to my Gretchen! No! she, the dear creature, had remained faithful to me, and in sorrow had mourned my absence. I could not stay longer in England. I had saved some money, and so, after writing to Gretchen, I started to return home. I was received with open arms, like a son that had been lost and was found again.—"

"And Gretchen?"

"I think you may guess. We were married two months ago, and are exceedingly happy. But to tell you the truth, I find this remote little place horribly dull; after England, I feel it to be insupportable. I am now making preparations to emigrate; and I have followed you for the purpose of asking about the great new land in the South, called Australia. I had thought of America, but somehow, I am attracted towards the new colony of Port Philip. Can you tell me any thing respecting it?"

Fortunately, I had a brother who had not long before set off for the colony, and I was enabled to put him in possession of a good deal of useful information. But whether he went to Australia or to the United States, I have not since had an opportunity of ascertaining.

We returned to the cottage. The dancing had now ceased, and the last of the party, among whom I was not slow to discern my young friend's wife, Gretchen,—a blooming lass, ripe as a peach had betaken themselves to the seats placed in front of the cottage, and were now engaged in singing country songs in musical chorus. There was a good deal of prattle and lively talk. One of the females was a buxom widow, who seemed to take to flirtation like a second nature, and she was the liveliest of the party. She induced one of the young men to sing with her the German song of "*Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen*," which she did on her part with considerable *empressment*, and with an obvious desire to achieve the realization of the burthen of the song. It was late when the party left; but there was still light enough remaining to enable them to trace their way by a path across the corn fields to their little village, which lay beyond; and for some time I could hear their voices, made melodious by distance, singing in good time and rhythm, the beautiful *barcarole* in Masaniello, "*Whisper Low*."

I spent the night in sound repose, in a shake down bed, as comfortably as circumstances would admit, and next morning my friend of the preceding evening accompanied me about two miles on my road, still full of Australia and his preparations for emigrating.

After about an hour's walking, I reached the double headed black eagle of Prussia, set up by the wayside, and crossing the frontier, was in Germany.

Did you ever know a cockney take to boating without dressing himself up a *la* T. P. Cooke?

Did you ever meet a diner-out of sufficient strength of mind to ask for "cabbage?"

Did you ever hear a loo-player confess to having won more than "just a shilling or two?"

And as a final clincher—Did you ever know a cabman who, since the new Act came in force, could by any cloquence be induced to give you change for a shilling?

No man would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

We unconsciously either unveil or unmask our selves most completely in our manner of praising.

LOOK UP!

"Look up!" cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,

As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the tapering mast;

"Look up!" and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banished his brief alarms,—
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father's arms.

"Look up!" we cry to the sorely-oppressed,
Who seem from all comfort shut;
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot;
The one offers heights they may hope to gain,—
Pure ether, and freedom, and room,
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger and gloom.

"Look up!" meek souls by affliction bent,
Nor dally with dull despair;
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament,
For heaven and mercy are there.
The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after-hour,
And takes full mea-ure of light.

"Look up!" sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate;
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought,
Nor murmur at chance and fate;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine,—
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

"Look up!" great crowd, who are foremost set
In the changeful "Battle of Life,"
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife.
Look up, and *beyond*, there's a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart;
Fruition of joys unalloyed by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

"Look up!" large spirit, by Heaven inspired,
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal.
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng,
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail with triumphant song
The holier regions of mind.

The life of almost every human being is governed by one master thought,—the life, we say, of human beings, not human vegetables.

The satirist is sadder than the wit for the same reason that the ourang-outang is of a graver disposition than the ape because his nature is more noble.

Little truisms often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations, end is expressed.

BAGGS OF THE POST-OFFICE: HIS TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BAGGS belongs to a small club, which meets every Tuesday evening in a tavern in Fleet Street, to discuss such profound questions as, 'Whether is Shakspeare or Milton the greater genius?' 'Is there any truth in mesmerism?' 'Was Queen Mary of Scotland concerned in the murder of her husband?' mingling with such debates the reading of certain original essays, in which the members, in default of the press, seek vent for their literary aspirations. For some years the gentleman here noted had talked of taking a trip to Scotland, in order to enjoy the romantic beauties of what he called the 'ghlands, with the ulterior design of making his adventures and observations the subject of a paper to be read before the club. But duties at the big house in St. Martin's le Grand had always disappointed him of his design, just at the moment when he expected to accomplish it; so that at length Baggs's Scotch tour had become a joke in the club, and an inveterate associate had offered two to one that he would not bring forward his proposed paper on that subject while their association had a being. Baggs, in a moment of ardour took up the bet, and no sooner had done so, than he repented his rashness. 'My governor,' he reflected to himself, 'will never advance the required sum, and my own salary is too small to afford it. But—a thought strikes me. It is against my reading a paper the bet is laid. Why may I not write a paper without seeing the country? Nothing more easy; for what with Scott's novels, and other productions of northern genius, besides occasional glances at their newspapers, I know all about Scotland. My faith, Tompkins, your couple of guineas are as safely mine as if they were already in my pocket.' Next Tuesday week, after due premonition to the club, Baggs read to his companions as follows:—

'Having furnished myself with a supply of double thick flannels and a dreadnought, against the severity of a northern climate, I set out for Edinburgh in the *Trident* steamer, on the 18th of August, 1853. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the voyage; but I had no sooner landed at Granton, which is the port of Edinburgh, than I was struck by the novel sight of a country totally destitute of trees; nothing to be seen but bare moors and crags in every direction. The effect is dreary, yet inexpressibly interesting. Though prepared, moreover, for the tartan, kilts, and plaids, I could not help being somewhat startled by seeing a whole people so clad. It gave the country so entirely foreign an air, that I could scarcely believe myself in Queen Victoria's dominions. The beauty of Edinburgh came fully up to my expectations. What with the noble river Forth flowing past it, and the lofty peaks of the Calton Hill rising near,—what with its fantastic castles in the air, and its melancholy palaces in the Canongate, I thought I never had seen any thing equal to it out of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. One is reminded of the Stunarts at every step, for it was to them that the city was indebted for its most superb structures.

'A friend, hearing of my intended visit to Scotland, had given me a letter of introduction for a

correspondent at Dumfries. I made the delivery of this my first business on arriving in the Scottish capital. Knowing well, however, that I was in a country still comparatively barbarous, I took care to place my Colt's revolver fully loaded in my breast pocket. Thus armed I walked out to Dumfries after tea. Having with some difficulty made the people understand me, I at length reached the portal of the gentleman to whom my letter was directed. My reception was quite in the old style of Scottish hospitality. The gentleman proved to be a member of the Scottish bar. I found him in his library immersed in his studies; but he insisted on introducing me to his family in the drawing room. There I found his wife and three handsome young daughters all engaged in knitting stockings; but all of them (this not being a state occasion) wearing no shoes or stockings themselves. Being in harmony with the general state of things in the country, there was in this nothing at all offensive—on the contrary, a charming simplicity. Had the ladies only been able to converse in the English language, I should have got on very well with them. They pressed me to stay for the evening banquet in the hall, but I was afraid of walking back to town at a late hour, and respectfully declined. Mr. M'Gill, however invited me to breakfast next morning, and that proposal I accepted. Early as was the hour at which I returned to my lodgings, I found it was quite as well that I had brought my revolver, for, in the rocky defiles through which I threaded my way, several suspicious-looking characters beset me; and it was only on my showing them how well I was armed, they made off.

'I did not fail to appear at my friend's suburban retreat at the proper hour next morning. The family were assembled in the dining-room, where a bottle of the mountain-dew being set out, I observed that each person as he or she entered helped himself or herself to a hearty dram. Yielding to the precept as well as example of sweet Cecilia M'Gill, and being anxious to pay deference to the customs of the country, I took a full glass of the dew myself; nor was it attended with any harmful consequences. Breakfast, of a luxuriousness found only in Scotland, followed. We had every imaginable kind of game, chiefly cold, along with a hot dish of Scotch collops; besides honey, jam, marmalade, and other delicacies native to the country. Mr. M'Gill's bagpiper walked up and down the room the whole time, playing the family pibroch, and of course rendering conversation somewhat difficult. I nevertheless contrived to make a few remarks to Miss Cecilia, who happened to sit next me, and, if I am not greatly misled by my own feelings, I made rather a favourable impression upon that damsel. I am glad it was she, rather than either of her sisters, for I discovered that they both snuffed—a national habit to which I fear I could never reconcile myself.

'At the conclusion of our meal, Mr. M'Gill and I sat half an hour by ourselves, conversing on the state of the country. He informed me that, notwithstanding the general Jacobitism of the Scotch, the Covenant is still signed amongst them once a year, and many persons make regular pilgrimages to the graves of the Presbyterian martyrs. The Free Church has been a remarkable

movement of late years towards a latitudinarianism quite unknown in England, and the fruits of which will only appear in the next generation. There is also a strong Repeal movement, which may yet give some trouble to the English ministry, if they do not use measures to conciliate the people. It originated in a piece of bad heraldry in the Imperial flag, and has been fomented by a disappointment of the Scotch in the wish to be their own tax-gatherers. Mr. M'Gill, speaking of Scotland, apostrophises the government in the language of Burns:

For God's sake, sirs, then speak her fair,
And straik her cannie wi' the hair;

a couplet which I do not profess quite to understand, unless it be that, if you are to strike Scotland at all, you must strike her gently as with a single hair. The rigorous morality of the Scotch continues to be remarkable. They abstain from dancing and badinage; have no theatres or concerts; seldom are seen to smile, and scarcely ever to laugh. What is strange, however, while, generally speaking, a slow people, they talk of having their fast days. Of course no rule is without exceptions. The virtue of the humbler class of women in the country is beyond all precedent. You may walk through the whole land, or reside in it ten years, and never meet a single drunken person. From their habits of independence and self-reliance, there are no beggars; neither is there such a thing as a poor-law. One almost dislikes the excessive prudence of the Scotch. Extravagant speculations in railways, in banking, or in merchandise, such as exist in England, would be felt as a relief from this eternal rationality; but I need not say that the loss of a single pound by any of these follies is a thing unknown in Scotland. At the same time, it must be confessed that where there is no money, it is not easy to misuse it. The Scotch are protected from many of our errors by their well-known poverty.

Mr. M'Gill having to attend to business at the Court of Session, we set out to walk to town together, attended only by a gillie, whose business it was to carry his bag of briefs. Nothing particular occurred in our walk; but I may remark, that I did not leave the environs of the house without having an opportunity of paying my adieux to the young ladies. We found them busily engaged in the family washing on the green at the end of the house, one of them dancing in a tub with her skirts elevated, I must say, a little beyond what I should have previously believed to be the line of strict propriety, while another superintended a boiling caldron, and the third, with feet whiter than snow, strode about amongst the lincens which she was spreading out to bleach. It was a scene like that near the palace of King Alcinoüs of Phœacia, when his daughter, with her attendants, washed her own regal robes, as described in the *Odyssey*; and I could not but congratulate myself on having witnessed a relic of ancient manners so simple and interesting.

I must not dilate on what I saw at the court, as it scarcely falls within the design of the present narrative; but I cannot omit to notice the singularity of one feature of the scene; it was so curious to see the members of a learned profession walking about in the primitive Scotch cos-

tume, and with the full accoutrements of a hairy purse, a broadsword, and couple of silver-mounted pistols, while over all they exhibited the professional gear of gowns and wigs. I felt a little curiosity about the proceedings; but the English language being too modern a thing for the lawyers of the north to indolge in, and there being nothing to be heard but broad Scotch and Gaelic, which are totally unintelligible, I soon found it stupid, and came away.

The kindness of the M'Gills—for somehow, to be so frigid a people, the Scotch do exceedingly kind things—did not end here, for, having avowed my design of seeing the Highlands, they let me know that a young cousin of theirs, the son of a chief, would be glad to take me over them any day I pleased to appoint. It was soon settled that we should devote the ensuing Tuesday to that purpose, and, meanwhile, I was introduced to young Fiance (for so he was called), whom I found to be a very fine young man, about six feet six inches high, dressed *de rigueur* in Highland costume, and with an eagle's feather in his bonnet. Having been brought up partly in London and partly in Paris, he was equally familiar with the English and French languages, as with his Gaelic vernacular. We set out at an early hour on foot, and soon plunged into that barbarous but romantic region which I longed to see. For some time our path lay along the side of a beautiful lake, in whose mirror-like surface the birch-feathered crags of the mountain-side were reflected to a leaf, except where it was broken by the leap of the salmon, or the rippling wake of the wild duck and swan. Few habitations met our view, and these were exclusively small smoky hovels, where it was scarcely possible to believe that human beings dwelt. Generally, in front of one of these houses, a tall handsomely-dressed Highlander, with his family all equally well dressed, would be seen ranked up to greet the passing travellers, or offer them refreshments. My companion regaled me with stories of the forays in which he had already been engaged at the head of troops of his father's men. There was one unfortunate clan of M'Quails, which he had plundered and cut up in the most unmerciful manner; but then it was all right in his eyes, being in revenge for the murder of a M'Gill by a M'Quail about the close of the sixteenth century. He privately avowed to me that himself, his father, and the Highlanders generally, only yield a hypocritical allegiance to the Queen; reserving their true affections for the Grand Duke of Lucca, who is the rightful heir of the British throne, and who, some years ago, showed how true a chip of legitimacy he was, by requiring his subjects to abjure the Copernican theory of the solar system. For the present the attention of the Highlanders is a good deal absorbed by questions connected with the Free Church; nevertheless, they wait but the right opportunity to declare for this Papist Sovereign. Meanwhile, they make deserts every now and then upon the tame and effeminate Sassenachs, despoiling them of their cattle and other goods, and sometimes burning their houses and standing crops, all being considered little enough as a revenge for the Sassenachs having deprived them of so much of a country which they once exclu-

sively possessed. It is really a curious consideration, that within this little island there should still be a people animated by such maxims and feelings, living in contiguity with the civilised masses on which the true glory of the British name depends.

'In misty grandeur, the scenery of the Highlands was far beyond my dreams. Terrific precipices, the haunts of eagles; grand uplands, over which the deer and the roe are seen bounding together; glassy lakes, splendid waterfalls; beautiful sunny glens, each occupied by its own clan; dense wreathings of mist over the mountain-tops, from which one expects to see the spirits of Ossian's heroes peeping forth: such are the leading features of this romantic region. Here and there, a rude hamlet or town, composed of a few wigwams, varies the scene. Such are Inverness, Oban, and Perth. Now and then we pass under the shadow of a grand old Highland castle, where feudal state is still maintained—as Taymouth, Castle-Grant, and Inverary. These and similar mansions serve as inns for travellers, whose visit are so far from being felt as burdensome, that the chiefs would positively be offended if any one were to pass without calling and taking some refreshment. Passing near one of these houses—I forget which—we found it necessary, accordingly, to call and pay our respects to the hospitable proprietor. A handsome lunch, of brochan, haggis, tripe, cold sheep's-head, and oat-cakes, was set out for us by his orders, with a sufficiency of the liquor called toddy to wash it down. I cannot say that I quite relished the entertainment; but when I reflected that I was in Scotland, and that the worthy host gave the best he had in all good-will, I deemed it right to make an endeavour to do justice to it, and succeeded in swallowing a few morsels. As for my companion, he ate like a young hyena. It must require no small revenue for the Highland lairds to act in this liberal style. From various hints I got, it was manifest there might have been an unpleasant feeling if I had inquired too curiously as to where the means of such extensive hospitality came from; so I held my peace.

'It had been arranged that we should pass the night and ensuing day at Castle-Keg, the residence of my young companion's father, which I found to be perched on a lofty rock overhanging a deep inlet of the sea. The chief, a fine gray-haired old Celt, came out to meet us in full Highland costume, attended by his henchman, gillycasflue, piper, and the rest of his usual tail; and a fine sight it was. He saluted me in a most condescending manner, and placed me at his right hand on our way to the castle. There we were received in an ancient hall, hung with bows, arrows, spears, and trophies of the chase. The banquet was soon ready, and, having first had our feet washed by a female servant, we were invited to be seated. The lady of the house graced the dais at her husband's left hand, while I sat at his right, and the less important members of the household occupied the lower table, in order according with their several ranks. The potent usquebaugh went round in silver and wooden vessels, and was, as usual, partaken of with the greatest freedom by women as well as men. The bagpipe screamed all the time its loudest notes.

The ancient sennachy of the family came in afterwards, and having received and tossed off a cup containing about a pint of whisky, commenced a romantic recital in Gaelic, which, I was told, referred to a fearful inroad of the clan upon the M'Quails about the time of the Restoration. Thus the evening was passed in a manner to me deeply interesting, until a period when all recollection deserted me. How I got to bed that night must ever remain among the Mysteries. All I know is, that next morning I found myself stretched upon a couch composed of heath with the flowers turned upwards—a mode of bedding practised in the Highlands from days of the most remote antiquity.

'I was awakened by the peal of the bagpipes under my windows, and hastening down stairs, found my young friend Fleance and his father engaged in a review of the troops of the clan, a well-armed corps of about five hundred men. When it was finished, a rude but abundant breakfast was served on the lawn, and then the clansmen fell to the games peculiar to Scotland—the football, shinty, throwing the kebar, and putting the stone. The exhibition of athletic vigour and grace was highly beautiful, and it was peculiarly gratifying to find that the young chief stood quite on a level with the stoutest and most nimble of his father's people. He seemed to be an object of little less than worship amongst them, and I could scarcely doubt him when he whispered to me: "Don't be afraid, but the fact is as I tell you, that any one of these men, at my bidding, would plunge his dirk in your heart!" Such is still the nature of the old clan feeling of the north, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the clergy to introduce more Christian-like dispositions.

'The day closed with a banquet in the hall, similar to that of our first night, and again was my translation to bed accomplished in a manner entirely independent of my will and consciousness. At an early hour next morning, Fleance roused me with a reminder that we had the rest of the Highlands to travel over before night, by which time I had undertaken to be in Edinburgh, in order to escort the Misses M'Gill to a ball. We immediately prepared ourselves for the march—but of course did not leave the castle till we had breakfasted on venison steaks, and taken a hearty doch-an-doras. The chief stood at his door to take leave of me in the ceremonial manner customary with Highland gentlemen on parting with their guests. He was full of the stateliest courtesy, reminding one of the *vielle cour*; and yet, as I afterwards discovered, he had that very morning ordered the execution of a sheriff's officer who had rashly ventured to serve a writ upon him for a debt. I got a glimpse of the unfortunate man hanging upon a tree, as we left the extremity of the avenue.

'Our second day's journey differed in no respect from the first, except that I was now able to bid good-day in Gaelic to every proud mountaineer whom we passed on our way, and had learned the way to their hearts, by holding out to them a snuff-mull and not desiring theirs in return. My companion entertained me with numberless anecdotes and characteristic traits of the people, throwing over all the charm of his own lofty and

romantic spirit, which three years of a writer's office had not been able to extinguish. We had a walk of fully thirty miles, but it did not fatigue us; and, as had been contemplated, I was able to make my appearance in due time at the ball, in attendance on the lovely Misses M'Gill. It was a very fine affair, notwithstanding a certain shock given to my prejudices by the appearance of several of the ladies with bare feet and simple ribbons confining their hair: I may also say—notwithstanding that the fiddle was the only music. It was not until I was in the very midst of this entertainment that I bethought me of asking how there should be such a thing as a ball in Edinburgh, since it was a recognised fact regarding Scotland, that the people do not indulge in any sort of merry-making. I was then for the first time assured, with an air of slyness, that there are a good number of pleasant things, vanities of this world, and so forth, that the Scotch are understood to hold in great abhorrence, but of which, somehow, they contrive to partake much like other people. What, I was asked, is the use of getting a character for unusual virtue, but to enable you to take a little freedom with impunity?

I set out on my return to London next morning, full of gratitude for the hospitality of which that cold-hearted people had made me the subject almost without intermission during the whole time of my visit. I arrived in due time at St. Katherine's wharf, having spent little more than a week on my tour. It must be for the members of the club to pronounce whether the time was well employed or otherwise.

At the conclusion of Baggs's paper, Tomkins acknowledged that the bet had been fairly won by his honourable associate, and, for his part, he was glad that the matter was at length set at rest, even though at some sacrifice to himself. Another member expressed the gratification he had had in listening to so luminous and so interesting an account of Scotland, a country which he verily believed was much less known in England than it deserved to be. In this sentiment, it seemed to be the general inclination to concur; and when Tomkins handsomely moved the thanks of the club to Baggs for his paper, it was carried by acclamation. The ingenious author was further requested to endeavour to get the paper inserted in some periodical work of eminence, with a view to making Scotland and the Scotch more generally known than they were. It was by Mr. Baggs's compliance with this benevolent wish, that we have been enabled to incorporate with these pages a narration of which it may, we think, be truly said, that, 'take it for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again.'

The world's face is amply suffused with tears; it is the poet's duty to wipe away a few, not to add more.

Respect is what we owe; love, what we give.

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Undertaker—The excise-officer of Death.

MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Our old Hall is to be pulled down, and they are going to build streets on the site. I said to my sister, "Ethelinda! if they really pull down Morton Hall, it will be a worse piece of work than the Repeal of the Corn Laws." And, after some consideration she replied, that if she must speak what was on her mind, she would own that she thought the Papists had something to do with it; that they had never forgiven the Morton who had been with Lord Montague when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot; for we knew that somewhere in Rome there was a book kept, and which had been kept for generations, giving an account of the secret private history of every English family of note, and registering the names of those to whom the Papists owed either grudges or gratitude.

We were silent for some time; but I am sure the same thought was in both our minds; our ancestor, a Sidebotham, had been a follower of the Morton of that day; it had always been said in the family that he had been with his master, when he went with the Lord Montague, and found Guy Fawkes and his dark lantern under the Parliament House; and the question flashed across our minds, Were the Sidebothams marked with a black mark in that terrible mysterious book which was kept under lock and key by the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome? It was terrible; yet, somehow, rather pleasant to think of. So many of the misfortunes which had happened to us through life, and which we had called "mysterious dispensations," but which some of our neighbors had attributed to our want of prudence and foresight, were accounted for at once, if we were objects of the deadly hatred of such a powerful order as the Jesuits; of whom we had lived in dread ever since we had read the Female Jesuit. Whether this last idea suggested what my sister said next I can't tell; we did know the Female Jesuit's second cousin, so might he be said to have literary connexions, and from that the startling thought might spring up in my sister's mind, for, said she, "Biddy!" (my name is Bridget, and no one but my sister calls me Biddy) suppose you write some account of Morton Hall; we have known much in our time of the Mortons, and it will be a shame if they pass away completely from men's memories while we can speak or write." I was pleased with the notion, I confess; but I felt ashamed to agree to it all at once, though even as I objected for modesty's sake, it came into my mind how much I had heard of the old place in its former days, and how it was perhaps all I could now do for the Mortons, under whom our ancestors had lived as tenants for more than three hundred years. So at last I agreed; and, for fear of mistakes,

I showed it to Mr. Swinton, our young curate, who has put it quite in order for me.

Morton Hall is situated about five miles from the centre of Drumble. It stands on the outskirts of a village, which, when the Hall was built, was probably as large as Drumble in those days; and even I can remember when there was a long piece of rather lonely road, with high hedges on either side, between Morton village and Drumble. Now it is all street, and Morton seems but a suburb of the great town near. Our farm stood where Liverpool Street runs now; and people used to come snipe-shooting just where the Baptist Chapel is built. Our farm must have been older than the Hall, for we had a date of fourteen hundred and sixty on one of the cross-beams. My father was rather proud of this advantage, for the Hall had no date older than fifteen hundred and fifty-four; and I remember his affronting Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, by dwelling too much on this circumstance one evening when she came to drink tea with my mother, when Ethelinda and I were mere children. But my mother, seeing that Mrs. Dawson would never allow that any house in the parish could be older than the Hall, and that she was getting very warm, and almost insinuating that the Sidebothams had forged the date to disparage the Squire's family, and set themselves up as having the older blood, asked Mrs. Dawson to tell us the story of old Sir John Morton before we went to bed; I slyly reminded my father that Jack, our man, was not always so careful as might be in housing the Alderney in good time in the autumn evenings. So he started up, and went off to see after Jack; and Mrs. Dawson and we drew nearer the fire to hear the story about Sir John.

Sir John Morton had lived some time about the Restoration. The Mortons had taken the right side, so when Oliver Cromwell came into power he gave away their lands to one of his Puritan followers—a man who had been but a praying, canting, Scotch pedlar, till the war broke out; and Sir John had to go and live with his royal master at Bruges. The upstart's name was Carr who came to live at Morton Hall; and, I'm proud to say, we—I mean our ancestors—led him a pretty life. He had hard work to get any rent at all from the tenantry, who knew their duty better than to pay it to a Roundhead. If he took the law of them, the law officers fared so badly, that they were shy of coming out to Morton—all along that lonely road I told you of—again. Strange noises were heard about the Hall, which got the credit of being haunted; but as those noises were never heard before or since that Richard Carr lived there, I leave you to guess if the evil spirits did not know well over whom they had power—over schismatic rebels, and no one else. They durst not trouble the Mortons, who were true

and loyal, and were faithful followers of King Charles in word and deed. At last Old Oliver died, and folks did say that on that wild and stormy night his voice was heard high up in the air, where you hear the flocks of wild geese skirl, crying out for his true follower Richard Carr to accompany him in the terrible chase the fiends were giving him before carrying him off bodily. Any way Richard Carr died within a week—summoned by the dead or not, he went his way down to his master, and his master's master.

Then his daughter Alice came into possession. Her mother was somehow related to General Monk, who was beginning to come into power about that time. So when Charles the Second came back to his throne, and many of the sneaking Puritans had to quit their ill-gotten land, and turn to the right about, Alice Carr was still left at Morton Hall to queen it there. She was taller than most women, and a great beauty I have heard. But for all her beauty, she was a stern, hard woman. The tenants had known her to be hard in her father's lifetime, but now that she was the owner and had the power, she was worse than ever. She hated the Stuarts worse than ever her father had done; had calves' heads for dinner every thirtieth of January; and when the first twenty-ninth of May came round, and every mother's son in the village gilded his oak leaves, and wore them in his hat, she closed the windows of the great hall with her own hands, and sate throughout the day in darkness and mourning. People did not like to go against her by force, because she was a young and beautiful woman. It was said the King got her cousin, the Duke of Albermarle, to ask her to court, just as courteously as if she had been the Queen of Sheba, and King Charles, Solomon, paying her to visit him in Jerusalem. But she would not go; not she! She lived a very lonely life, for now the King had got his own again, no servant but her nurse would stay with her in the Hall; and none of the tenants would pay her any money for all that her father had purchased the lands from the Parliament, and paid the price down in good red gold.

All this time, Sir John was somewhere in the Virginian plantations; and the ships sailed from thence only twice a year; but his royal master had sent for him home; and home he came that second summer after the restoration. No one knew if Mistress Alice had heard of his landing in England or not; all the villagers and tenantry knew and were not surprised, and turned out in their best dresses and with great branches of oak to welcome him as he rode into the village one July morning, with many gray-looking gentlemen by his side, laughing and talking and making merry, and speaking gaily and pleasantly to the village people. They came in

on the opposite side to the Drumble Road, indeed Drumble was nothing of a place then: as I have told you. Between the last cottage in the village and the gates to the old Hall, there was a shady part of the road, where the branches nearly met overhead, and made a green gloom. If you'll notice, when many people are talking merrily out of doors in sunlight, they will stop talking for an instant, when they come into the cool green shade, and either be silent for some little time, or else speak graver and slower and softer. And so old people say those gay gentlemen did; for several people followed to see Alice Carr's pride taken down. They used to tell how the cavaliers had to bow their plumed hats in passing under the unlopped and drooping boughs. I fancy Sir John expected that the lady would have rallied her friends, and got ready for a sort of battle to defend the entrance to the house; but she had no friends. She had no nearer relations than the Duke of Albemarle, and he was mad with her for having refused to come to court, and to save her estate according to his advice.

Well, Sir John rode on, in silence; the tramp of the many horses' feet, and the clumping sound of the clogs of the village people were all that was heard. Heavy as the great gate was, they swung it wide on its hinges, and up they rode to the Hall steps, where the lady stood, in her close plain Puritan dress, her cheeks one crimson flush, her great eyes flashing fire, and no one behind her, or with her, or near her, or to be seen, but the old trembling nurse catching at her gown in pleading terror. Sir John was taken aback; he could not go out with swords and warlike weapons against a woman; his very preparations for forcing an entrance made him ridiculous in his own eyes, and he well knew in the eyes of his gay scornful comrades too; so he turned him round about, and bade them stay where they were, while he rode close to the steps, and spoke to the young lady; and there they saw him, hat in hand, speaking to her; and she, lofty and unmoved, holding her own as if she had been a sovereign queen with an army at her back. What they said, no one heard; but he rode back very grave and much changed in his look, though his grey eye showed more hawk-like than ever, as if seeing the way to his end, though as yet afar off. He was not one to be jested with before his face; so when he professed to have changed his mind, and not to wish to disturb so fair a lady in possession, he and his cavaliers rode back to the village inn, and roystered there all day, and feasted the tenantry, cutting down the branches that had incommoded them in their morning's ride to make a bonfire of on the village green, in which they burnt a figure, which some called Old Noll, and others Richard Carr: and it might do for either, folks said, for

unless they had given it the name of a man, most people would have taken it for a forked log of wood.

But the lady's nurse told the villagers afterwards that Mistress Alice went in from the sunny Hall steps into the chill house shadow, and sate her down and wept, as her poor faithful servant had never seen her do before, and could not have imagined her proud young lady ever doing. All through that summer's day she cried; and if for very weariness she ceased for a time, and only sighed as if her heart was breaking, they heard through the upper windows—which were open because of the heat—the village bells ringing merrily through the trees, and bursts of chorusses to gay cavalier songs, all in favor of the Stuarts. All the young lady said was once or twice "Oh God! I am very friendless!"—and the old nurse knew it was true, and could not contradict her; and always thought, as she said long after, that such weary weeping showed there was some great sorrow at hand.

I suppose it was the dreariest sorrow that ever a proud woman had; but it came in the shape of a gay wedding. How, the village never knew. The gay gentlemen rode away from Morton the next day as lightly and carelessly as if they had attained their end, and Sir John had taken possession; and, by and bye, the nurse came timorously out to market in the village, and Mistress Alice was met in the wood walks just as grand and as proud as ever in her ways, only a little more pale and a little more sad. The truth was, as I have been told, that she and Sir John had each taken a fancy to each other in that parley they held on the Hall steps; she, in the deep wild way in which she took the impressions of her whole life, deep down, as if they were burnt in. Sir John was a gallant-looking man, and had a kind of foreign grace and courtliness about him. The way he fancied her was very different—a man's way, they tell me. She was a beautiful woman to be tamed, and made to come to his beck and call; and perhaps he read in her softening eyes that she might be won, and so all legal troubles about the possession of the estate come to an end in an easy pleasant manner. He came to stay with friends in the neighborhood; he was met in her favorite walks with his plumed hat in his hand pleading with her, and she looking softer and far more lovely than ever; and lastly, the tenants were told of the marriage then nigh at hand.

After they were wedded he stayed for a time with her at the Hall, and then off back to court. They do say that her obstinate refusal to go with him to London was the cause of their first quarrel; but such fierce strong wills would quarrel the first day of their wedded life. She said the court was no place for an honest woman; but surely Sir

John knew best, and she might have trusted him to take care of her. However, he left her all alone; and at first she cried most bitterly, and then she took to her old pride, and was more haughty and gloomy than ever. By and bye she found out hidden conventicles; and, as Sir John never stinted her of money, she gathered the remnants of the old Puritan party about her, and tried to comfort herself with long prayers, snuffled through the nose, for the absence of her husband, but it was of no use. Treat her as he would she loved him still with a terrible love. Once, they say, she put on her waiting maid's dress, and stole up to London to find out what kept him there; and something she saw or heard that changed her altogether, for she came back as if her heart was broken. They say that the only person she loved with all the wild strength of her heart, had proved false to her; and if so, what wonder! At the best of times she was but a gloomy creature, and it was a great honor for her father's daughter to be wedded to a Morton. She should not have expected too much.

After her despondency came her religion. Every old Puritan preacher in the country was welcome at Morton Hall. Surely that was enough to disgust Sir John. The Mortons had never cared to have much religion, but what they had had been good of its kind hitherto. So, when Sir John came down wanting a gay greeting and a tender show of love, his lady exhorted him and prayed over him, and quoted the last Puritan text she had heard at him; and he swore at her, and at her preachers; and made a deadly oath that none of them should find harbor or welcome in any house of his. She looked scornfully back at him, and said she had yet to learn in what county of England the house he spoke of was to be found; but in the house her father purchased, and she inherited, all who preached the Gospel should be welcome, let kings make what laws, and king's minions swear what oaths they would. He said nothing to this; the worse sign for her; but he set his teeth at her; and in an hour's time he rode away back to the French witch that had beguiled him.

Before he went away from Morton he set his spies. He longed to catch his wife in his fierce clutch, and punish her for defying him. She had made him hate her with her Puritanical ways. He counted the days till the messenger came, splashed up to the top of his deep leather boots, to say that my lady had invited the canting Puritan preachers of the neighborhood to a prayer-meeting, and a dinner, and a night's rest at her house. Sir John smiled, as he gave the messenger five gold pieces for his pains; and straight took post-horses, and rode long days till he got to Morton; and only just in time; for it was the very day of the prayer-meeting. Dinners

were then at one o'clock in the country. The great people in London might keep late hours, and dine at three in the afternoon or so; but the Mortons they always clung to the good old ways, and, as the church bells were ringing twelve when Sir John came riding into the village, he knew he might slacken bridle; and, casting one glance at the smoke which came hurrying up as if from a newly-mended fire, just behind the wood, where he knew the Hall-kitchen chimney stood, Sir John stopped at the smithy, and pretended to question the smith about his horse's shoes; but he took little heed of the answers, being more occupied by an old serving-man from the Hall, who had been loitering about the smithy half the morning, as folk thought afterwards, to keep some appointment with Sir John. When their talk was ended, Sir John lifted himself straight in his saddle; cleared his throat, and spoke out aloud:—

"I grieve to hear your lady is so ill." The smith wondered at this, for all the village knew of the coming feast at the Hall; the spring-chickens had been bought up, and the cade-lambs killed; for the preachers in those days, if they fasted they fasted, if they fought they fought, if they prayed they prayed, sometimes for three hours at a standing; and if they feasted they feasted, and knew what good eating was, believe me.

"My lady ill?" said the smith, as if he doubted the old prim serving-man's word. And the latter would have chopped in with an angry asseveration (he had been at Worcester and fought on the right side), but Sir John cut him short.

"My lady is very ill, good Master Fox. It touches her here," continued he, pointing to his head. "I am come down to take her to London, where the King's own physician shall prescribe for her." And he rode slowly up to the Hall.

The lady was as well as ever she had been in her life, and happier than she had often been—for in a few minutes some of those whom she esteemed so highly would be about her; some of those who had known and valued her father—her dead father, to whom her sorrowful heart turned in its woe, as the only true lover and friend she had ever had on earth. Many of the preachers would have ridden far—was all in order in their rooms, and on the table in the great dining parlor? She had got into restless hurried ways of late. She went round below, and then she mounted the great oak staircase to see if the tower bed-chamber was all in order for old Master Hilton, the oldest among the preachers. Meanwhile, the maidens below were carrying in mighty cold rounds of spiced beef, quarters of lamb, chicken pies, and all such provisions, when, suddenly, they knew not how, they found themselves each seized by strong arms, their aprons thrown over their heads, after

the manner of a gag, and themselves borne out of the house on to the poultry green behind, where, with threats of what worse might befall them, they were sent with many a shameful word—(Sir John could not always command his men, many of whom had been soldiers in the French wars)—back into the village. They scudded away like frightened hares. My lady was strewing the white-headed preacher's room with the last year's lavender, and stirring up the sweet-pot on the dressing-table, when she heard a step on the echoing stairs. It was no measured tread of any Puritan; it was the clang of a man of war coming nearer and nearer, with loud rapid strides. She knew the step; her heart stopped beating, not for fear, but because she loved Sir John even yet; and she took a step forward to meet him, and then stood still and trembled, for the flattering false thought came before her that he might have come yet in some quick impulse of reviving love, and that his hasty step might be prompted by the passionate tenderness of a husband. But when he reached the door, she looked as calm and indifferent as ever.

"My lady," said he, "you are gathering your friends to some feast; may I know who are thus invited to revel in my house? Some graceless fellows, I see, from the store of meat and drink below: wine-bibbers and drunkards, I fear."

But, by the working glance of his eye she saw that he knew all; and she spoke with a cold distinctness:

"Master Ephraim Dixon, Master Zerubabel Hopkins, Master Help-me-or-I-perish Perkins, and some other godly ministers, come to spend the afternoon in my house."

He went to her, and in his rage he struck her. She put up no arm to save herself, but redoubled a little with the pain, and then, drawing her neckerchief on one side, she looked at the crimson mark on her white neck.

"It serves me right," she said. "I wedded one of my father's enemies: one of those who would have hunted the old man to death. I gave my father's enemy house and lands, when he came as a beggar to my door;—I followed my wicked wayward heart in this, instead of minding my dying father's words. Strike again, and avenge him yet more!"

But he would not, because she bade him. He unloosed his sash, and bound her arms tight, tight together, and she never struggled or spoke. Then pushing her so, that she was obliged to sit down on the bed side:

"Sit there," he said, "and hear how I will welcome the old hypocrites you have dared to ask to my house—my house and my ancestors' house, long before your father—a casting peular—hawked his goods about, and cheated honest men."

And, opening the chamber window right

above those Hall-steps where she had awaited him in her maiden beauty scarce three short years ago, he greeted the company of preachers as they rode up to the Hall with such terrible hideous language, (my lady had provoked him past all bearing, you see), that the old men turned round aghast, and made the best of their way back to their own places.

Meanwhile, Sir John's serving-men below had obeyed their master's orders. They had gone through the house, closing every window, every shutter, and every door, but leaving all else just as it was;—the colds meats on the table, the hot meats on the spit, the silver flagons on the side-board—all just as if it were ready for a feast; and then Sir John's head servant; he that I spoke of before, came up and told his master all was ready.

"Is the horse and the pillion all ready? Then you and I must be my lady's tire-women:" and as it seemed to her in mockery, but in reality with a deep purpose, they dressed the helpless woman in her riding things all awry, and, strange and disorderly, Sir John carried her down stairs; and he and his man bound her on the pillion; and Sir John mounted before. The man shut and locked the great house-door, and the echoes of the clang went through the empty Hall with an ominous sound. "Throw the key," said Sir John, "deep into the mere yonder. My lady may go seek it if she lists, when next I set her arms at liberty. Till then I know whose house Morton Hall shall be called."

"Sir John! it shall be called the Devil's House, and you shall be his steward."

But the poor lady had better have held her tongue; for Sir John only laughed, and told her to rave on. As he passed through the village, with his serving men riding behind, the tenantry came out and stood at their doors, and pitied him for having a mad wife, and praised him for his care of her, and of the chance he gave her of amendment by taking her up to be seen by the King's physician. But somehow the Hall got an ugly name; the roast and boiled meats, the ducks, the chickens had time to drop into dust, before any human being now dared to enter in; or, indeed, had any right to enter in, for Sir John never came back to Morton; and as for my lady, some said she was dead, and some said she was mad and shut up in London, and some said Sir John had taken her to a convent abroad.

"And what did become of her?" asked we, creeping up to Mrs. Dawson.

"Nay, how should I know?"

"But what do you think?" we asked, pertinaciously.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that after Sir John was killed at the battle of the Boyne she got loose and came wandering back to

Morton, to her old nurse's house; but, indeed, she was then mad out and out, and I have no doubt Sir John had seen it coming on. She used to have visions, and dream dreams; and some thought her a prophetess; and some thought her fairly crazy. What she said about the Mortons was awful. She doomed them to die out of the land, and their house to be razed to the ground, while pedlars and huxters, such as her own people, her father had been, should dwell where the knightly Mortons had once lived. One winter's night she strayed away, and the next morning they found the poor crazy woman frozen to death in Drumble meeting-house yard; and the Mr. Morton who had succeeded to Sir John had her decently buried where she was found, by the side of her father's grave."

We were silent for a time. "And when was the old Hall opened, Mrs. Dawson, please?"

"Oh! when the Mr. Morton, our Squire Morton's grandfather came into possession. He was a distant cousin of Sir John's, a much quieter kind of man. He had all the old rooms opened wide, and aired, and fumigated, and the strange fragments of musty food were collected and burnt in the yard; but somehow that old dining parlour had always a charnel-house smell, and no one ever liked making merry in it—thinking of the gray old preachers, whose ghosts might be even then scenting the meats afar off, and trooping unbidden to a feast, that was not that of which they were baulked. I was glad for one when the Squire's father built another dining-room; and no servant in the house will go an errand into the old dining-parlour after dark, I can assure you."

"I wonder if the way the last Mr. Morton had to sell his land to the people at Drumble, had anything to do with old Lady Morton's prophecy," said my mother, musingly.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "My lady was crazy, and her words not to be minded. I should like to see the cotton spinners of Drumble offer to purchase land from the Squire. Besides, there's a strict entail now. They can't purchase the land if they would. A set of trading pedlars indeed!"

I remember Ethelinda and I looked at each other at this word "pedlars;" which was the very word she had put into Sir John's mouth when taunting his wife with her father's low birth and calling. We thought, "We shall see."

Alas! we have seen.

Soon after that evening our good old friend, Mrs. Dawson died. I remember it well, because Ethelinda and I were put into mourning for the first time in our lives. A dear little brother of ours had died only the year before; and then my father and mother had decided that we were too young, that there was

no necessity for their incurring the expense of black frocks. We mourned for the little delicate darling in our hearts, I know; and, to this day, I often wonder what it would have been to have had a brother. But when Mrs. Dawson died it became a sort of duty we owed to the Squire's family to go into black, and very proud and pleased Ethelinda and I were with our new frocks. I remember dreaming Mrs. Dawson was alive again, and crying, because I thought my new frock would be again taken from me. But all this has nothing to do with Morton Hall.

When I first became aware of the greatness of the Squire's station in life, his family consisted of himself, his wife (a frail delicate lady), his only son "little master," as Mrs. Dawson was allowed to call him, "the young Squire," as we in the village always termed him. His name was John Marnaduke. He was always called John; and after Mrs. Dawson's story of the old Sir John, I used to wish he might not bear that ill-omened name. He used to ride through the village in his bright scarlet coat, his long fair curling hair falling over his lace collar, and his broad black hat and feather shading his merry blue eyes. Ethelinda and I thought then, and I always shall think, there never was such a boy. He had a fine high spirit too of his own, and once horse-whipped a groom twice as big as himself, who had thwarted him. To see him and Miss Phillis go tearing through the village on their pretty Arabian horses, laughing as they met the west wind, and their long golden curls flying behind them, you would have thought them brother and sister rather than nephew and aunt; for Miss Phillis was the Squire's sister, much younger than himself; indeed at the time I speak of, I don't think she could have been above seventeen, and the young Squire, her nephew, was nearly ten. I remember Mrs. Dawson sending for my mother and me up to the Hall that we might see Miss Phillis dressed ready to go with her brother to a ball given at some great lord's house to Prince William of Gloucester, nephew to good old George the Third.

When Mrs. Elizabeth, Mrs. Morton's maid, saw us at tea, in Mrs. Dawson's room, she asked Ethelinda and me if we would not like to come into Miss Phillis's dressing-room and watch her dress; and then she said, if we could keep from touching anything, she would make interest for us to go. We would have promised to stand on our heads, and would have tried to do so too, to earn such a privilege. So in we went, and stood together hand in hand up in a corner out of the way, feeling very red, and shy, and hot, till Miss Phillis put us at our ease by playing all manner of comical tricks, just to make us laugh, which at last we did outright in spite of all our endeavours to be grave, lest Mrs. Elizabeth should complain of us to my mother. I recoi-

lect the scent of the *marechale* powder with which Miss Phillis's hair was just sprinkled; and how she shook her head, like a young colt, to work the hair loose which Mrs. Elizabeth was straining up over a cushion. Then Mrs. Elizabeth would try a little of Mrs. Morton's rouge; and Miss Phillis would wash it off with a wet towel, saying that she liked her own paleness better than any performer's colour; and when Mrs. Elizabeth wanted just to touch her cheeks once more, she hid herself behind the great arm-chair, peeping out with her sweet merry face, first at one side and then at another, till we all heard the Squire's voice at the door, asking her if she was dressed, to come and show herself to Madam, her sister-in-law: for, as I said, Mrs. Morton was a great invalid, and unable to go out to any grand parties like this. We were all silent in an instant: and even Mrs. Elizabeth thought no more of the rouge, but how to get Miss Phillis's beautiful blue dress on quick enough. She had cherry-colored knots in her hair, and her breast-knots were of the same ribbon. Her gown was open in front, to a quilted white silk skirt. We felt very shy of her as she stood there fully dressed—she looked so much grander than anything we had ever seen; and it was like a relief when Mrs. Elizabeth told us to go down to Mrs. Dawson's parlour, where my mother was sitting all this time.

Just as we were telling how merry and comical Miss Phillis had been, in came a footman. "Mrs. Dawson," said he, "the Squire bids me ask you to go with Mrs. Sidebotham into the west parlour, to have a look at Miss Morton before she goes." We went too, clinging to my mother. Miss Phillis looked rather shy as we came in, and stood just by the door. I think we all must have shown her that we had never seen anything so beautiful, as she was, in our lives before: for she went very scarlet at our fixed gaze of admiration, and to relieve herself she began to play all manner of antics, whirling round, and making cheeks with her rich silk petticoat, unfurling her fan (a present from Madam to complete her dress), and peeping first on one side and then on the other, just as she had done upstairs; and then catching hold of her nephew, and insisting that he should dance a minuet with her until the carriage came, which proposal made him very angry, as it was an insult to his manhood (at nine years old) to suppose he could dance. "It was all very well for girls to make fools of themselves," he said, "but it did not do for men." And Ethelinda and I thought we had never heard so fine a speech before. But the carriage came before we had half feasted our eyes enough; and the Squire came from his wife's room to order the little master to bed, and hand his sister to the carriage.

I remember a good deal of talk about royal

dukes and unequal marriages that night. I believe Miss Phillis did dance with Prince William; and I have often heard that she bore away the bell at the ball, and that no one came near her for beauty and pretty merry ways. In a day or two afterwards I saw her scampering through the village, looking just as she did before she had danced with a royal duke. We all thought she would marry some one great, and used to look out for the lord who was to take her away. But poor Madam died, and there was no one but Miss Phillis to comfort her brother, for the young Squire was gone away to some great school down south; and Miss Phillis grew grave, and reined in her pony to keep by the Squire's side, when he rode out on his steady old mare in his lazy careless way.

We did not hear so much of the doings at the hall now Mrs. Dawson was dead; so I cannot tell how it was; but by and by there was a talk of bills that were once paid weekly, being now allowed to run to quarter day; and then, instead of being settled every quarter day, they were put off to Christmas: and many said they had hard enough work to get their money then. A buzz went through the village that the young squire played high at college, and that he made away with more money than his father could afford. But when he came down to Morton, he was as handsome as ever: and I, for one, never believed evil of him; though I'll allow others might cheat him, and he never suspect it. His aunt was as fond of him as ever, and he of her. Many is the time I have seen them out walking together, sometimes sad enough, sometimes merry as ever. By and by, my father heard of sales of small pieces of land, not included in the entail; and at last, things got so bad, that the very crops were sold yet green upon the ground, for any price folks would give, so that there was but ready money paid. The Squire at length gave way entirely, and never left the house; and the young master in London; and poor Miss Phillis used to go about trying to see after the workmen and labourers, and save what she could. By this time she would be above thirty; Ethelinda and I were nineteen and twenty-one when my mother died, and that was some years before this. Well, at last the squire died; they do say of a broken heart at his son's extravagance; and, though the lawyers kept it very close, it began to be rumored that Miss Phillis's fortune had gone too. Any way the creditors came down on the estate like wolves. It was entailed and it could not be sold; but they put it into the hands of a lawyer who was to get what he could out of it, and have no pity for the poor young Squire who had not a roof for his head. Miss Phillis went to live by herself in a little cottage in the village, at the end of the property, which the lawyer allowed her to have because he

could not let it to any one, it was so tumble-down and old. We never knew what she lived on, poor lady, but she said she was well in health, which was all we durst ask about. She came to see my father just before he died, and he seemed made bold with the feeling that he was a dying man; so he asked, what I had longed to know for many a year, where was the young squire? He had never been seen in Morton since his father's funeral. Miss Phillis said he was gone abroad; but in what part he was then, she herself hardly knew; only she had a feeling that, sooner or later, he would come back to the old place; where she should strive to keep a home for him whenever he was tired of wandering about, and trying to make his fortune.

"Trying to make his fortune still?" asked my father, his questioning eyes saying more than words. Miss Phillis shook her head with a sad meaning in her face; and we understood it all. He was at some French gaming-table, if he was not at an English one.

Miss Phillis was right. It might be a year after my father's death when he came back, looking old and grey and worn. He came to our door just after we had barred it one winter's evening. Ethelinda and I still lived at the farm, trying to keep it up and make it pay; but it was hard work. We heard a step coming up the straight pebble walk; and then it stopped right at our door, under the very porch, and we heard a man's breathing, quick and short.

"Shall I open the door?" said I.

"No, wait?" said Ethelinda; for we lived alone, and there was no cottage near us. We held our breaths. There came a knock.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Where does Miss Morton live—Miss Phillis?"

We were not sure if we would answer him; for she, like us, lived alone.

"Who's there?" again said I.

"Your master," he answered, proud and angry. "My name is John Morton. Where does Miss Phillis live?"

We had the door unbarred in a trice, and begged him to come in; to pardon our rudeness. We would have given him of our best as was his due from us; but he only listened to the direction we gave him to his aunt's, and took no notice of our apologies.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

The man who works too much must lose too little.

The intention of a sin betrays itself by a suspicious caution.

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

THE DEATH-ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY WILLIAM BYDNE.

Just at the shut of eve an angel pass'd,
On pinions borne: his brow a sadness wore;
And as he went, a gloomy shade was cast
On things that seem'd so fair and bright before;
And e'en the flowers were blighted by his breath!
That angel's name was Death!

With half-closed violet-eye and golden hair,
Lay on its mother's breast a cherub child—
That had young parent's hope. The angel
There alighted, and the infant sweetly smiled;
Death pluck'd the lovely flower, and bore his prize
To bloom in Paradise!

At early dawn, again that angel came
To where upon a couch, all still, was laid
(Like a pale lily wither'd by the flame
Of noontide's sun) a sweet and gentle maid!
The deep-drawn sigh, the flush, the nervous start,
All told a broken heart!

To those that did in sorrow round her weep,
In dulcet tones that beauteous maiden said,
"O! do not mourn because I go to sleep,
Nor grieve for me when in the tomb I'm laid;"
Then for her base deceiver breathed a prayer,
And wing'd with Death the air!

Again 'twas night, and all things holy seem'd—
Silent and solemn, yet with naught of gloom;
The soft, pale moonbeams through the vine-leaves
stream'd,
Filling with silver light a little room:—
A hoary man lay on a sick-bed there,
And one knelt by, in prayer!

The cares of many a long and weary year
Had bow'd his form; yet now his aged eye
With pleasure beam'd. He knew Death hover'd
near;
And all his friends had died in days gone by,
Leaving him lonely in this world of wo,
And he too long'd to go!

Death at the casement tapp'd and call'd his name;
With joy the spirit left the worn-out clay!
And through the lattice then the soft breeze came,
Laden with scent of flowers and new-mown hay,
Fanning the few grey locks that floated now
Upon his lifeless brow!

CHIPS.

CHINESE PLAYERS.

In the Chinese quarter of George Town, Prince of Wales Island, there is of course a Pagoda. It is a spacious building, with several courts and terraces containing grotesque idols. Two granite lions, shaped fantastically, guard the entrance. Now the Chinese—in Prince of Wales Island, at any rate—do not allow their idols to be selfish; they borrow the use of their temples from them for mundane purposes of pleasure, and they themselves eat at least half the good things they place upon the tables of the gods. I first en-

tered the George Town Pagoda during the Chinese holidays. In front of it a theatre had been erected under the open sky. Its entertainment had been offered gratuitously—in the promenade form—to the public, who were invited also to purchase refreshments from stalls in the temples; which stalls were, in fact, the altars of the gods.

I did not hear or see the beginning or end of the play. The middle, I must own, puzzled me exceedingly. The affair was complicated. There were some spectators who had paid for a few special privileges, one of which was a right, if they could secure it, to establish a seat on the stage; but the stage was very small, and the number of actors was very great, and the spectators on the stage had a good deal of by-play with each other, so that it was really hard to tell what belonged to the piece, and what did not. Then, though the story required us to suppose many changes of place, the scene, whether it represented palace, forest, camp, or dungeon, was always one and the same saloon, with a door at each side and a throne in the middle, flanked by musical instruments. The play was, nevertheless, gorgeously got up, according to Chinese fashion; that is to say, no expense had been spared in the dressing of the actors. Chinese managers pay lavishly when they desire to set up a piece so as to produce a great sensation; they pay their money, however, not to scene-painters, but to the tailors. The story of the play about which I am speaking seemed to concern a Chinese boy, magnificently costumed as a princess; boys, as formerly in Europe, representing always female characters. This princess pined in prison, but was about to be delivered by a knight who sang a song—heart-rending, I dare say, ear-rending I know—and was on the point of success when the vigilant keeper of the tower moved the princess down into a dungeon, deeper and darker than ever, with two side doors and a throne in the middle, upon which throne tea-cups were placed; and the princess, the jailor, the knight, a brave army of twelve, and eighteen people who were sitting on the stage, drunk tea together in a most confusing manner. The great body of spectators looked at the whole performance very reverently. The Chinese respect the dignity of the stage much more than that of the altar, I should think; there were no loud plaudits or hand clappings—only subdued moans and sighs expressed the admiration and the interest of the whole animated multitude.

The Chinese drama is sustained by actors who are very perfect masters of pantomime, and by pieces written with considerable care. The comedies differ from the tragedies chiefly in being more interspersed with music, and in treating of everyday life; the tragedies treat commonly of events that took place under the dynasties before the Tartars.

There is another kind of play delightful to the Chinaman; he greatly enjoys games of chance. The Chinese ragamuffin to whom a piece is thrown, runs off to hazard it at double or quits with a play-fellow; nobles and princes stake estates and lands; and the people often justify their passion by describing the gratification of it as a religious duty. The British Government, in eighteen hundred

and ten, closed all the public gambling houses in George Town, and enacted penalties against the gamblers. In the first eight years after the enactment came into force, as many as one thousand four hundred Chinese were indicted for gambling, some of whom were convicted even for the ninth time. In the main, however, Chinese cunning has been more than a match for the police, the cunning being aided by all the machinery that can be brought into its service by the secret associations called the Congis. The Congis employ a class of Chinamen whose character is so bad that their interests run altogether counter to good government. They are at the bottom of a great deal of dishonesty, and excite also many a disturbance, especially on the occasion of the Loya festival—a period of Saturnalia during which the Loyal, at all other seasons contemned outcasts, are feasted and venerated as though they were prophets. It happens, therefore, through the aid of these secret associations, that very few gamblers are convicted in Penang, though George Town is full of "hells," and so is Singapore.

I went to one of them. I was led out of the street into a long dark passage, and then suddenly pushed through a door into a large dirty room well lighted by lanterns. It had no windows, and no other outlet except by a slight of stairs that led up to I know not what. A great number of Chinese were at play round a roulette table. I was told that in their game cheating was impossible, and therefore wondered very much that almost every body lost except the banker. I followed out of the room a Chinese hand-labourer, who had lost all but a small fragment of his weeks wages. He went to the opium inn.

There, behind mosquito-curtains, a few Chinamen lay stretched upon a hard couch, with their heads resting on pillows made of plaited cane. A lamp burned on a table near them, and there lay near it a few paper kindlers, and a small jar of opium (in the shape of a juice thicker than molasses,) and an opium pipe. Every now and then one of the dozers raised himself on one arm drowsily, smeared a little juice over the hollow of his pipe, set light to it, and inhaled a mouthful or two of the smoke, then handed the pipe to his neighbor as he sank back into blissful stupefaction. The dull eyes of these men stared, empty of thought, from pale and sunken faces. One of them was poring over a blank sheet of paper, as though he were reading from it interesting matter. A dirty Malay girl sat between two others, smoking a cigar, and occasionally putting aside the tobacco for a whiff of opium when one of her fishy-eyed admirers offered her the pipe. A handsome fresh-colored young fellow in the corner sat in a state of amazed intoxication. It was the first of his visits to the place perhaps; and, unhappily, it would not be the last.

It is one of the singular facts of the present state of society, that the qualities which in theory we hold to be most lovely and desirable, are precisely those which in practice we treat with the greatest contumely and disdain.

Envy is a mean man's homage.

IN THE DARDANELLES.

Our man-of-war, the *Modeste*, entered the Dardanelles surrounded by a fleet of merchant vessels. When the breeze over the high-land caught our sails we ran ahead; when a deep current rushing round some headland caught our hull we fell astern; and we were enjoying the excitement of a grand regatta, when, at the narrowest part of the strait between the inner castles of Europe and Asia, a heavy shot from the fort came right across our bows. The captain was below at the moment, and just as he got on deck and was giving orders to shorten sail, another shot fell astern and ricocheted close alongside, sending showers of spray over the gangway. We could see a crowd of officers at a house in the fort, and others were at the same time busy laying other guns. There was no misinterpreting the hint. We accordingly bore up, and in the midst of a heavy squall of wind and rain anchored off the consular offices at the town of the Dardanelles.

Our consul soon coming on board, from him we learnt that all men-of-war must have a firman, or permission to pass, from Constantinople before they are suffered to ascend the Dardanelles. We knew nothing of this regulation, since by some chance no notice had been taken of it in the general orders to the squadron. It was clear that the Pacha in command of the fort had exceeded his instructions, as the rules are that in a case like ours two blank cartridges shall be first fired, and then followed up by shot if necessary. The captain accordingly went ashore to demand an explanation. His apology was the truth, that he thought we wished to pass him in defiance of the regulations, and had an idea that we looked as if blank cartridge would not stop us. We were obliged to wait until a letter could be written to and answered from Constantinople. It was Tuesday, no steamer would go up before Thursday, and no answer be had before Saturday. Accordingly we had five days before us, and as our stroll about the town quite satisfied our curiosity, I agreed with a friend to trot over the classic ground of Troy. The brother of our consul was an old acquaintance and a local merchant; he volunteered to go with us, taking his servant, a young Jew, to look after our horses. On Wednesday afternoon, therefore, we hired a caïque to take us to the village at the entrance of the Dardanelles. There we proposed to sleep. We had a very pleasant run down with the current, and landed just outside the outer castle of Asia in a sandy bay. That was the bay in which the Greek galleys had been drawn up at the siege of Troy, if ever there was such a siege. If never, there was one Homer made it real, and I believe in it as steadily as in the death of Nelson. Close by our landing-place was a pyramidal mound

of stones called the Tomb of Achilles, and there was another some two hundred yards inland, in which lie, or ought to lie, the bones of Patroclus. As usual in such cases, there is a dispute as to which tomb is which, or whether the two friends were not both buried in a single heap. We were not disposed to vex ourselves with doubt; and as we stood on the summit of the chief mound with the Hellespont at our feet, we thought of Hector's challenge to the Greeks, and his promise that if he conquered the body of the vanquished should be sent to their navy:—

“Green on the shore shall rise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Washed by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say: A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war;
The stone shall tell the vanquished hero's fame,
And distant ages learn the victor's name.”

There rose up in our minds also other associations, and we endeavoured vainly to seize, while on the spot, the mysterious link by which those plains are connected with the Troy weight known to us in boyhood. The sun was setting behind Imbros and Samothrace, and throwing its last beams over the plains of Troy; while in the distance Mount Athos stood out sharply as a pyramid in the western horizon. We saw with a proper amount of feeling Tenedos laved by the surges, and rocky Imbros break the rolling wave. Between the two islands are ragged islets, any one of which may have contained the cave at which Neptune put up his chariot when on his way to save the ships of the Greeks from their assailants. I recollected a severe caning, that I had received when young, which had immediate connection with that very incident. Jackals have grubbed for themselves holes in the tomb of Achilles, and nest there, just as commentators make their nests now in the works of Homer; our Jewish companion proposed that we should smoke one out. Plenty of dry furze about the place gave a practicable look to his suggestion; but as we did not see wherein the fun of the proceeding would consist, we wandered on along the shores and thought about the venerable Chryses, the bright Chryseis, and other people of that set. Here, we thought, where the peasant now sleeps in his mud hut on a bed of rushes were the tents of the Grecian host. The smoke of the fire yonder which cooks somebody's meal let us call fumes from the altars of Phœbus piled with hecatombs of bulls and goats; or let us imagine that it rises from the decks of burning galleys. We undertook to suppose that the hills were covered with the “lofty towers of wide extended Troy.” We supposed ourselves to be favoured by the jackals and the owls with echoes—or traditions preserved on the spot—of ancient battle cries. The evening breeze we proposed to consider heavy with the souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain. In the blue

mist rising from the Hellespont, we determined to see Thetis rising from her crystal throne, and all her Nereids getting out of their pearly beds to follow the unhappy mother up the Trojan strand. Not until we had paid our debt to sentiment did we allow ourselves to think of supper.

A walk of a few minutes past a multitude of windmills brought us to a village of mud-huts at the top of the hill, built upon the site of the ancient Sigœum. We made at once for the house of a Greek known to our friend Calvert, and sent down to the boat for our luggage. Each of us had taken a large blanket, a change of linen, and the necessaries of the toilet; for all else we looked to fate. The Greek gave us no reason to regret our trustfulness. His house was one of the largest in the village, built with walls of mud dried in the sun, having outside stairs also of mud, and an interior divided into two stories by a wooden floor. The house roof was of tiles. There was a large court-yard surrounded by a mud wall, the resort of oxen, goats, and geese, and fowls. There were also some out-houses filled with chaff, of which the flat roofs formed a terrace. Upon that we took up our quarters, very much preferring open air on a fine starlight night in August, to close air and fleas. There was a good supply of large fresh rushes, which, when spread out, formed the best of beds, or a chair or a couch, when heaped together. On some fish just caught and fried, some boiled eggs, and a most delicious melon, we supped like Trojans before we retired to our respective blankets, using stars for night candles.

The clarions of innumerable Trojan cocks awoke us before daylight, and we prepared betimes for our day's march. The horses hired the night before had, however, to be shod, breakfast had to be eaten, and our blankets packed upon an extra horse that was to be ridden by a guide. We were not fairly off till six o'clock. The plains of Troy were then before us, and our first object was to ride across them to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. Round about the village, there were fields in stubble of barley and maize, there were others covered with dwarf vines, then bearing ripe fruit; and in other places melons or pumpkins straggled over the parched ground.

As we passed on the signs of cultivation disappeared, and we rode over what is evidently marsh in winter, but in summer dry and fissured mud. Here and there a pool of stagnant water still supported a small colony of snipe and wild duck, and twice on our ride we passed a corn-growing tract. In such places, the old Homeric threshing-floor was to be seen in full activity. We rode at a slow pace, and according to the custom here, in a line, the guide first: the rest following at a break neck pace of about three miles an hour.

It was past eleven before we had cleared the shore of Besika Bay, and crossed some rising ground which brought us down upon the harbor of Alexandria Troas. There our horses found the refreshment of a fountain, we the refreshment of a melon. So revived, we continued our ride over some hilly ground covered by the vallonias oak to the principal remains of the city. These are on the summit of a hill which commands a very fine view of the islands of Tenedos and Imbros, the bay and the surrounding hilly country. There are numerous foundations of houses formed of a hard limestone, frequent traces of the city walls, a few sarcophagi, the towers of a gateway, and a singular structure called the Palace of Priam.

We enjoyed a couple of hours' rest and a light luncheon among those Roman ruins, fanned by a cool fresh breeze, and shaded by the oak trees which have sprung up on all sides. At about four o'clock we started again, in the same order as before, over the hills to see a granite quarry in which were some large columns ready cut. Our track was over hills covered with vallonias, and we passed not a house or a living thing for some miles, except one party of shepherds with their dogs and flock. A ride of about two hours brought us to a ridge of granite. At the very top of the ridge, on one side of the hill, is an old quarry, and there were the seven columns as they were finished when the town was alive, all ready for removal. We measured them with our walking sticks and did what else was necessary, then went on.

About half a mile from this quarry is the village of Kotsiola Bashy, most picturesquely situated on a slope near the summit of one of those granite-capped hills. Its white minaret forms a beautiful object in contrast with the heavy background of the granite rocks. Here we were lucky enough to meet with a Jew broker in the service of our friend, who was on his annual tour about the country, purchasing vallonias for exportation to England. He procured us quarters in a garden close to the mosque, and we spread out our blankets upon mats beside a fountain and beneath a rich covering of grapes trained over trellis work. No meat could be procured, but our host promised us a turkish dinner, and served it to us in the garden quickly. The new moon appeared above the hills, the stars shone out, a delightful breeze played with the vine leaves, and the trickling fountain soothed us by its murmur. With such lights and music, we sat down before a low stool, on which a circular tin tray formed a table-cloth. The feast was then served to us by turbaned genii. First came a pillow of rice; then a thick soup made of the jelly of rice, with milk and minced eggs, the whole flavored with vegetables; next, a stick of stewed bagnioles; then eggs fried in butter; and lastly, a sort

of pancake, eaten dipped in honey; a dessert of melon and grapes wound up the entertainment. We slept where we had dined.

On taking a stroll, soon after daylight, round the village, we saw a herd of upwards of forty camels which had been brought thither to convey vallonias to the shore. This is the chief produce of the country, the cup of the acorn being the only part of this oak sent to Europe; the acorn itself is used by the people of the place as food for cattle. The cup is packed in woollen bags and sent to Mr. Calvert's chief warehouse for exportation. A large tree in a good season will produce as much vallonias as is worth three pounds, on the spot; but, taking tree for tree, perhaps the annual average is not above a dollar. However, very little care seems ever to be bestowed upon the trees. They do not belong to government, but to a number of small peasant proprietors. The walk and breakfast over, we were off again by six o'clock for the village of Bournabashy, which is near the site of Old Troy and the sources of the Scamander, odious to schoolboys.

In about three hours and a half we arrived at the low land where this river rises. In the space of about an acre there are forty points at which the water gushes, cool and clear, from fissures in the limestone rock. The small streams trickle about till they unite and form a tolerable brook surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Numbers of tortoises and many large fish were to be seen swimming about in the muddy brook; water-cresses grow upon its surface, and a large vegetable garden, surrounded by a blackberry hedge, fills the valley formed by the divisions of the stream. I found Scamander water-cresses very good. The village of Bournabashy is just above this river source, upon a hill which we passed on our way to the heights of the original Old Troy.

The first thing to be seen on the top of these heights is a pyramid of loose stones called the Tomb of Hector. The situation is magnificent. It is on one side of a deep ravine, through which the Simois winds in its course from Mount Ida to join the Scamander in the Trojan plains. The plains are to be soon extending to the Hellespont; while, in the opposite direction, mountain ridges fill up all the scene. About fifteen square stones, laid together without mortar, are the sole remains, or supposed remains, of the walls of Troy. We sat on them and talked moralities. A little further on, the sides of the ravine become precipitous, and at one spot almost perpendicular. Down that abyss, tradition says, the Trojans threw the wooden horse. Nothing more was to be seen, and we departed. The descent is steep beneath the tomb of Hector, and we led our horses down to cross the river at a ford about a mile below. Then we made for a farm, called Chiflik, or

the Marsh farm, which is occupied by Mr. Calvert. Near this farm is a tumulus which popular tradition holds to be the burial-place of the Greeks killed at the siege of Troy. Mr. Calvert had it opened lately, and did really find in it a thick stratum of burnt bones, but nothing else of interest. He was not scholar enough to know whether the bones were Greek. The farm buildings at this place are extensive, and it is probable that the plain will yield rich harvests of corn. In winter the shooting both of woodcock, snipe, water-fowl, and hares is excellent. After a couple of hour's rest, and a luncheon of melon, cheese and barley-bread, the sole provision of the farm people, we rode on to the village of Ranqui, where Mr. Calvert has a country-house and a large storehouse for vallonias. We arrived at sunset, having been eight hours on horseback—much riding for sailors. On our way, in a narrow path, we had met another party. First came a horse laden with two large travelling trunks, then another carrying a guide armed to the teeth; then the traveller, an Englishman, with a straw-hat and umbrella; lastly, his travelling servant; and though in passing we even had to touch each other in the midst of a wild, desolate country, not a word, or smile, or bow was exchanged between the children of Britannia. We behaved at Troy as well as we should have behaved in Piccadilly.

Mr. Calvert's house at Ranqui is situated on a hill that overlooks the Dardanelles from the entrance up to the inner castles. The vallonias warehouse there established is a large building, used not only as a storehouse, but as a sort of factory, for there they separate the acorn from the cup; a process which provides employment for some fifty women and children. About three thousand tons are shipped annually from this warehouse. The price per ton varies between twelve and seventeen pounds, and the freight to England costs about two pounds per ton. It is principally shipped to Liverpool by schooner, and small brigs, carrying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. Thus our tanners find bread for the Trojans of to-day. From Ranqui no very long ride brought us, the next morning, back to the village of the Dardanelles. We were well pleased with our excursion. We had thought about the past and seen the present; the deeds of Achilles, and the trade in acorn-cups.

We seldom wish for what we are convinced is quite unattainable; it is just when there is a possibility of success that wishes are really excited.

How many an enamoured pair have courted in poetry and lived in prose!

Hurry and cunning are always running after despatch and wisdom, but have never yet been able to overtake them.

THE COUGAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

THE only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus *Felis*, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their patois, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their colour as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear; but they are no longer visible on the full grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red colour, almost over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This colour is not exactly the tawny of the lion; it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-colour.

The cougar is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *tourneur* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his colour alone entitles him to such an honour. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus, he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilization betakes himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighbourhood into an excitement similar to that

which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not only by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard cracking along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies 'squatting' along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favourite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects such a position in the neighbourhood of some watering-place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his vigil will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope, or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that covers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pouncing down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries its claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breasts the dense cane-brake, in hopes of brushing off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely clasping its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce destroyer squats himself along the body, and finishes his repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repletion he will kill. With him destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a very small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with ill success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature which may make an attack upon a seemingly unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that

can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal; some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well attested instances in which men have been attacked and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of two hundred years' hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures—bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators—are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar attack man, and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of those fierce animals.

In the United States the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds, because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a tree, and, halting in one of its forks, he humps his back, bristles his hair, looks downward with gleaming eyes, and utters a sound somewhat like the purring of a cat, though far louder. The crack of the hunters rifle usually puts an end to these demonstrations, and the cougar drops to the ground either dead or wounded. If only the latter, a desperate fight ensues between him and the dogs, with several of whom he usually leaves a mark that distinguishes them for the rest of their lives.

The scream of the cougar is a common phrase. It is not very certain that the creature is addicted to screaming although noises of this kind heard in the nocturnal forest have been attributed to him. Hunters, however, have certainly never heard him, and they believe that the scream talked about proceeds from one of the numerous species of owls that inhabit the deep forests of America. At short intervals, the cougar does make himself heard

in a note which somewhat resembles a deep-drawn sigh, or as if one were to utter with an extremely guttural expression the syllables: 'Co-oa,' or even 'Cougar.' Is it from this that he derives his trivial name?

Some years ago, while residing in Louisiana, I was told a squatter's story, which I have reason to believe to be true in every particular. I had it from the squatter himself, and that is my reason for endorsing its truth, as I knew the narrator, rude creature though he was, to be a man of undoubted veracity. As an incident of hunter-life, the story may possess some interest for the general reader; but to the naturalist it will be equally interesting, as illustrating a curious trait in the character of the cougar, as well as other preying animals, when under the influence of fear—the fear of some common danger. These lose at all times their ferocity, and will not molest even those animals upon which they are accustomed to prey. I have observed this forbearance oftentimes myself, but the story of the squatter will fully illustrate it. I shall give it in the language that fell from his own lips as nearly as I can remember it:—

'Wal, strenger, we hev floods hyur in Loozyanny, sich as, I guess, you've never seed the like o' in England. England ain't big enough to hev sich floods. One o' 'em ud kiver yur whole country, I hev heern said. I won't say that ar's true, as I ain't acquainted with yur jography. I know, howsomdever, they're mighty big freshets hyur, as I sailed a skift more'n a hundred mile across one 'o 'em, whar thar wan't nothin' to be seen but cypress tops peepin' out o' the water. The floods, as ye know, come every year, but them ar big ones only onst in a while. Wal, about ten years ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty mile or thereabout below Nacketosh, whar I built me a shanty. I hed left my wife an' two young critters in Mississippi state, intendin' to go back for 'em in the spring; so, ye see, I war all alone by myself, exceptin' my ole mare, a Collins's axe, an' of course my rifle.

'I hed finished the shanty all but the chink-in' an' the buildin' o' a chimney, when what shed come on but one o' 'em tarnation floods. It war at night when it began to make its appearance. I war asleep on the floor o' the shanty, an' the first warnin' I hed o' it war the feel o' the water soakin' through my ole blanket. I had ben a-dreamin', an' thort it war rainin', and then agin I thort that I war bein' drowned in the Mississippi; but I wan't many seconds awoke, till I guessed what it war in reality; so I jumped to my feet like a started buck, an' groped my way to the door. A sight that war when I got thar. I hed clurred a piece o' ground around the shanty—a kuppel o' acres or better—I hed left the stumps a good three feet high; thar wan't a stump to be seen. My

clearin', stumps an' all, war under water; an' I could see it shinin' among the trees all round the shanty. Of coorse, my fust thoughts war about my rifle; an' I turned back into the shanty, an' laid my claws upon that quick enough. I next went in search o' my ole mar. *She* wan't hard to find; for if ever a critter made a noise, she did. She war tied to a tree close by the shanty, an' the way she war a squalin' war a caution to cats. I found her up to the belly in water, pitchin' an' flounderin' all round the tree. She hed nothin' on but the rope that she war hitched by. Both saddle an' bridle hed been washed away; so I made the rope into a sort o' halter, an' mounted her barebacked. Jest then I began to think whar I war a-goin'. The hul country appeared under water; an' the nearest neighbor I hed lived across the parairy ten miles off. I knew that his shanty sot on high ground, but how war I to get thar? It war night; I mout lose my way, and ride chuck into the river. When I thort o' this, I concluded it mout be better to stay by my own shanty till mornin'. I could hitch the mar inside to keep her from bein' floated away; an' for meself, I could climb on the roof. Howsomdever, while I war thinkin' on this, I noticed that the water war a-deepenin', an' it jest kim into my head, that it ud soon be deep enough to drown my ole mare. For meself I warn't frightened. I mout a clomb a tree, an' stayed thar till the flood fell; but I shed a lost the mar, an' that critter war too vallyable to think o' sich a sacryfize; so I made up my mind to chance crossin' the parairy. Thar warn't no time to be wasted—ne'er a minnit; so I gin the mar a kick o' two in the ribs, an' started.

'I found the path out to the edge of the parairy easy enough. I hed blazed it when I fust come to the place; an', as the night war not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed atween the trees. My mar knew the track as well as meself, an' swaltered through at a sharp rate, for she knew too thar wan't no time to be wasted. In five minnits we kim out on the edge o' the parairy, an' jest as I expected the hul thing war kivered with water, an' lookin' like a big pond. I could see it shinin' clur across to the other side o' the openin'. As luck ud hev it, I could jest git a glimps o' the trees on the fur side o' the parairy. Thar war a big clump o' cypress, that I could see plain enough; so I knew this war clost to my neighbor's shanty; so I gin my critter the switch, an' struck right for it. As I left the timmer, the mar war up to her hips. Of coorse, I expected a good grist o' heavy wadin'; but I hed no idee that the water war a-gwine to git much higher: thar's whar I made my mistake. I hedn't got more'n a kuppel o' miles out, when I diskivered that the thing war a-risin' rapidly, for I seed the mar war

a-gettin' deeper an' deeper. Twan't no use turnin' back now. I ud lose the mar to a dead certainty, if I didn't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on. The poor beast didn't need any whippin'—she knew as well as I did meself thar war danger, an' she war a doin' her darndest, an no mistake. Still the water riz, and kep a-risin', until it come clur up to her shoulders. I begun to get skeart in airnest. We warn't more'n half across, an' I seed if it riz much more we ud hev to swim for it. I wan't far astray about that. The minit arter it seemed to deepen suddintly, as if thar war a hollow in the parairy: I heard the mar give a loud gouf, an' then go down, till I war up to the waist. She riz agin the next minnit, but I could tell from the smooth ridin' that she war off the bottom. She war swimmin', en' no mistake.

'At fust I thort o' headin' her back to the shanty; an' I drew her round with that intent; but turn her which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom. I guess, stranger, I war in a quandairy about then. I 'gun to think that both my own an' my mar's time war come in airnest, for I hed no idee that the critter could iver swim to the other side, 'specially with me on her back, an' particklarly as at that time these hyer ribs had a sight more griskin upon 'em than they hev now. I wan't much under two hundred at the time, an' that ar no light weight I reckon. Wall I war about reckonin' up. I hed got to thinkin' o' Mary an' the childer, and the old shanty in the Massissipi, an' a heap o' things that I had left unsettled, an' that now come into my head to trouble me. The mar war still plungin' ahead; but I seed she war sinkin' deeper an' deeper, an' fast loosin' her strength, an I knew she couldn't hold out much longer. I thort at this time that if I got off o' her back, an' tuk hold o' the tail, she mout manage a leetle better. So I shipped backwards over her hips, an' gruppel the long hair. It did do some good, for she swum higher; but we got mighty slow through the water, an' I had but leetle hopes we should reach land.

'I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a leetle ahead. It hed growed considerably darker; but thar war still light enough to show me that the thing war a log. An idee now entered my brain-pan, that I mout save meself by takin' to the log. The mar ud then have a better chance for herself; an' maybe when eased o' draggin' my carcass, that war a-keepin' her back, she mout make footin' somewhar. So I waited till she got a little closter; an' then, lettin' go o' her tail, I clasped the log, an' crawled on to it. The mar swum on appeerintly 'thout missin' me. I seed her disappear through the darkness; but I didn't as much as say good-by to her, for I

war afeard that my voice might bring her back agin, an' she mought strike the log with her hoofs, an' whammel it about. So I lay quiet, an' let her hev her own way.

'I wan't long on the log till I seed it war a-driftn', for thar war a current in the water that set to'ble sharp across the parairy. I had crawled up at one end, an' got stridelegs; but as the log dipped considerable, I war still over the hams in the water. I thort I mout be more comfortable towards the middle, an' war about to pull the thing more under me, when all at once I seed thar war somethin' clumped up on t'other end o' the log. 'Twan't very clur at the time, for it had been a-growin' cloudier ever since I left the shanty, but 'twar clur enough to shew me that the thing war a varmint: what sort, I couldn't tell. It mout be a bar, an' it mout not; but I had my suspects it war eyther a bar or a painter. I wan't left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kep making circles as it drifted, an' when the varmint kim round into a different light, I caught a glimps o' its eyes. I knew them eyes to be no bar's eyes: they war painter's eyes, an' no mistake. I reckon, strenger, I felt very queery jest about then. I didn't try to go any nearer the middle o' the log; but instead o' that, I wriggled back until I war right plum on the end of it, an' could git no further. Thar I sot for a good long spell 'ithout movin' hand or foot. I darn't make a motion, as I war afeard it mout tempt the varmint to attack me. I hed no weepun but my knife; I had let go o' my rifle when I slid from my mar's back, an' it had gone to the bottom long since. I wan't in any condition to stand a tussle with the painter nohow; so I war determined to let him alone as long's he ud me.

'Wal, we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, 'ithout eyther o' us stirrin.' We sot face to face; an' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort o' up an'-down motion, an' then the painter an' I kept bowin' to each other like a pair o' bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the varmint's eyes war fixed upon mine, an' I never tuk mine from his'n; I know'd 'twar the only way to keep him still.

'I war jest prospectin' what ud be the endin' o' the business, when I seed we war a-gettin' closter to the timmer: 'twan't more than two miles off, but 'twar all under water 'ceptin' the tops o' the trees. I war thinkin' that when the log shed float in among the branches, I mont slip off, an' git my claws upon a tree, 'ithout sayin' anythin' to my travellin' companion. Jest at that minnit somethin' appeared dead ahead o' the log. It war like a island, but what could hev brought a island thar? Then I recollects that I hed seed a piece o' high ground about that part o' the prairy—a sort o' mound that hed been made by Injuns, I s'pose. This, then,

that looked like a island, war the top o' that mound, sure enough. The log war a-driftn' in sich a way that I seed it must pass within twenty yards o' the mound. I determined then, as soon as we shed git alongside, to put out for it, an' leave the painter to continue his voyage 'ithout me.

'When I fust sighted the island I seed somethin' that I hed tuk for bushes. But thar wan't no bushes on the mound—that I knowd. Howsomdever, when we got a leetle closter, I diskivered that the bushes war beests. They war deer; for I spied a pair o' buck's horns atween me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be on opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or rayther I shed say, a *mar*, an' that mar no other than my ole critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an', as good-luck ud have it, hed swum in bee line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin as sick as if she hed been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalkated; an', with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the end an' lot go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heard a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water too! At fust, I thort he war arter me; and I drewed my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter didn't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'ithout molesting me; so we swam on side by side, an' not a word passed atween us. I didn't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rayther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Of coorse, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his siddent appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters on the island. I could see both deer an' mar dancing all over the groun', as if Old Nick himself had got among 'em. None o' 'em, howsomdever, thort o' takin to the water. They hed all hed enough o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then touchin' bott'm, I climbed up on the mound. I had hardly drawn my dripllin' carcass out o' the water, when I heern a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whigher o' my old mar; and jest at that minnit the critter kim runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidling round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter; an' the mar's back appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe, I reckon.

'I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better

every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water w'an't over half an acre in size, an' it war as clur o' timber as any other part o' the parairy, so I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, stronger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' varmints that war then an' thar caucused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sick a gatherin', an' I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, stranger—fust my ole mar an' meself, an' I wished both o' us anywhar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, yur old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kim a catamount: an' arter him a black bar, a'most as big as a buffalo. Then thar war a 'coon an' 'possum, an' a kuppel o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an' darn the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last w'an't the maist dangerous varmint on the groun' but it sartintly war the most disagreeable o' the hul lot, for it smelt as nothin' but a cussed polecat can smell.

'I've said, stronger, that I war mighty tuk by surprise when I first seed this curious clanjamfrey o' critters; but I kin tell you I war still more dumbfounded when I seed thar behaevyur to one another, knowin' thar different naturs as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the 'possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar and the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' it remembered me o' a bit o' Scriptor my ole mother hed often read from a boek called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'thout laying a claw upon the innocent critter. Wal, stranger, as I'm sayin', the hul party behaved in this very way. They all appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skeart about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I w'an't afeard o' the other—mout git over thar fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kept as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company' an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter showed any savage sign the hul o' the next day, nor the night that follered it.

'Stronger it ud tire you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one o' 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough meself, and ud a liked to have taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke, next

morning' arter, I seed that the flood war a-fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough I led my mar quietly into the water, and climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to my flanks, so I knew none o' the varmint could follow 'thout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim. I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three miles off, an' in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I didn't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, an' takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

'We found the game not exactly as I had left it. The fall o' the flood had given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the 'possum war clean gone—all but bits o' thar wool—an' one o' the does war better than half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' close up, we surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the fust shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next laid out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, an' then we took our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only v'ley'ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we didn't want the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-skinnin' the deer. Arter killin' the skunk, we mounted and left, of course loaded with our bar-meat an' venison I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down, I found it near the middle of the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

'I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Missisippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young uns.'

Thus ended the squatter's story.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A very few days ago, a poor little chimney-sweep, begrimed with soot and his teeth as white as dominoes, went into a gunsmith's shop, in the New Road, and asked the price of a dozen bullets, for duelling pistols. "Eightpence," replied the shopkeeper. "But what do you want with duelling bullets?" "Oh," rejoined the little black imp, "I only want a dozen or two just to practice with!" handing, as he spoke, a shilling to the shopkeeper, who gave him a dozen bullets. He was about to give him the fourpence in change, when *Buckley* said, "I do not like to be burdened with halfpence in my pocket; so give me U'other half dozen bullets!" This is positively a fact.—*Brighton Gazette*.

We love much more warmly while cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

The base metal of falsehood is so current because we find it much easier to alloy the truth than to refine ourselves.

THE NEW YEAR.

On, ever-flitting shade no tears can win ;
 Time! that still hold'st unmov'd, thy equal
 course,
 Thou ever busy traveller, unseer,
 Pursuing still, regardless of remorse,
 The track of agony ; and, sorrow bow'd,
 Loving the paths inclining to the dead !
 Ruler of all created things allowed,
 At whose command the great and good have
 fled,
 Pride of the forest, as the lowly flower ;
 And owning whose imperial control,
 Must universal nature brave her hour,
 And hasten to her last—her final goal !

Dread arbiter alike of weal or woe,
 Another era of thy race begun,
 Whispers how transitory all below,
 How swiftly days, months, years, their course
 have run ;
 And, ah ! how soon, the mortal barrier past,
 The soul must wing her passage o'er the flood,
 Jordan's chill wave ; and to her haven haste,
 Her final rest—the bosom of her God !

Oh, ever flitting Time ! propitious deign,
 Upon the New Year's birth, oh, deign to smile ;
 And be, to grace the dawning of its reign,
 Each blossom given can human care beguile ;
 Hope's fairy flowers to brighten o'er its path,
 While gentle airs, with soft far'ring breeze,
 Shall speed us onward, and, from tempest's wrath,
 Conduct in safety o'er " wide welt'ring " seas !

Oh, ever-flitting Time ! thy brows entwine
 Alone with myrtle, and the fragrant rose ;
 And hastening to yon far-off world divine,
 That better land of undisturbed repose !
 Oh, ever-flitting Time ! be thine to bid
 The new-born era speed on golden wing,
 And pain, and disappointment, far recede,
 Nor death his fatal knell, relentless, ring !

Oh, ever-flitting Time ! in pity grant,
 As summer fair, the circling hours may speed ;
 And for the yew, the glad some olive plant,
 And roses scatter where now flaunts the weed :
 Then, in ige of yon bright and starry sphere.
 This lower world a paradise shall bloom ;
 And thine, be thine, oh, highly gifted Year,
 To banish grief, and triumph o'er the tomb !

THE RUSSIAN BROTHERS.

TOWARDS the middle of the eighteenth century there lived in a small village of the Ukraine, two poor orphan children, who subsisted entirely on public charity. Their whole property consisted of a tambourine, which served to accompany their singing on holidays in the neighboring town of Kharkow. They were both handsome boys, but dissimilar in their appearance. Ivan, the eldest, wore his miserable rags with a certain air of dignity, and arranged his beautiful hair in long and graceful curls. The second, Plato, was a simple, rustic child who enjoyed the noisy comrades, as much as Ivan did an hour of proudly pensive

solitude. Both possessed rich and powerful voices, whose sound gained them a scanty subsistence.

One night as they lay down together on their straw bed in the corner of a farmer's stable, Ivan said suddenly—"Brother, people say that St. Petersburg is very large!"

"Brother," replied Plato gravely, "don't people also say that Paradise is very fine?"

"I will go to St. Petersburg, and see all the grandeur and glory of the court," murmured Ivan ; "may God and St. Nicholas assist me!"

Next morning, when Plato awoke, he found his brother's place empty. Greatly alarmed, he followed his track on the new-fallen snow for several miles, until, fatigued and dispirited, he returned to Kharkow weeping and alone.

Ivan, meanwhile, pushed on bravely, singing as he went, and regardless of fatigue and privation. At the end of six weeks he descried the white buildings of the capital. Hungry and faint, without a single kopeck in his pocket, he entered its stately streets, and during the ensuing five years, no one has traced a record of the vicissitudes which marked his lot. At the end of that period, we find him a handsome youth of one-and-twenty, singing as chorister in the chapel of the Empress Elizabeth. By degrees he rose to be the prime favourite of the Empress of all the Russias. He was installed in the palace as grand chamberlain, and it was ascertained that he belonged to the ancient house of Rasoumowski, in Podolia.

Two years passed on. Ivan increased in favor, until he enjoyed at St. Petersburg an almost unlimited power. He seemed to have completely forgotten his brother, who remained at Kharkow, as poor and ragged as ever. Plato, however, often thought of him, and longed to ascertain the fate of his dear Ivan. The fame of the rising favourite at length penetrated into the far Ukraine. The name of Prince Ivan Rasoumowski, struck the ear of the village singer, and the seemingly wild idea occurred that this Ivan might possibly be his lost brother. "I will go and see him!" he exclaimed. "Beware, my son," said an old man to whom he had confided his intentions. "Even if this prince should prove to be thy brother, thou art only going in search of captivity and death. Royal favourites have no relations." Plato, however, set out on his journey, and arrived at St. Petersburg as hungry and poor as his brother had done. He hastened to the palace, and tried to enter, proclaiming to the guards that he was the prince's brother. They, very naturally, thought him mad, and thrust him, with very scant ceremony, into the street. During three days he continued to hover around the palace, but without being able to intimate his presence to his brother. Faint and foodless on the third evening, he felt ready to sink from exhaustion. The night was calm and lovely. Russia seemed trying to emulate the sky of Italy, and soft odours gushed from the open windows of the palace. Presently some one stepped out on the balcony, and the poor wanderer, making a last effort, took his tambourine, and sang, in a plaintive tone, one of the airs which he and his brother were wont to sing long ago through the streets of Kharkow.

An exclamation came from the balcony, the window was quickly shut, and Plato, murmuring the words,—“My brother, my beloved Ivan!” sank on the ground.

Four men came out of the palace, seized the unhappy Plato, and despite his feeble resistance, carried him off, and placed him in a close travelling chariot. Four swift Livonian horses soon left St. Petersburg far behind them, and Plato, thoroughly overcome by hunger, fatigue, and sorrow, sank down in a state of insensibility.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a small, low room, lighted only from the roof, by a window of a foot square.

“Ah, brother!” he exclaimed, “imprisonment is easier to bear than thy forgetfulness!”

“Will your excellency choose to take some refreshment?” said an obsequious voice beside him.

Plato stared with astonishment at the speaker, who wore a splendid uniform, and whose name, as he afterwards learned, was Colonel Spranski.

“Perhaps,” continued the latter, “your excellency would wish to put on a more suitable costume. This costume”—

The colonel was interrupted by Plato, who, casting a proud glance over his own rags, exclaimed, his thin face crimson with indignation:

“Vassal, go tell thy master, Prince Rasoumowski, that Plato Alexiewitch, in a dungeon, is ashamed to call him brother!”

“A dungeon!” repeated the other with astonishment.

“A truce to insult!” cried Plato; “you have said your say—begone!”

Without another word, Spranski bowed respectfully and retired.

Left alone, Plato remained for some time plunged in a sorrowful reverie. He remarked with surprise that his cell moved visibly, and began to think that he was to be assassinated by an explosion. Four heidues entered, bearing a table covered with delicious food and wine. Bowing profoundly, one of them said—

“Colonel Spranski begs most respectfully to know if your excellency will permit him to wait on your repast.”

The dishes exhaled a delicious odour. Plato cast a longing look at the table.

“I suppose,” thought he, “they’re going to poison me—no matter, I’ll eat my dinner.”

He answered the heidue by an affirmative gesture, and immediately attacked the food with a marvellous appetite.

Meantime, Ivan Rasoumowski continued to do the honors of his ball at St. Petersburg with the most perfect self-possession. The Empress herself honored him with her presence; and it was while conversing with her on the balcony, that he recognised his brother’s voice. The favorite was not a depraved man. Like many others, he had been forgetful in prosperity, but the sight of his long absent brother touched his heart, and his first impulse was to run and clasp him in his arms. But then came the fear—terrible fear for a *parvenu!*—that Plato, rude, uneducated, and dressed in rags, would disgrace him amongst the courtiers. A thought struck him. Making some excuse to the Empress, he went out, and calling Colonel Spranski, said to him—

“You will find a man lying beneath the balcony; take him instantly to Narva, put him on board a vessel, and convey him to France.”

After giving some other directions, he added—

“This man is not quite right in his mind, but treat him with all possible respect, for he is my brother, Plato, Count Rasoumowski!”

The moving prison, therefore, was the cabin of the brig; and Plato himself soon became aware of his mistake. He was easily induced to put on the rich dress prepared for him, yet he could not help feeling disappointed at his brother’s conduct.

At length the vessel reached the coast of France. Spranski entered the cabin, and asked if his excellency would please to land.

“Where are we?” asked Plato.

“At Dunkirk.”

“Dunkirk—where is that?”

“His Excellency is pleased to be merry,” said the colonel with a respectful smile, “but of course it is my duty to reply—Dunkirk belongs to the king of France.”

“Farewell, then, my country!” cried Plato.

“Do with me what you will. I care not.”

When they landed, Spranski presented him with a letter, which with some difficulty he read:

“Brother—I thank thee for having sought me. Go to Paris; the Russian ambassador there will introduce thee at court. I trust we shall soon meet to part no more, and then I will explain to thee everything.”

IVAN.

Half wild with joy, Plato began to sing his wild songs of the Ukraine.

The colonel tried his best to calm him, and Plato, embracing him, said—“You are a capital fellow! Tell Ivan I am quite satisfied with him, and—lend me a few kopecks for my journey.”

Colonel Spranski escorted him to a carriage, and on parting, handed him a large sum in gold.

In Paris, Plato soon became noticed at court; his simplicity delighted the wits of the age. Voltaire named him *Candide*, and M. de la Harpe composed some dithyrambics in his praise. It was wonderful with what speed and facility he assumed the language and manners of a nobleman. Ivan confided his secret to Spranski, and at the end of a year the colonel came to Paris for the purpose of judging whether the *quondam* singer was as yet fitted to appear at the Muscovite court. His report was highly satisfactory, and poor Plato once more danced and sang for joy, when told that he might now return to his native country. The meeting of the two brothers was very touching. The Empress received Plato with marked distinction, and speedily conferred on him several decorations, together with the rank of field-marshal.

All these honors, however, did not alter the simple goodness of his character. He preserved in a box his peasant’s rags, and freely showed them to his visitors. Many traits of unaffected generosity are recorded of him.

Court sarcasms, of course, were not wanting at this sudden elevation. Elizabeth sent the newly-made field-marshal to Prussia on a diplomatic mission. Frederick II. a satirist by profession, and knowing the history of the Rasoumowski’s, affected during the first day to speak of nothing but music. He extolled the popular airs of the Ukraine, and begged that her Imperial

Majesty's ambassador would sing some of them. The Count bowed respectfully, and quietly declined. On the morrow, Frederick invited him to a grand review of his troops, and spoke to him of nothing but military manœuvres. Plato bowed to everything, but said as little as he had done on the preceding day.

"Well, M. le Comte," said Frederick, at last, "will you not give us your opinion?"

"I trust your Majesty will excuse me," replied Plato, "I have forgotten music, and I have not yet learned the art of war.

Ivan died without heirs male. Plato left five sons, of whom one, Gregory, was well known and esteemed in Russia, as a writer on natural history.

The eldest of the five, Andrea, enjoyed in a high degree the favor of Paul I. After the death of that king he settled in Vienna, and played an important part in the political drama of 1811, and the following years. Since the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, the glory of the house of Rasoumowski has gradually faded away.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART III. BOB WHYTE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

FROM this, as from the light shining through the crevices of the door and windows, I concluded there was an evening party of some sort, assembled.

In a minute, another, a very beautiful voice began to sing, accompanied by the horn only. The song proved to be "Kathleen O'More," and it was sung with much feeling. I could hear each syllable of the words and every note of the music. The same train of thoughts continued in my mind, and, as the strain went on, every other emotion faded, and gave place to overwhelming sorrow, till at the words—

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest,
For it seems to watch Kathleen—hops lightly o'er
Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'More!—

at these words, and the heart-touching pathos of the music, the chord within me gave way, a flood of tears gushed to my eyes, and I fell forward with my face upon my knees as I sat, and wept and sobbed most bitterly and loudly.

This must have continued for some time—how long I do not know. I was aroused by hearing voices around me, and, looking up, perceived the door open, and three or four well-dressed persons, with lights in their hands, regarding me with surprise, wondering probably to see a mus-

cular and not very refined-looking young man display so much emotion.

I got up, moved away, and shortly heard the shutting of the house-door ring through the solitude of the street; and once more sorrow and I were left alone together.

Slowly moving along, I emerged from the end of the street into a lonely road. It was one that had been made to shorten the way to a small country town, the old road to which came from a remoter corner of the city, and, after crossing the river by an ancient bridge of its own, some two miles off, joined this at a point above double that distance away. By the old way I might return, thus fetching a circuit.

The road I travelled was nearly straight. A high stone wall fenced each side, over which the trees behind sent their sombre branches, nearly meeting in the midst, so that its melancholy character accorded well with the mood I was in. There was not visible either moon or stars, yet a kind of vague impalpable luminousness was shed through the clouds, by which I could just indistinctly make out my way. Not one living thing did I see or hear from the time that house-door was closed. I was in perfect solitude, silence, and darkness, and frequently as I moved I stopped, and, leaning against the wall, gave scope to my gloomy emotions.

At length I came to the point where the roads joined, and turning into the other one, went slowly back towards the city. It must now have been some time after midnight; the same darkness visible continued, but from the trees being less frequent I could see about me much more clearly. But that was of little consequence, for I knew every step of the way, and could have walked it blindfold, for this had been the route of many a joyous ramble in the days of my boyhood and since. Presently I reached the bridge. It was very narrow and lofty, with arches of great height and span, for the river was liable at certain periods to floods which would have carried away any less elevated structure. Walking along, I passed at the highest point over the key-stone of the central arch, and, leaning over the parapet, looked down upon the black waters gliding sullenly along in depth and darkness many a fathom beneath me. I could dimly distinguish their flow, with an indistinct sparkle in the gloom now and then, while an indefinite increase of shadow, far away to either side, denoted the banks. I heard, too, the ripple of the current round the massive piers, with its echo up the hollow arch, so stilly was the windless night.

As I continued thus motionless leaning over

* Continued from page 580, vol. 3.

the ledge, at once the idea of suicide sprang living up before my mind, divested of its terrors, and wearing rather an inviting aspect.

There was a refuge and release from all my torture, flowing far below, ready to receive me into its bosom. I began deliberately and philosophically to consider the arguments for and against self-murder, especially those I could bring to bear upon my own case. They were numerous and conflicting. You will find them in Hamlet's soliloquy. But there was one which is not there—"Might not this act be the portal through which to find my way to *her* once more?"

This ended the debate; I was resolved; and, summoning all my fortitude, and murmuring a hurried prayer to Him to be with me in mercy, I raised my knee upon the parapet. My prayer was answered. Upon the instant I heard a step approaching, and this arrested me.

"I shall wait," thought I, "till he passes, and then—"

The step appeared to be upon the road, about fifty yards from the end of the bridge by which I had approached. It was a distinct, firm, steady tread, as of a heavy muscular man, coming up at an ordinary pace. With the exception of the rippling water underneath, there was no other sound, and I could hear plainly and count every pace. Nearer and nearer it came; presently it advanced upon the bridge. I declare to you I marked clearly the difference of sound as it left the macadamized roadway, and came upon the hard greenstone pavement.

It is some laborer, thought I, going to his happy home after his weary spell in the mine; and I fancied him for a moment with grimed face and clothes, and twinkling little lamp dangling in front of his cap, as I had often seen them.

But as the footstep came near, there was a change in the time and weight of the tramp. The walker seemed to have seen me, and to be regarding me with some interest and caution as he came on. I was still in the same position on the wall in which I had been arrested by the first sound. When it had approached to about the distance of twenty feet from me, I thought I would turn round and greet the passenger as he went by, to divert his suspicions from my intentions; but ere I had time to move a muscle, or even to will the action, the tread was suddenly and extremely increased in rapidity and weight, as if the being, whoever he was, had made a desperate rush up to my very side, to fling me headlong from the bridge.

I almost deemed I felt his touch upon my person, and on the moment sprang back into the

middle of the roadway, with a wild scream of frantic fear, and, while the cold sweat bathed my skin, and my body quivered with terror and amazement, raised my stick aloft to strike down in defence.

But there was *no one there*. No living thing was to be seen on either side along the bridge. There was light enough to see dimly but distinctly to each end, and I could mark every one of the stones raised to protect the parapet walls from wheels.

I was in a panic of alarm and anxiety. I looked around, into the air, over the walls, but I was perfectly alone.

"It must have been a delusion," said I; "it was the wind."

But there was no wind.

"It was the sound of the river."

But all the while I had heard the tread and the ripple of the water quite separate, and well marked.

"It was the skirt of my pea-jacket flapping against the wall."

But on trying to repeat it I could produce scarcely any sound at all, and that widely differing from the regular, decided tramp of the footstep.

Then I came with awe to the conclusion, that in my extremity I had in very truth been visited by HIM WHO WALKS UNSEEN.

There was a most complete revulsion in my feelings—the instinct of self-preservation had been roused into powerful action, and along with strong supernatural dread, had taken complete possession of my mind, to the quashing or extirpation of my former train of ideas. I had now no thought for my calamities, so great were my wonder, awe, and fear, and my gratitude that I had been so strangely preserved from mortal danger. I felt that I had but a moment before been in the actual presence of some superior being, of whose nature, or sphere, or way of existence, my finite mind could form no conception, and was actuated by an urgent desire to flee to the city, and, by mingling among the abodes of men, rid my mind of the effect of these unnatural circumstances.

From the idea of self-destruction I now recoiled with horror, appalled and amazed that I could ever for a moment have entertained it, and in my own bosom I fervently implored from heaven pardon for my meditated crime in contempt of Providence.

I hurried with my utmost speed along the road, and met no living creature till I entered the city.

A humbled and much-altered young man, I applied myself once more to my pursuits. Shortly my circumstances brightened, and in a few months I was better off, to use a common expression, than I had ever been before. New prospects dawned upon me, new friends I had, but never a new love. The memory of her loss never leaves me, but it is now divested of its acuteness, and has subsided into a sad, yet pleasing feeling, which at times I would not be without.

The stranger, during this narrative, had been regarding my friend with an appearance of surprise and much interest. When it was concluded, after thanking him for the pleasure with which we had heard it, he began to offer some suggestions to account for the phenomenon from natural causes. Bob, like all others who imagine they have been distinguished by a supernatural visitation, refused to be convinced.

Since then, however, I may say he has stated to me his belief that the whole might have been the product of an over-excited imagination.

It was now time for us to set out on our return to the city, and Bob, expressing a regret that the charm of the stranger's society should have led us to linger so long, proposed an immediate departure. The latter, looking at his watch, remarked with a smile, that he had no idea how rapidly the time was passing, and, starting up, we went out together, my chum taking the opportunity to give a sly pinch and a kind word to the pretty waitress, as she received from him her own share of the reckoning. A gig was waiting at the door, a servant in charge of which, touching his hat to our companion, addressed him by the title of "My Lord."

Bidding us farewell with an appearance of one feeling, he drove off, and, staying till he was out of sight, we made inquiry about the inn as to who he was. We were told that he was some great parliament lord, but as to his particular title we could obtain no information.

"Well, at all events," said Bob, "lord or no lord, he is a deuced clever man—one of Nature's nobility, I'll be bound."

We now hurried along towards the little town, or rather village, talking little, and certainly feeling the weight, he of his box, and I of my tin case, both of which were charged with specimens of rock fossils and ores.

We had not gone far, when a pedlar, emerging from a cottage, joined us. He was an uncommonly shrewd, sagacious-looking individual, with a ludicrously-hypocritical twitching about the corners of the eyes and mouth, and appeared

the very fellow that could sell you a bargain in any sense of the term.

"Good evening, my old commercial traveller," said Bob. "Warm weather, isn't it?"

"Stormy, awee," quoth he drily; and he eyed our burdens askance. "'Y' are in the merchant line too, are ye? Hech, that's a heavy pack ye carry! Ye'll hae hardware in that, haena ye?"

"Oh, deuced hard, I assure you, and the carrying it is the hardest of all."

"Ye'll hae jewellery, too, nae doubt?"

"Well, I should hope there are some precious stones in my box."

"And ye sell cheap, too, I wadna wunner?"

"Yes, but we lads of the pack, you know, are apt to spell our cheap with a 't'"

"Guid forgive us," said the pedlar, with a deep sigh, and an upturning of the whites of his eyes, indicative of a sanctified and deprecatory acquiescence. "Well," continued he, "I have been abune a dozen year on this bait mysel, and I cannot say I've seen either o' ye between the een afore."

"No, this is our first trip."

"And dir ye like the beat?"

"Why, yes, we've been rather lucky, I think."

"Pick'd up some tin?"

"Yes, and a little copper (pyrites)."

"Phew."

Here the old chap began to whistle a tune. He had not piped many notes, however, before we got so marvellously tickled at the whimsicality of the strain, that with one accord we commenced the accompaniment of a chaste and beautifully pitched "guffaw" for two voices. A most raucous and original requiem it was, upon the whole, appearing to consist of a strange and ingenious amalgamation of the more sublime passages of "Yankee Doodle," "Jenny dang the Weaver," and "Drops of Brandy," all blended harmoniously into one rich and relishing ditty—a delicious sort of musical tria juncta in uno, of which pathos was certainly not the most prominent characteristic.

"Hillo!" cried Bob, "where did you pick up that melody, may I ask? Just whistle it over again—I'd give anything to learn it."

The pedlar repeated the air till he could whistle it with considerable accuracy.

"Weel," quoth the latter, that's gay and gude, but I'se be bail ye'll forget it again before you come to cross the cross o' Drittenbrook."

"I'll bet you a bottle of ale I don't."

"I'll bet you a bottle of the very best Edinburgh ale, that ye'll no stand at the cross and whistle the same tune."

"Done!" cried Bob.

"I agree wi' you there; ye're *done* if ye do."

This was spoken aside by the vagabond, not so much so, however, but that I heard him, and feared, as I heard.

And now we were marching into the town, and, as there is a fearful catastrophe coming, the which I am anxious to protract, as much as possible, I will, with your permission, picture a Scotch village scene shortly after sunset.

We had passed frequent groups of children playing about the wayside, with generally a flower-dressed infant in their midst. Once or twice, too, we met a tall, stalwart young man idling along by the side of a slim, sly girl, who, as we passed, persevered in looking over the hedge—he chewing a twig, and she affecting to be knitting a stocking—or haply, if in a more lonely place, she looking bluish to the ground, and he, with his hand upon her shoulder, and his eye gleaming upon her's like the sun's reflection on a piece of glass, pouring into her ear hurried and half-whispered sentences, whilst the massive head of the fellow, and his harsh but most intellectual features, told it was from such a peasantry that Burns, and Watt, and Telford sprang.

Approaching nearer, we found a family of beggars, lounging back to their quarters at the village from their day's excursion among the farm houses, laden with "seran-bags," and seeming not to be unhappy in their degradation. The cottager's cow, too, we noticed quietly cropping the tufts of grass by the wayside, while the herds of the more wealthy denizens moved lowing homewards from the fields with milk-distended udders. Of labourers returning from work we passed several, and also the wives of the younger going out to meet them.

Then the one long wide street of the village opened upon us, with its small, thatched white houses, the owners sitting on stone seats outside the doors, enjoying the balmy evening, smoking and chatting together, and playing with their children. In one part were collected a group of boys, at some noisy sport, in another a party of young girls danced merrily round and round, singing and chanting at that curious dramatic game,—that acted courtship—which is peculiar to them, while a knot of half-boys, half-youths, watched their graceful and most coquettish amusement from the corner.

Oh, well do I remember the times of summer evening, and of life's joyous morning, when I have sat on the grass the centre of a cheerful circle, whilst those mad girls danced and sang in rings

around me, and my boy companions stood by laughing, and pointing at me, and calling me "lassie!"

But what reaked I of their mirth or their taunts, when I looked, little yellow-frock, at thy yellow curls, as thou satted, finger in mouth, beside me, and I stole often a bashful peep into thy dear blue eyes, turned askance to me in childish affection? Reader, bear with my silliness—these scenes are now, in very truth, far distant. Many a year of time, and many a league of ocean divide them from me; and if in fancy I can wing my way back over the storms of either, grudge me not, I pray you, the single sentence in which I snatch the transient pleasure.

But the prime assemblage was at the stone cross. Here the young men were met to put the stone, pitch the bar, sling the hammer, and perform other rustic feats, whilst the big-wigs of the place stood by spectators, arguing now on points of the game, and now on points of politics as intricate and important, a thin, wavery vapor of tobacco-smoke hovering above the groups. The public-house, too, was hard by, and from the open windows of the tap-room leant, idly lounging and occasionally putting in a word or a joke from a distance, several sturdy tradesmen, taking their evening relaxation after their labors.

All the while we had been marching along, I had heard Bob whistling away at the marvellous aria, evidently anxious to prevent its escaping his memory, and to secure the pedlar's bottle of ale, which, from the warm and dusty travelling, was become now rather a desirable object of speculation.

Hurriedly did he wend his way among the honest folks till he reached the stone cross, placing his back against which he began to pipe his whistle, loud, clear, and richly toned as throstle's melody, while the upper part of his visage, with his two fun-fraught eyes, beamed a smile of triumph and delight—to appearance taking no thought but of the pedlar's discomfiture. But the latter had popped himself quietly into the public-house, and now from the open windows stood regarding the proceedings with a gloating grin of satisfaction that was anything but to be looked for on the face of a man who saw himself "let in" for a bottle of the best ale.

Right slapdash into the tune did Bob launch, entering with his whole heart into its spirit, nodding with his head to the time, and drumming with his cudgel upon the end of his box. The effect was instantaneous, and most miraculous. It acted like a talisman. The whole doings around came at once to a stop, and every eye

was bent upon him with an expression of astonishment and indignation, while every ear was erected at his extraordinary warbling. For half a minute this lasted, and then the charm was broken. The Vulcan of the place, a fellow like a bronze colossus, had just been in the act of slinging his ponderous sledge-hammer, when the sound arrested him. He stood motionless like the rest at first, till satisfied he heard aright. Swinging the tremendous weapon thrice round his shoulder, he hurled it, with a horrible imprecation after it, by way of feather to guide its course, right at the audacious whistler's head.

The latter saw the fearful missile coming, and had but time to duck his crown when over him it flew, and, hurling through the air, went crash like a thunderbolt through the roof of a neighboring pigsty, the hideous screeching that immediately arose from the inmate of which told that, if Bob's timely stoop had saved his bacon, it was at the expense of other people's.

Thereupon arose from every lip loud cries of—

“Down with him!”

“Kill him!”

“Murder him!”

“Fell him!”

With oaths, curses and denunciations of divers strength and quality, all mingled into one confused roar of a most valor-quelling description. Then I could see folks rushing from every door, eagerly inquiring the cause of the affray, and immediately swelling the hostile multitude that was advancing, a wrathful and most formidable phalanx, upon the daring but now devoted Bob.

For him,—when he saw this strange and most unaccountable effect of his music, his gleeful whistle sank, through a quaver of astonishment and apprehension, into a positive shake of consternation. Ntheless, albeit well perceiving the desperate nature of his case, he nerved himself for the coming conflict, and seemed prepared to make a resolute running fight of it. But the butcher of the parish, a blood-thirsty blade, eager to have the first blow at the yet unbruised victim, rushed forward before the rest, with double fists aiming at the nose. Him he saluted with a tap on the sconce from his Jacobin club, whereupon procumbent in the road he bit the dust inglorious. But his dame, a ferocious termagant, seeing him thus evil treated, snatched in eager haste a bullock's heart, and with dire shriek discharged it at his vanquisher, but, her physical not being equally praiseworthy with her mortal aim, the gory missile flew squash into the faces of the advancing crowd, giving Bob a moment's opportunity to make a forlorn manoeuvre in his own

favor. This he did by lending the exciseman (one of his most vigorous assailants) a left-handed compliment on the jaw that laid him on his face across the prostrate man of blood, and then kicked that part of his frame which thus, by the revolution of events, was fated to be uppermost for once. A burly grocer next, intent on earning high renown by tripping up his heels, received a remonstrative thwack across the stomach that bent him double, while from his grinning lips a howl flew up to heaven, at the sound of which the butcher's dog scampered away with his tail between his legs, and a cadger's donkey at the other end of the street brayed a responsive “hee-haw!”

But here, alas! the fortunes of the day were changed, for Victory in the shape of a powerful sow (that appeared to have escaped maimed from ruin'd sty, and not to know whither to flee in the tumult), made directly between Bob's legs, and, whipping him neatly off his feet, capsized him in the road. As he fell, his box was dashed with him against the ground, and, what with the force of the blow and the weight of its contents was shattered to fragments, and there rolled among the dust geological and mineralogical specimens, the sight of which would have made the very bowels of Buckland yearn within him.

Alas! poor Bob! Would that I could draw a veil over the remaining events of that disastrous evening—that I could skip at once to thy rich revenge! But no; that candour, that regard to truth, which thou didst labour continually to instil into my youthful mind, compels me to detail with equal perspicuity thy defeat as thy many triumphs.

No sooner was the single-handed hero thus by unclean beast laid low, than the whole of the infuriated crew rushed at once upon him. One hobnailed giant hopped up and down his ribs, with limbs like paviers' rammers; the butcher recovered his legs but to kick the fallen enemy, while the grocer and gauger, as he strove to rise, pummelled him about the head with amazing pith and activity. But this was not all—insult was heaped upon injury, and those geologic specimens which it had been his pride to collect, were used as rocks of offence against himself. Then did he fully ascertain the nature of Gneiss-wack, whilst transition rocks made rapid transitions from the hands of his assailants to his own jaws, and his skull was battered by fragments that, from the effect upon his brains, deserved well their name “conglomerate.”

Oh! scientific reader, does it not touch you to the heart to think a geologist, after a long day's search for a specimen of trap, should at last me et

with such a one as this, and at the hands, too, of a rascally pedlar?

But let it not be supposed that all this while I was only wasting my wind in unavailing apostrophes, such as the above. No; with all the enthusiasm of boyish friendship, and that for such a friend as he, I was straining every muscle to effect a feeble diversion in his favour. With the nicety of an experienced foot-ball player I insinuated my feet among the ever shifting ankles of his clumsy assailants, and not a few by this time did I precipitate on their noses, though, I grieve to say, at the expense of a copious largess of blows and kicks, garnished with maledictions, to myself.

But at length he recovered his feet, and, wresting the Jacobin from the hands of one who struggled to win it as a *spolium opimum*, made a sweeping blow at the shins of half a dozen of them—a proceeding which immediately opened a breach in the circle. Through this he sprang, and, grasping me by the collar to help me along, bounded away down the road, with the whole pack at our heels, shrieking, cursing, hurling stones and sticks, and sending after us entreaties, more earnest than persuasive, to come back and be murdered.

But they pursued in vain, for he was one of the fleetest runners that ever chased a football in the park of Soandso, and although, a little burdened with my unequal steps, yet soon made the fact manifest. As the last of them, however, a long-legged tailor, gave up the chase, he picked up a pebble from the road, and sent it after us by way of a tangible token of his regard. It struck me on the leg, rendering the limb useless to me for the time; I should have dropped to the ground but for the hold my friend maintained of my collar. When the latter was made aware of this, with a hearty anathema at the donor of the favor (for which fairest of all lady readers I know you have already forgiven him,) he swung me across his shoulders, and scampered along, with undiminished speed.

As soon as we were safe from the chances of pursuit, he set me down, and proceeded to examine the nature of my hurt with as much gentleness as if my very mother fondled me. It was not serious, but quite incapacitated me from walking, and gave an additional gloom to the long journey before us.

We were now upon the moor we had crossed so joyously in the morning, and, looking back, saw the little village sleeping below us in the soft, gray twilight, that was now fast "gloaming" into night. Whereupon Bob, kneeling upon one

knee, howled back his curse, like Mazeppa, upon the little town and its whole population, but chiefly on the heads of the blacksmith, butcher, grocer, tailor and exciseman; vowing at the same time that, if his wits stood him in good stead, he would have revenge as consummate as it should be absurd. Then he insisted upon taking me up, and carrying me along once more. It was in vain that I essayed to move unaided. My hurt was now exceedingly painful, and I saw I must either be carried or lie down for the night on the open moorland. I felt myself now a burden to my friend in every sense of the word, and could not help frequently expressing my concern at the circumstance. Nevertheless, onward the noble fellow trudged, assuring me that he hardly felt my weight, and only hoped my pain was less.

Judge of the gratitude I felt when I reflected that he had already travelled that day many a mile—and that he fought two desperate fights, and once been thoroughly thrashed—that every bone in his body must be aching and every muscle clogged in its action.

Our progress was slow, very slow, indeed; but the night was beautiful, and his exhaustless fancy continually kept alive my flagging spirits. In the course of this we speculated much upon the remarkable effect of his whistling, at which, after all our misfortunes, we could not help laughing loudly and long. We came ultimately to a conclusion which, on after inquiry, we ascertained to be perfectly correct, viz:—that this tune was the air of a song made long ago in ridicule of the Dribtenbrookians by some wandering bard who had met with rough courtesy at their hands.

The richness of the music as well as of the words to which it was wedded, made a bitter bolus to its objects, and as much a favourite with the denizens of the neighbouring places; so that to whistle, play, or sing it in the hearing of one or more of the former became, among the latter, to be proverbially considered the height of daring. When we had convinced ourselves of this we began to see through the duplicity of the scheming packman, and to lament that we should have been, even with so much art, betrayed into such a piece of verdure, (*i. e. greenness.*)

It was past midnight before we reached the labyrinth of cross-roads where the footpath across the moor emerged into the highway, and as my friend was excessively worn out with fatigue, I positively refused to go farther, and proposed that we should pass the night at a little roadside alchouse which we were now near.

Just as I made this suggestion a sound struck our ears, which heard, as we heard it, at mid-

night on a lonely road, would be apt to raise a certain queerness of feeling in the minds of the most skeptical. It was a hollow, churchyard rumbling, accompanied by a trampling of horses, and presently the object causing it broke into view in the shape of a huge hearse with a grove of towering black plumes nodding and waving above it in the darkness of night. It was drawn by six horses, all housed to the heels in inky drapery, with lofty clusters of feathers of a similar complexion tossing on their heads.

As it came nearer, a noise of strange unearthly talking and laughter seemed to play around it. My own hair now began to arch, and presently Bob's knees began to knock together, and he dropped me from his shoulders. This phenomena he afterwards accounted for on the plea of exhaustion.

But our terrors were changed to rejoicing when we saw the dread vehicle draw up abruptly at the ale-house-door, that stood open, and two postilions and a driver, every one of a more spectral exterior than his neighbor, jump from their seats and make a mirthful *entrée*, calling loudly for a pot of strong beer, hot.

In we went, along with them, and presently we were all laughing, singing, and roystering together over a can of ale. Never did I see a jollier set of dogs than these same "ushers of the black road," as they called themselves; and the heartiness wherewith they acceded to our request for a ride to Soandso in their sepulchral drag was as gratifying as it was timely.

They were returning, they told us, from having conveyed the body of a gentleman deceased, from the city to his family burying-place in the country.

As soon as we had snatched a hastily prepared supper of eggs and bacon—

"Come now, comrades," quoth the sombre charioteer; "don't you think we had better proceed to *rehearsal*, as the players say?"

"Good again!" cried Bob; "just wait one moment till my friend and I light our cheroots, and then on to Soandso as fast as you like. The sooner this poor fellow gets home the better, so rattle along like winking. You have carried the dead long enough; there can be but little harm in carrying the quick for once in your lives."

Soon we had taken our seats within the gloomy conveyance, the doors of which were kept open for air, and away we were whirled, while the singing, roaring, and laughing were kept up at even a brisker rate than before; and we, between the puffs of smoke, joined chorus again with all

the strength of our lungs. A most startling apparition we must have presented to the frequent nocturnal travellers we met or overtook, as half an hour's hard galloping brought us into the immediate vicinity of the city, some of whom we saw dropping on their knees, others scampering across the fields, as we swept pass in all our terrors of sight and sound—of which the red glowing spark and the smoke of our cheroots, seen from behind, formed, perhaps, not the most insignificant portion.

But what was their fear to the consternation of my excellent landlady, as, awakened in the darkness of the night by the rumble resounding through the quiet street, and the thundering at her door, the worthy woman flew to the window, and saw dimly, without her spectacles, the ghostly vehicle draw up, and her favorite boy borne from its recesses?

In a paroxysm of horror she swooned away nor was she recovered until, effecting an entrance by one of the windows, Bob Whyte restored her to consciousness by puffing tobacco-smoke into her nostrils, for want of hartshorn.

Some three or four days after this I found myself once more beside my friend in the apparatus-room of the Soandsonian University. I was now all right; nor did he give much token of what he had undergone, beyond a big piece of plaster across his forehead, a beautiful areola of divers colors round his left eye, and a habit he appeared to have contracted of clapping his hands to his ribs suddenly whenever he happened to cough or breathe deeply.

We then concocted together a scheme, the working out of which forms the third part, or end, of this my epic reminiscences.

It had been the opinion of the wise and philanthropic founders of the Soandsonian University that knowledge should be afforded to all classes and ranks, and not only that they should have it if they liked, but that it should be offered—nay pressed upon their acceptance.

In consequence—besides numerous popular courses from which thousands drank the nectar of instruction—it was the custom of the professors to volunteer lectures, explaining, in a simple and untechnical form, different branches of science, in the churches of various parishes around the city. For this the people were always eminently grateful—a fact which they testified in various ways, equally satisfactory to the governing committee of the institution and the lecturers themselves.

(To be continued.)



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XIX.

[Major, Laird and Doctor.]

(The Laird looking out of the window observes—)

LAIRD.—Weel Major, Winter has been lang in coming, but the auld carle is here at last, and blythe am I to see that he has thrown a white mantle round auld mither Earth's shouters, for ye trow the auld saying, "a green yule aye maks a fat kirk yard." Hech, sirs, but it is cauld!

MAJOR.—It is cold, but still I would not exchange the season, were it even in my power. Winter, Laird, is a type of both of us, and, the heyday of life's summer past,

"Dans chaque feuille qui tombe
Je vois un presage de mort."

LAIRD.—Hoo aften hae I telt ye Major aye to speak to me in my ain mither tongue.

MAJOR.—Excuse me, I forgot your dislike to aught save your own vernacular. What I meant was that you and I Laird should recognise in each leaf, that noiselessly falls, our own end; that our fall is typified by the slow silent descent of the flakes of snow; and the silence and equality of the tomb presented to us in that white shroud which lends an appearance of uniformity, alike to the oak and the tuft of grass, the castle and the cot.

DOCTOR.—I should have imagined that those emotions would be melancholy rather than pleasing.

MAJOR.—By no means. I can still say with the poet

"O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
I love thee, all unlively as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

The glow of the summer's day, and the bright colors of nature fill us with a momentary burst of cheerfulness; the song of the birds, the apparent enjoyment of all creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that everything around us is happy and contented. But, there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of the December storm, which rouses in our minds the sweet sensations of pity and of charity, suggested by the recollection that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander without a home, during the inclemencies of the season.

DOCTOR.—It appears to me Major, that there is a spice of natural selfishness in your idea.—You like to have people colder than you are in order to have the pleasure of warming them.

MAJOR.—Shame on your remark Doctor, but I know you are only quizzing.

DOCTOR.—You are right my old friend. I was but in jest. You know full well that I am not the man to question the power and beneficence of the Deity, because it has not seemed meet to him that all paths do not, alike, lie through pleasant places. I do not forget that the practice of charity is enjoined, not alone as a precept, but that it is also intended to afford the practicer of it, while yet on earth, the most pleasurable emotions that can fill our bosoms. I remember all these things, nor do I forget, that nature, so seemingly in repose, is now actively at work, and in her secret laboratory is preparing her essences, moulding her fruits, and fabricating her forms for

the summer's gales, that from winter's leafless death-like season springs

"All the magic created by May."

I am infinitely more attracted by the confidence reposed in us by the wanderers of the feathered tribe, whom the frost has deprived of their food, and who, trusting to our hospitality, plaintively demand relief at our window, than by their more lively songs during the happier season of summer. I would at any time exchange the glowing tint, and soft air of a summer evening, the leafy honors of the forests

"Whose confessed magnificence deride,
Our vile attire and impotence of pride."

with all the varied and delightful emotions of love and pleasure which they excite, for the lonely silence of the winter night. It is when the myriads of animated things that

"Peopled every woodland glade,"

have departed, or are no more, that the unbroken solemnity of nature fills us most with ideas of religion and eternity. It is when the clear winter's sky exhibits the immensity of Creation, that our mind "expanded becomes colossal," and appreciates the system which is there presented to our view in splendor and magnificence.

MAJOR.—Right Doctor. The truth of the lines "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his handy works," is never more felt than when your gaze pierces, as it were, the deep blue abyss that is presented to the view on a clear frosty night. I know nothing that equals such a sight in magnificence.

LAIRD.—Talking o' magnificence, I mind weel when I was a bairn, and the holidays were on, that I was never weary o' looking into the vast depths o' the windows whaur a' the Christmas cakes were exhibited. Do ye ken, Major, that it is wi' a sair heart that I see a' the gude auld observances ganging oot o' repute. Naebody cares a prin noo about being my first foot, and even the callants forget the pleasurable anticipations o' Hansel Monday.

MAJOR.—It is too true, Laird; all the old customs we found such interest and delight in have passed away, and have become now mere traditions. Doctor, hand me that big book and the Laird and I will go over some of the old fashions for the sake of auld lang syne. [*Major reads.*]

THE YULE BLOCK.

"Our forefathers," remarks Bourne, "when the common devotions of Christmas Eve were over and night coming on, were wont to lay a log of wood upon the fire, which they termed a Yule Clog." This practice is still adhered to in many

parts of England, and particularly in the northern counties, with much ceremony and formality. The etymology of the word Yule has been variously accounted for. It appears to have been derived from a Saxon word, designating, among the northern nations, not only the month of December, called the Jul-month, but the great feast of this period. Although, as we have before remarked, the Yule Block is still not uncommon in many parts of England, the ceremony which attended its introduction upon Christmas Eve appears to have been discontinued. In former days, the Yule Clog, or Christmas block (a massy piece of firewood, frequently the enormous root of a tree, and which was supplied by the carpenter of the family), was brought into the house with much parade, and with vocal and instrumental harmony. After it had been placed in the centre of the hall, or passage of the house, each of the family in turn sat down upon it, sang a Yule song, and drank to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It was then removed to a large open hearth, and lighted with the last year's brand, carefully preserved for this express purpose; and the family and their friends seated round it, were regaled with Yule cakes (on which were impressed the figure of an infant Jesus), and with bowls of frumenty made from wheat cakes or creed wheat, boiled in milk with sugar and nutmeg. To these succeeded tankards of spiced ale, which were commonly disposed of while the preparations for the succeeding day were going on in the kitchen. The following curious song, by Herrick, which quaintly describes some of these performances, was most likely written for the purpose of being sung during the kindling of the Yule clog:—

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That good luck may
Come with the log that is a teending.*

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shrodding;
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums standing by
To fill the paste that's a knocking.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

The custom of decorating the windows of every house, from the nobleman's seat to the cottage of the peasant, with holly, laurel and ivy leaves, is carefully observed in the country; and is continued during the whole of the Christmas holidays, and sometimes until Candlemas, when, as we learn from a passage in one of Herrick's poems, entitled "Ceremonies for Candlemas," these ceremonies give place to box and yew.—"Against the feast of Christmas," says Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, "every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holly, yew, and bayes. The conduits and standard

* Kindling, a Saxon word.

in the streets were likewise garnished."—The windows of most of the churches, chapels, and public buildings in England, whether in town or country, still continue to exhibit at Christmas similar emblems of the season. This custom has been differently accounted for. "Laurel," says Polydore Virgil, "was an emblem of peace among the Romans, and is therefore still employed with the same signification."—The celebrated Dr. Pegge, in an essay in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1765, suggests that the ancient custom of dressing churches and houses at Christmas with laurel, box, holly, or ivy, originated in the figurative allusions in the prophecies to Christ the *Branch of Righteousness*.* "It is not at all unlikely," says the same learned antiquary, "that this custom was further intended as an allusion to those passages of the prophet Isaiah which foretold the felicities attending the advent of Christ—"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify my sanctuary." Isaiah ix. 13.—William of Malmesbury, however, describes the practice as commemorative of the *Oratory of the Wrythen Band or Boughs*, which was the first Christian church erected in Britain. We are rather disposed to incline to the former of these hypotheses.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

"As soon as the morning of the nativity appears (says Bourne) it is usual for the common people to sing a Christmas carol, which is a song upon the birth of our Saviour, and generally sung from the nativity to the Twelfth-day; this seems to be an imitation of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' or 'Glory to God on high,' which was sung by the angels as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem on the morning of the nativity; for even that song, as Bishop Taylor observes, was a 'Christmas carol.' They are still in many parts of England bawled from door to door every night during the season, as a pretence for subsequently levying contributions on the inhabitants. Compositions of this kind were, during the sixteenth century, sung through almost every town and village in the kingdom. This ceremonial, performed with the view of obtaining that species of largess known under the name of Christmas boxes, is said to have been derived from the usage of the Catholic priests, who ordered masses at this time to be made to the saints in order to atone for the excesses of the people; but as these masses were always purchased, the poor were allowed to gather money with the view of liberating themselves from the consequences of the debaucheries of which they were enabled to partake through the hospitality of the rich. The convivial carols, or *chansons à boire*, sung either by the company or by itinerant minstrels during the holidays, were of course of quite a different order. They were also frequently called wassail songs, and may be traced back to the Anglo-Norman period. Numerous collections of these festive compositions were published during the sixteenth century; one of the earliest of which was printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1521, and entitled 'Christmasse Carolles.'

* Vide Jeremiah, chapter xxxiii., verses 5—25. Isaiah, chapter iv., 2—13; liii., 2; xl., 1, 10. Zechariah, iii., 8, vi., 12. Ezekiel, xvii., 22, 23; xxxvii., 25. Micah, iv., 7.

PLUM-PUDDINGS AND MINCE-PIES.

This agreeable *pabulum* is also of very old standing. Tasser, among the articles of *Christmas Husbandlie Fare*, does not neglect to mention it; for instance—"Good drinke, a blazing fire, beef, mutton, pork, sired, or minced pies of the best, pudding, pig, veal, goose, capon, turkey, cheese, apples, nuts, with jollie carols," a pretty ample provision for the table of either a Lord or Commoner. Plum pudding and mince pies are said to have originated in the offerings of the wise men of the east, of which their various ingredients were considered to be typical; and the latter made long, with pieces of paste over them in the form of the cratch or hay-rack, in commemoration of the manger in which our saviour was laid. The present mince-pie is a relic of the Yule cake divested of the figure which used formerly to be impressed upon it.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

This was with our ancestors a large vessel, out of which they were wont to imbibe copious libations on special occasions. When Hengist and Horsa first visited this kingdom at the solicitation of Vortigern, Prince of the Silures, the British chief became deeply enamoured of Rowena, the beautiful niece of Hengist, who, instructed by her uncle, at a banquet prepared in honor of Vortigern, presented to the aged prince a cup of spiced wine, with the words—"Be of health, Lord King," to which he answered through his interpreter, "I drink your health." A passage in Robert of Gloucester, referring to this circumstance, has been thus rendered in the *Antiquarian Repertory* :—

"Health my Lord King," the sweet Rowena said,
"Health," cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid,
Then gaily rose, and 'mid the concourse wide,
Kissed her hale lips, and placed her by his side;
At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round:
From this the social custom took its rise,
We still retain, and still must keep the prize.

From that period *Waes-Hael* became the name of the drinking cups of the Anglo-Saxons in all their future entertainments. Wessell, wassail, &c., are only altered modes of spelling the ancient *waes-hael*, or wish-health bowls.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by vacation from business, merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and everybody about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusements to the master of the mansion and his family. Ben Johnson has given us a curious epitome of these revels in his *Masques of Christmas*, where he has personified the season and its attributes. The characters introduced in this piece are Misrule, Carol, Mince-pie, Gambol, Post and Pair, New Year's Gift, Mumming, Wassail Offering, and Babie Coche. Of the conviviality which reigned at this time of the year, a correct estimate may be formed from a few lines by the author of the "Hesperides," who, in address-

ing a friend at Christmas, makes the following request:

When your faces shine
With bucksome meate and capering wine,
Remember us in cups full crowned,
Until the roasted chestnuts leape
For joy to see the fruits ye reape
From the plump chalice, and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up
carouse
Till *Liber Pater** twirls the house
About your cars.
Then to the bag-pipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse;
And thus throughout the Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holidayes.

DOCTOR.—Step, Major. I verily believe the Laird is fast asleep.

LAIRD.—Not a bit. I just closed my een to keep them warm; but I'm no' ill pleased ye're done wi' your stories about Christmas. I say, my dear Crabtree, can you recommend to me some nice illustrated volume which would be suitable as a New Year's gift for Girzy? She has contrived, puir woman, to fit up her drawing room at Bonnie Braes in a very tastfu' manner, and as I got sax and three-pence for my bit handfu' o' wheat this fall, I am desirous to gie her something worth while, to set aff her round table.

MAJOR.—Here is the very article which you desiderate. Mr. Hugh Rogers was so good as to send it out to the Shanty for my inspection.

LAIRD.—Eh man, but it has got a braw coat to its back, and if the fruit be only equal to the blossom, it will be a windfu' indeed. But mind ye, before I open the covers, that if the affair be anything like "*The Book of Home Beauty*," that I saw on a stationer's counter this morning, I would na' let my sister touch it wi' a pair o' tangs! Just think o' an entire volume being devoted to sic a theme as the leddies of Dollar-dom! Leddies, indeed! lang nosed, sallow-complexioned, thorny-minded randies, hugely tintured wi' pawtriotism and dyspepsy!

DOCTOR.—Why, you old, surly Cincinnatus, there is no reason why you should lose your small modicum of temper after such a preposterous fashion. Surely the dames and spinsters of the neighbouring republic have as good a claim to pictorial and literary immortality, as their Anglican sisters!

LAIRD.—I deny your proposition root and branch; in the aristocratic auld country it comes natural-like to see sculptures and effigies o' the aristocracy, just as natural as it is to see a coronet painted on the door o' a Duke's shandridan. But the case is widely different in the United States o' America. There everybody claims to be as guid as everybody—a're free and equal, unless the "Declara-

tion o' Independence" tells a thundering bouncer! Consequently, (I speak under correction, as we say in the Presbytery,) it seems to be a little short o' high treason against the Sovereign mob, to stick the likeness o' a Wall street usurer's fat rib into a gilded quarto, and omit conferring a similar distinction upon the help-mate o' a gutter o' oysters, or concocter o' sherry cobblers!

DOCTOR.—Pshaw! all stuff and nonsense!

MAJOR.—Craving your pardon, Sangrado, there is no small glimmering of truth and common sense in what our agricultural *amicus* has advanced.

DOCTOR.—I dinna' like to raise a disturbance, when the auld year is just at the point o' death, but once for a' I have to insist that ye abandon that heathenish custom, o' distinguishing me by Greek and Hebrew names. *Amicus* may mean an honest man, or it may mean a cheat-the-wuddy, and I hae nae notion o' being libelled even in the vernacular o' Homer or Josephus.

MAJOR.—I cry your pardon *carissime*, but—

LAIRD.—Mahoun tak' the man! he's at it again, and the word o' rebuke hardly oot o' my mouth.

DOCTOR.—But in the middle of the meantime we are clear forgetting the volume which is to captivate the unsophisticated affections of the virtuous Griselda.

MAJOR.—Take it good Laird, and, "see and judge for yourself"—as the buxters of dry goods and groceries say in their appeals to the *hoi polloi*!

LAIRD.—Let me brighten up myspecks. What! *The Works of Sir David Wilkie*! This is a treasure indeed, and nae mistake. Wilkie is the Hogarth o' puir auld Scotland, and has done wi' the pencil for her farmers, and gaberlunzies, and bliin' fiddlers, what Walter o' Abbotsford has accomplished wi' the pen.

DOCTOR.—Are the prints well executed in this edition?

MAJOR.—Remarkably so. The engraver has come to his undertaking, as to a work and labour of love, and in the vast majority of instances has succeeded in preserving the spirit and essence of the originals.

LAIRD.—Here is a confirmation o' what you are saying. In my humble opinion nothing could be mair correct than this copy o' "*Duncan Gray*." Weel do I mind standing for hours at the window o' a picture shop in Princes street in auld Reekie, when the print was first published, and see I can testify to the fidelity o' the copy. Oh it is a sappy piece that "*Duncan Gray*." Just look at the depth o' meaning in the tormented wooer's countenance! It is plain as a pike-staff that he is in the transition state between the frames o' mind

* Bacchus.

described in the following incomparable verses. Stop, I'll just sing them to you:—

"Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' louping ower a linn—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slichted luve is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzey dee?
She mag go to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't"

MAJOR.—Let me glance at the engraving. Yes!—the story is told even as you say.

LAIRD.—Just look at Meg! There's a specimen o' womankin for ye—weel worth all the Diana's o' Ephesus, and Medicine Venus's ten times over. Ye can notice wi' half an ee that she has lang reigned supreme as the belle o' her clachan, and has nae idea o' striking her colours to Duncan at the first, or even at the second time o' asking. Still it is plain the hizzey begins to fear that she has carried the joke a trifle too far! The old flag o' insubordination and independence is manifesting itself in the begrutten, but at the same time manly check o' her lover. It needs nae spae-wife to prophecy that before lang she will be in the following dismal predicament:—

"How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O! her een, they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

DOCTOR.—What a glorious commentator would Wilkie have made on the anthology of North Britain! Did he ever illustrate any other Scottish song!

LAIRD.—Yes, that most exquisite ballad "Auld Robin Gray," which, I will be bound to say, has called forth as many tears since it was written, as would hae floated Noah's ark.

DOCTOR.—What point of the story does Sir David fix upon?

LAIRD.—This unsurpassed stanza—

My father argued sair—my mother didna' speak.
But she looked in my face till my heart was fit to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me."

MAJOR.—I mucia question whether Wilkie

ever conceived and executed any thing finer than this picture, which I notice is admirably rendered in the collection before us. There is a profundity of quiet, but most tragic sorrow, which stirs the heart like the flourish of a funeral trumpet!

DOCTOR.—It is refreshing to reflect that a work of such sterling merit has been brought out at a rate, which places it within the reach of almost every one. Mr. Rogers, I trust, will be enabled to procure subscribers for a goodly number of copies. As yet, the fine arts are but at a low ebb in Canada West, and nothing could tend so materially to elevate and instruct public taste, as correct versions of the works of our pictorial classics. Pray, Laird, let me look once more at the book.

LAIRD.—See that I get it back again, however! It gangs oot wi' me to Bonnie Braes, should it be the only copy in North America! Mony an unctuous reading will Grizy and me hae o' these noble pictures during "the lang nights o' winter!"

DOCTOR.—A Scottish bull! Read a picture! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs, but a wee thing can mak some folk laugh! If I am wrang in my expression, I sin in high company. The great Horace Walpole, when speaking o' Hogarth, said—"I do not look at his paintings merely, I read them!" Nicher at that noo! But the same idea which would be lauded when coming fra an Earl, doubtless fa's to be basted like a bull when enunciated by a bit ploughman body!

MAJOR.—Pray Doctor, have you looked over the volume which I lately commended to your attention? I mean "*Spiritual Vampirism*."

DOCTOR.—I have, and with feelings of considerable disappointment. The author's idea, I grant, is a good one. Etherial, the heroine makes the discovery, "that the immediate result of the contract of marriage had been a rapid increase of her own spiritual and mental illumination, accompanied as well by a corresponding decline on the part of the husband in both these respects."

MAJOR.—In the hands of William Godwin, or of his daughter, Mrs. Shelley, such a theme would have been pregnant with stirring interest.

DOCTOR.—True, but unfortunately the mantles of these great fictionists have not lighted upon the shoulders of Mr. Webber, the engenderer of the romance under notice. He starts the game, but can no more run it down, than a cow can climb a pine tree, and despoil a crow's nest! The volume is an unappetizing olla podrida of melo

dramatic rant! It is full of "sound and fury, signifying nothing!"

LAIRD.—It is often been a marvel to me how it comes to pass that so sma' a per centage o' the novels published in the model republic, are worth mair than the price o' the paper on which they are printed.

MAJOR.—Various reasons might be given to account for a state of things which is undeniable, but in my opinion the leading cause is to be found in the host of magazines and newspapers which prevail in Dollardom.

LAIRD.—I canna' say that I precisely comprehend you.

MAJOR.—My meaning, I opine, is pretty obvious. The demands made upon the brains of literary men, by the aforesaid periodicals, leave them but little time to construct stores of ambitious dimensions. Besides novel writing is a far more uncertain trade than journalism. Except in the case of "big bugs," who have acquired a "marketable name," booksellers usually decline to give a specific sum in name of copy right, preferring to deal with authors on the sharing system. Thus it may chance that the poor fellow, who, for six months has been slaving and toiling at a romance, will find that a Lenten "O," denotes the utmost of his gains! In journalism, on the other hand, the writer's remuneration is not dependent upon any such contingency. He receives the price of his lucre-bration all the same whether the public relish or turn up their noses thereat.

LAIRD.—I begin to understand.

MAJOR.—The rule which I have been enunciating, holds good in the old country, as well as in the land which boasts of "the peculiar institution." Almost every thing in the shape of readable fiction which Great Britain has produced during the last dozen years, appeared first in serial form. In proof of this assertion I need only cite the names of Bulwer, Dickens, Lever, Thackeray, and Warren, who have all adopted the principle of "short rations, and quick returns."

DOCTOR.—A great amount of valuable mental material is now expended upon the newspapers of the United States. Look, for instance, at the *New York Tribune*. Hardly a week elapses which does not witness in the columns of that sheet, one or more articles worthy of preservation in a volume of "elegant extracts." Take the following as a sample—

LITTLE JANE.

Tarrying a moment at the Jersey ferry, we saw a little slab of marble leaning up in a corner, and whiled away the time till the boat's return in de-

ciphering, through the shadow, the inscription and device. All the words were

LITTLE JANE.

Two words, but it seemed to us full of the simple, unaffected eloquence of the stricken heart.

Do they conjure up a little vision of a blue-eyed, black-eyed treasure—somebody's treasure—that took hearts away with her when she went? And are there not an empty cradle and a vacant chair, and a tiny frock, and a pair of little shoes laid awry somewhere in a till or drawer? And in the years to come, when the mother, with a smile in her eye, and a song on her lip, shall open that drawer or that till, and see the little garment lying there, how will the eye grow dim and the song be hushed, as she remembers the wearer that has triumphed over time, and through all the changeful years has remained a child still, and never grown old at all.

Over the words a rose tree was sculptured, and the only bud detached from the parent stem was—what do you think? Falling earthwards? Oh, by no means—drifting heavenward in some gentle breath the sculptor could not catch.

It seemed to us a beautiful expression of a beautiful thought.

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's bonnie! Did ony o' ye see my pocket-handkerchief lying about? A kind o' dimness has come into my een a' o' a sudden.

DOCTOR.—Has anything worthy of special note in the novel department recently issued from the London press?

LAIRD.—In my humble opinion, *Merkland; or Self-Sacrifice*, by the authoress of *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland*, is ane o' the maist natural and life-like stories o' its class which has appeared since the days o' my auld friend and crony, John Galt.

MAJOR.—I have looked into the affair, and must admit that is passable.

LAIRD.—We are getting condescending, it would appear, in our auld age! Passable, indeed! it's mair than passable, by many a long degree and that ye wad doubtless admit, if it wasna for your rank Prelacy! I ken weel whaur the shoe pinches your corny toe! It's because Presbyterianism is lauded in *Merkland* that ye are sae costive o' your commendation!

MAJOR.—Far from it, my worthy ruling elder! You were never more off your eggs in all your life! With all my Prelacy—and I do not seek to deny the "soft impeachment"—I can cotton to genius whether it deals with a manse or a parsonage! Fully and frankly do I admit that *Merkland* abounds with clever pictures of Scottish still life, and that the dialogue (no small consideration) is natural and characteristic; but—

LAIRD.—I would hae sworn that there was a derogatory *but* at the bottom o' your meal pack!

MAJOR.—If you will permit me, I was going to observe that the plot is singularly clumsy and in-artistic, and just what you would expect to meet on the boards of a minor theatre. Nothing would be more forced, I may almost say, impossible, than the manner in which “Mr. Patrick” contrives to escape, for so many years the consequences of the homicide which he had committed. Such coin might pass current with the shilling gallery patrons of Astley’s, but amongst no other classes of her Majesty’s subjects.

LAIRD.—Had Mr. Lumsden been ane o’ your white-socked rectors, I’ll be bound to say that your estimate o’ the buik would hae been far mair favorable.

MAJOR.—To demonstrate the injustice of your hypotheses, I think that the character of that reverend gentleman is exceeding well drawn. He furnishes a favorable specimen of what is called the “evangelical” party in the Scottish establishment, and, in fact, he is one of the main redeeming features of a clever, but ill-digested story.

DOCTOR.—As our communing threatens to assume a polemical aspect, I beg leave to call a new aspect.

MAJOR.—Here is unquestionably *the* book of the season.

LAIRD.—That’s a big word.

MAJOR.—Yes; but a true one. The work to which I refer is Taylor’s Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the greatest historical painter, in my humble opinion, England has produced during the last century.

LAIRD.—Haydon!—Was that the lad that executed “Christ’s entry into Jerusalem?”

MAJOR.—The same.

LAIRD.—Man, but that was a grand thing! I saw it in Glasgow mair than twenty years ago, and I hae never forgotten the surpassing dignity and, at the same time, life-like simplicity of the picture.

DOCTOR.—Has Taylor done justice to the theme?

MAJOR.—He has. Haydon left behind him a journal so copious and so continuous, as to form a regular autobiography, and with much good taste, the editor (for Mr. Taylor professes to be nothing more) has suffered the artist to tell, almost exclusively, his own tale.

DOCTOR.—And a sad and dreary tale the story of that life must be!

MAJOR.—Most true! To my mind, the whole range of fiction presents nothing more tragic than the strange but bootless fight which this distinguished genius waged from first to last against the cross-sea of troubles in which the bark of his

destiny ever floated! Always when he deemed that he had surmounted the most rugged portion of “Ill Difficulty,” the props upon which he depended gave way, and he was thrown back chafing and writhing, but still determined to renew the struggle.

LAIRD.—And what was the upshot?”

MAJOR.—Suicide! The sickness of hope deferred resolved itself into the cureless fever of settled despair, and the hand which had added so many glorious stones to the cairn of high art, and so often struck out against the winter tide of misfortune, broke the fretted “bow” and loosed the care-worn “silver cord!”

DOCTOR.—Like Hamlet, Haydon’s moral imaginings were too strong for his physical resources. The acorn expanding burst the clay flower-pot which contained it!

LAIRD.—Will ye favor us wi’ an inkling o’ the career o’ this noble martyr to the arts?

MAJOR.—Impossible, good Laird! You must read the volumes in order to form an estimate of the man, his aspersions, and disappointments. A mere abstract would give but as imperfect an idea of the epic-tragedy, as a few detached stones would do of the architecture of a stately palace!

LAIRD.—At ony rate ye may gie us a few glimpses o’ the man.

MAJOR.—Here are the artist’s reflections at the close of a year, when his sun, though frequently obscured, was not devoid of cloudless manifestations:—

“December 31st. The last day of the year 1825. How many last days of years with sage reflections do my journals contain! This year has been one of mingled yarn—good and evil; but the good, as it generally does, preponderated. I have to bless God for many great mercies indeed. After being deprived of my bread by the abuse of the press, a historical commission started up, gave me an opportunity again to burst forth, and saved us from ruin. I have finished it, and hope God will bless it with success. On it depends really my future subsistence, and my power to bring up my boys like gentlemen. I am now sitting in my parlour with Milton’s Christian Doctrine before me, reading, and quietly awaiting the new year; in an hour it will be here. 1826! Shall I live to see 1856? Yes; by temperance, and piety, and keeping my mind tranquil, and pursuing my enchanting art. By God’s blessing I shall; but not else. I think I may say I have conquered several evil feelings. I am more regular; not so rash or violent. I have subdued my hankering after polemical controversy; conduct myself more as if constantly in the eye of my Maker. All this I attribute to the purity of feeling generated by marriage. O God! for Thy infinite blessings throughout accept my deep gratitude. Pardon the many errors my dear Mary and myself have been guilty of. We acknowledge Thy goodness in humbleness and awe.

Thou hast blessed us with another boy. Oh, give us life to protect him till he can protect himself; to educate him in Thy fear and love, and make him, with our other children, good, virtuous, and distinguished. Grant these things, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, in awe."

LAIRD.—Haydon must hae been a religious man.

MAJOR.—He was so, and, indeed, no one who had not been deeply impressed with the truth of divine revelation could have conceived or executed the works which he did. The scriptural subjects are full of pictorial devotion and artistic orthodoxy, if I may use such expressions.

DOCTOR.—I comprehend your meaning. There may be development of cant and mere sentimentalism upon canvas, as well as in the pulpit.

MAJOR.—The chronicle gets mirker as we peruse it. There is something very affecting in the following entry:—

"31st December. Another last day—so we go on and on. The sun rises and sets as he has ever done, while we rise and fall, die and become earth—are buried and forgotten.

"For want of a vent, my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, or fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife.

"Bitterly I have wanted and intensely I have enjoyed during this year.

January and February	Low and harassed.
March	Hard work and harassed.
April	Sketched and harassed.
May	Ill and harassed.
June	Began Alexander.
July	Hard at work.
August	Hard at work.
September	Hard at work.
October	Hard at work.
November	Brighton and Petworth.
December	Finished Alexander, and more harassed than ever.

"Thus ends this year, and I am harassed to death for paltry debts. My Mary is well, and quite recovered: all the children are wonderfully better, and we have all passed a merry Christmas. Last year I was not harassed in petty money matters, but sickness had seized the house. I have therefore to thank God sincerely for the mercy of my dear f. milly's health, and hope He will grant me strength to conquer and bear up against my wants. O God, grant it! Grant me the means this ensuing year to diminish my debts. Grant me this time twelvemonth I may have deserved less pain of mind in that point, and may have it. O God, protect us, and grant us all that is best for our conduct here, and our salvation hereafter. Amen,

"Alas! how unlike the endings of former years! No noble scheme animates and inspires me. The coldness of men in power—the indifference of the people—the want of taste in the King, and the distressing want of money—the state of the Academy—all, all, press down hope, and freeze up the most ardent and enthusiastic imagination.

"I have tried the people, and was nobly supported. I have tried the ministers, and was coolly sympathized with. I have tried the Academy, and cruelly persecuted. But the people alone could do nothing. Time—time—time.

"I do not despond, but I do not see how. I have lost my road, and am floundering in by-paths. I see no more the light that led astray. It has sunk, and left me groping—hoping, but cheerless.

"Still I pray I may not die till the Grand Style is felt and patronized. Amen, with all my soul."

LAIRD.—wae me! wae me!

MAJOR.—Like Bunyan, our painter "lighted upon a certain place where there was a den,"—in other words, got incarcerated in the King's Bench Prison. The prisoners got up a mock election, which Haydon thus describes:—

"In the midst of this dreadful scene of affliction, up sprung the masquerade election—a scene which, contrasted as it was with sorrow and prison walls, beggars all description.

"Distracted as I was, I was perpetually drawn to the windows by the boisterous merriment of the unfortunate happy beneath me. Rabelais or Cervantes alone could do it justice with their pens. Never was such an exquisite burlesque. Baronets and bankers—authors and merchants—young fellows of fashion and elegance, insanity, idiotism, poverty, and bitter affliction, all for a moment forgetting their sorrows at the humour, the wit, the absurdity of what was before them.

"I saw the whole from beginning to end. I was resolved to paint it, for I thought it the finest subject for humour and pathos on earth."

LAIRD.—And did he paint the mad jinks o' the pair ne'er do weels?

MAJOR.—He did, and I had the privilege of viewing it.

LAIRD.—Was it a funny thing?

MAJOR.—Funny is not the proper word. It abounds with humour of the highest order—humour cognate to that of Hogarth; but, amidst all the grotesqueness you can perceive a thread of seriousness, such as would season the mirth of a man whose heart was sick and sore!

DOCTOR.—Pray favour us with the closing scene.

MAJOR.—Listen then.

"17th. Dearest Mary, with a woman's passion wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expences; and hope His mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind forever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen.

"In the morning, fearing that I should be involved, I took down books that I had not paid

for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this £50. *I know what I believe.*

"18th. O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me.' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Goodhearted Newton! I said, 'Don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied, half hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Grey's coat, and some more heads.

"20th. O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22d. God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of

B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."
—*Learn.*

"End of Twenty-sixth Volume."

LAIIRD.—Did the catastrophe ensue immediately after that dreary entry in the log book of life?

MAJOR.—To quote Mr. Taylor's words it "was made between half-past ten, and a quarter to eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June. Before eleven, the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death.

DOCTOR.—Alas poor Haydon!

MAJOR.—Have you seen this tragedian who has been creating a species of furore in Muddy Little York?

DOCTOR.—You allude, I presume, to Couldock?

MAJOR.—I do.

DOCTOR.—I saw his Shylock, and was much pleased therewith.

LAIIRD.—Nae sma' commendation frae aunc wlia is aye swearing by auld Kean!

DOCTOR.—He is far from being mentioned in the same way with that wonderful artist, but still is an actor of mark and promise. His portraiture of the carnivorous Jew, though rough and unpolished, is strongly marked by originality—in fact it is *his own*. Couldock may yet reach excellence in his profession—even at present he is hardly surpassed in the higher range of melodrama, especially in such parts as "the advocate," in "Luke Fielding" in the Willow Copse. His Iago is also a very fine bit of acting. It is, however, time to get on with our other business. Suppose you give us your chat-chat, Major.

MAJOR.—Since July last I have been keeping a species of gossiping log, wherein I register the memorabilia of the Province. With permission of this fair company, I shall give an inkling of its contents.

LAIIRD.—On wi' ye, like a house on fire!

[*Major reads.*]

A severe hail-storm passed over Three Rivers, or the 28th of June, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The stones were, many of them, larger than pigeons' eggs, and fell thick and fast for fifteen minutes. Much damage was done to fruit trees and vegetables.

On Saturday, the 9th July, the fine steamer, the Queen of the West, was totally consumed by fire at Hamilton.

The Hon. William Allan, one of the earliest settlers in Toronto, died on the 11th July, at the advanced age of 83. He came to Canada in 1796.

Three men were carried over the Falls of Niagara on the 19th Sept. One of them, named Joseph Avery, was caught in a stump in the Rapids, in which position he remained during an entire day. Being at length entirely worn out, he finally shared the dreadful fate of his companions, in spite of every attempt to save him.

After a shameful delay, the rebuilding of the Brock monument at Queenston has been commenced.

In July a sharp frost occurred at Orangeville, causing injury to the crops.

Captain Gaskin sold at Liverpool the three-masted schooner Cherokee, built by him at Kingston, for about £3000 sterling.

The time for the payment of fees, and proof of performance of settlement duties upon locations of Crown lands, is further extended to the 1st of August, 1854.

Horse stealing largely prevailed in Western Canada during the bygone summer.

In all parts of the Province, the heat during the months of July and August was excessive. Several persons died, and the drying up of wells and small streams caused the greatest inconvenience to the holders of live stock. In some places farmers had to drive their cattle five and six miles to be watered.

The Hon. Louis Hypolite Lafontaine was, in August, appointed Chief Justice for the Court of Queen's Bench for Lower Canada.

A large quantity of Bibles were found hidden under a bridge on the township line between Albion and Caledon East. It is supposed that the carrier of them had been murdered.

On the 25th of August, A. H. Meyers, Esq., M.P.P. of Trenton, was shot at and severely

wounded by a man named Charles Marsh. The offender being subsequently tried and convicted, was sentenced to fourteen years' confinement in the Provincial Penitentiary. Meyers, it is alleged, had seduced the sister of Marsh, and consequently public sympathy was strongly expressed in his favor.

The Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara fell on the 9th of September.

A bear, weighing two hundred pounds, was shot in Chinguacousy in September.

Those disgusting monsters, the Siamese twins, exhibited themselves, along with their children, through Canada during the past year.

At the Provincial show, holden in Hamilton, Mr. Ranney of Dereham exhibited a cheese, weighing upwards of half a ton. It measured fifteen feet in circumference and twenty-three inches in diameter. What a stud of *night mares* it will stable!

Both at Hamilton and Montreal the Provincial fairs passed off with signal *éclat*.

Lord Elgin and family left Canada for England in August. His lordship, it is said, will not return to the Province.

An insane convict, confined in the Provincial Penitentiary, subsisted for twenty-seven days on about a quart of water and half an ounce of salt per diem. When he resumed his usual sustenance, his strength was very little impaired.

During the year 1852, the North American colonies cost the mother country as follows:—

Canada,	-	-	-	£322,203
Nova Scotia,	-	-	-	132,570
New Brunswick,	-	-	-	12,415
Prince Edward's Island,	-	-	-	3,245
Newfoundland,	-	-	-	31,100

Total - - - £501,533

The St. John's *Courier* says that during the past two years a constant drain of the population of Newfoundland has been going on to the neighbouring Provinces and the United States. The low price of produce, and the dislike which the people have taken to subsist upon fish, are stated as the causes of the movement.

The debt of the city of Toronto is one million dollars.

Both the civil and military investigations into the Gavazzi riot killing ended in nothing. The evidence was too conflicting to bring home the blame specifically to any party or parties.

In October, the steamer *Fairy Queen* was lost in the Gulf.

Out of 158 newspapers published in Canada, only 12 are French.

In October a monster eagle of the Rocky Mountain variety was shot in Puslinch, by Major-General Reeves. It measured ten feet from the tip of each wing.

The Gore powder mill, in Halton, C.W., exploded in November. The shock was felt at places forty miles distant.

At Kingston, C.W., a calamitous fire occurred on the 12th November. Wharves and store-houses were consumed to the value of £30,000.

The Prince Edward Island fisheries have proved failures during the past season.

Hugh Scobie, Esq., proprietor of the *British Colonist*, died at Toronto on the 4th of December, in the 42d year of his age.

During the year 1853, the following railroads were opened—The St. Lawrence and Atlantic; the Northern, from Toronto to Barrie; and the Great Western, from Hamilton to Niagara Falls on the east, and to London, on the west. On the 14th of September the first sod of the European and North American Railway was turned by Lady Head at St. John, New Brunswick, in presence of 25,000 spectators,

Now, Doctor, while I take breath, you may give us your News from abroad.

Docron.—I will begin, as a matter of course, with Great Britain. [*Doctor reads:*]

GREAT BRITAIN.

In reply to Parliamentary interrogations the ministry announced that no orders had been given to interfere in Chinese affairs. It was also stated that the Burmese province of Pegu had been annexed to British India, by way of indemnification for expenses of the war.

Lord John Russell has ascertained the unqualified right, and determination of Great Britain to interfere in the future position of Cuba, stating that a revolution, followed up by seeking shelter under the flag of the United States, would be regarded in the light of annexation.

The success of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition has been most complete. Her Majesty visited it, and was received with the most profuse demonstrations of loyalty and attachment.

Lord Clarendon shows in his address on the Russian manifesto, that the invasion of the principalities was an unwarrantable violation of Turkish territory, that the pretext of making it, in consequence of the advance of the fleets, was false, and that England only took up her position by the side of Turkey as the defender of that power, on grounds of justice and public law.

Intelligence has been received by dispatches from the Arctic expedition, announcing the

discovery of the North-west Passage. Captain McClure has entered the North Sea by Behrings' Straits, and the intelligence received shows that he has reached a point which has already been attained from the east. We propose to enter on this subject fully in our next issue.

FRANCE.

The premature accouchement of the Empress has again revived the hopes of all parties opposed to the present Usurpation. An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, at the opening of the Opera Comique. The Emperor was, however, sufficiently alarmed to postpone his visit to the south in consequence of this attempt, and the well grounded reports that secret societies have been formed, in the south, for his destruction, and the re-establishment of a new order of things, but whether of Legitimacy, Simple Monarchy, or Republicanism, is not known. The French Industrial Exhibition for all nations is to take place at Paris in 1855.

AUSTRIA.

An incident occurred at Smyrna of importance to the relations existing between this country and the United States. A Hungarian named Kosta was forcibly seized in a *café* and taken on board an Austrian brig, the Austrian Consul having issued orders to carry him away. Captain Ingraham commanding the U. S. sloop of war *St. Louis*, who was then in port, having learnt that Kosta had announced his *intention* of becoming an American citizen, and that he had an American passport, protested against the seizure, and brought his guns to bear on the Austrian brig. An engagement was prevented by the French Consul taking charge of him until the claims of the two governments should be settled.

It is difficult to determine which party is most to blame; the Austrian power had not a shadow of right to *seize* Kosta on Turkish territory although *entitled* to demand his surrender. The interference of Captain Ingraham, although it may have led to a beneficial result, was improper and outrageous in the extreme.

On the 19th August the Emperor was affianced to the daughter of the Arch Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. The Hungarian Regalia, which disappeared during the war, have been discovered buried at Orsova.

PORTUGAL.

The death of the Queen has thrown the various courts of Europe into mourning.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

We must content ourselves with merely stating the facts connected with the disagreement which

has arisen between these two countries, without offering any comment, or at least anything more than is actually required. A long existing grievance, the custodiership of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, was the first pretence urged by the Russian government. As this, however, involved the interests of both France and Rome, and as the former of these powers would neither concede her own rights nor those of the Pope, an amicable arrangement was entered into. This did not, however, suit the views of the Russian Emperor, who, misled in all probability by the insane conduct of the Peace Congress in England, and considering that Louis Napoleon would have enough to attend to in securing his own power, determined to find some other cause of quarrel against the Sublime Porte. This was found in the pretended grievances of certain Christians, resident in the Turkish dominions, professing the religion of the Greek Church.

That this was a mere pretext, the subsequent conduct adopted by these very Christians most clearly demonstrates. The first cause of disagreement between these two powers having been arranged, Russia advanced her claim to be the protectorate of the religion of the Greeks throughout the Turkish dominions. This claim was resisted by the Emperor of Turkey, who at the same time issued a proclamation confirming to his Greek subjects the privileges they had enjoyed. Prince Menschikoff, having only given four days for the consideration of his demand, at the expiration of that time, left for St. Petersburg, where his proceedings were approved by the Czar, who repeated his demand, giving eight days for their acceptance. The French and English fleets were now placed at the disposal of the Sultan by the respective ministers of those countries, the Turks making great preparations for war, heartily assisted by the very Greeks in whose behalf the Russian demand was made.

The Danubian principalities were now occupied by the Russians, this step being at the same time accompanied by a declaration that the movement was not to be considered a "*casus belli*." Count Nesselrode repeating his demand that Menschikoff's note should be accepted, and threatening that the Russian troops would, in case of refusal, cross the frontiers of the Empire. This proposition was refused by Reshid Pasha, who referred to the Firman already issued, and at the same time protested against the occupation of Turkish territory by the Russians.

Russian intentions were now clearly developed by the Ukase issued by the Czar, who, notwithstanding the hostile position assumed by the very

Greeks in whose cause the pretence of war was urged, persisted in his demand, alleging that his occupation of the Danubian principalities would prove to the Porte to what end his stubbornness must tend, but that at the same time he had no desire to precipitate hostilities, even at this date, professing his willingness to stop the movements of his troops, should he receive a guarantee that the religious and orthodox opinions of the Greek subjects should be respected. Count Nesselrode at the same time declared that by sending their fleets to the Dardanelles, England and France had but complicated matters, having made as it were the commencement of a combined hostile demonstration against Russia, and rendering it necessary for Russia to make a corresponding military movement by the occupation of the Danubian principalities, reiterating his declaration that the occupation was neither a warlike demonstration, nor with any intention for permanent occupancy, but would cease when the Czar's demands were complied with, should this not, however, take place, the Russian government could not answer as to what the Emperor's refusal might lead.

Russian pretensions were still more clearly defined by Nesselrode's declaration of the Czar being the virtual protector of all professing the orthodox religion in the East.

The accusation made by the Czar of seeming hostility on the part of France, was denied by the French minister, who, at the same time, asserted the injustice of the demands of Russia, declaring that the Emperor's Firman had removed all cause of complaint, and that in a matter so nearly touching the honor and integrity of Turkey, the four powers had not deemed it advisable to influence the Porte in his rejection of Russian interference, having only taken such steps as the protection of their own interests and the preservation of a balance of power rendered absolutely necessary, but that the Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities was a direct violation of existing treaties, and that the Porte had an undeniable right to consider this step as an act of war, adding that the interests of nations must be opposed to the recognition of such claims or measures as asserted or taken by the Czar.

This letter was followed by the Emperor's protest against the Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities.

The four powers drew up a note which was accepted by the Czar, but rejected by the Porte, on the grounds, that it embodied all the claims previously preferred by the Czar, and charging his allies with unfair dealing, in first proposing a

mediation, the expectation of which had prevented his at once considering the occupation of the Danubian principalities as a declaration of war, and then in virtually siding with Russia by embodying in their note the Czar's demands. The Czar now stated that he accepted the Vienna note, considering that its rejection by the Porte would be followed by the non-interference of the four powers, should hostilities ensue on that rejection, and calling on them to preserve their implied promise of neutrality.

Russia declared at the same time her mission to be the extermination of Paganism, and that those opposing her in that sacred mission would be annihilated with those Pagans.

The Sultan now demanded the evacuation of the Danubian principalities within a given period (a fortnight) stating explicitly that a negative answer, or non-compliance, would be met by instant hostile movement on his part. A negative answer was returned; but, as non-compliance had previously furnished grounds for hostilities, before the answer had been received, war was actually begun. Since the commencement of hostilities, the successes of the Turks by land have been without a check; but a summary of the proceedings is out of the question, as if even all the various reports are authentic, the details would occupy our whole Magazine. There is no doubt, however, that in three battles the Turks have been victorious. One significant circumstance must not be passed over, the presence of various Englishmen at the battle of Oltenitza, the most serious engagement that has yet taken place. The fleets of France and England are in the Bosphorus, and there is no probability that war can be prevented, or that the leading powers of Europe will not be drawn into it. A severe lesson seems to be impending over the Czar; and it is to be regretted that French and English vacillation should not have prevented a less costly one, while there was yet time. The position of Austria in the meantime is a humiliating one, *licet* with the Roman Catholic powers, who are all opposed from religious principles to the claims asserted by the Czar, bankrupt in exchequer, and closely bound to Russia by policy, the position of the young emperor is by no means an enviable one. It was expected that the next important intelligence would be the bombardment of Sebastopol, the Russian Gibraltar of the Black Sea. The latest accounts, however, show that the Turks have sustained so serious a loss in the only naval engagement that has taken place, that it is scarcely to be hoped that this can take place. Some English prints charge France and England

with having purposely waited for a reverse on the part of the Turks, in order to interfere. The bad policy which destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino is now likely to be felt.

The Turkish troops are reported to be in the highest spirits, and assurances of fidelity, accompanied with liberal voluntary supplies of money, are being poured into the imperial exchequer.

UNITED STATES.

Beyond railroad collisions and steamboat accidents which have been attended with the most lamentable and awful loss of life, there has been little to record during the past six months. Yellow fever has prevailed in the south, and has occasioned great mortality. Two exploring expeditions have sailed, one for the purpose of again seeking for Franklin; another for scientific purposes, and destined for the south. An expedition was sent to Japan to insist on the establishment of commercial relations, which was received in a friendly manner, and has as yet been successful in its objects.

John Mitchell, the Irish rebel, made his escape from Australia, and arrived at San Francisco. It appears as if the citizens of the Union had, however, enough to sicken them in other adventures. Mitchell, therefore, has met with little favour except at the hands of a few ultra democrats. We congratulate the Union on the acquisition of so valuable a subject.

Three very extensive fires have occurred in New York within the last few weeks. Messrs. Harpers, the most extensive publishing house in America, was totally destroyed on the 10th, and nearly all his valuable stock destroyed. His stereotype plates, which were in vaults, were saved. The damage was estimated at £350,000, on which there was an insurance of £62,500. The second occurred on the 27th, when several very extensive establishments were destroyed, with several vessels lying at the wharves. Among these were the packet ship *Joseph Walker*, the mammoth clipper ship *Great Republic*, loaded with cotton, and several other vessels. The loss is estimated at nearly £500,000. The third, which was in John Street, destroyed the printing establishment of Putney Russell, with several other buildings. The loss here is something under £250,000.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna has again resumed the reins of government; but so surrounded with difficulties is he, that it is hard to foretell what success will crown his efforts. There is, however, very little doubt but that these very difficulties have been

the means of preserving peace, as, on first assuming power, his warlike intentions towards the United States, were no secret.

SOUTH AMERICA.

It is scarcely worth while to chronicle the various revolutions that are continually taking place in the minor states of Southern and Central America. One remarkable proposition has, however, been brought forward, that the five powers of Central America, should unite in a customs-union, similar to the German Zollverein.

CHINA.

The Revolution in China has been, as far as can be ascertained with any degree of certainty, so far successful. One of the most extraordinary features connected with it is, that the leader has been brought up, and is, a Christian, and that it is his intention to overthrow the present idolatrous system established. Hitherto the proceedings of the insurgents have been unmarked by cruelty—the officers forming the council are said to be Frenchmen.

MAJOR.—You must be almost hoarse, Doctor, so I think before chess we will have facts. Come, Laird.

LAIRD.—Here they are. I'll just read on, and bad luck to him who first cries "Hold, enough!"

[Laird reads.]

HEAVY PROFITS OF CLEANLINESS.

Although but little sectarian in feeling we have a high respect for most of the religious sects of the age; yet we think all of them might make a decided improvement in their creeds, by embodying another article requiring strict CLEANLINESS in all their commandments. We once knew an eminently pious woman on whom this very subject was strongly enforced, with practical results, through a dream. She was not only an inveterate smoker, but suffered the fumes to operate as an antagonistic to cleanliness. She dreamed of her own death, and arrived at the gates of paradise; but the registering angel, to her astonishment and consternation, was unable to find her name. While just on the brink of despair, it was at last discovered, having been almost wholly obscured by a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke! This is a literal fact, and this lady afterwards became widely known for her interest in the cause of Christianity, and opposition to tobacco.

It may seem strange to some, that we place this quality in such distinct prominence. This is because its benefits, and the evils of its contrary vice, are so little felt. It is only a proof of the wide prevalence of the evil. In a moral point of view we have little to say, except the simple suggestion of the impossibility, almost of becoming familiar with the rubbish and filth of an unswept house and unwashed linen, without becoming at the same time too little averse to the rubbish and dust of sluggish morality. For how can one be expected to attain the

mental discipline required for moral purity, who is too lazy to preserve a cleanly person.

It is however, in an *economical* point of view that our present remarks are chiefly intended. We have heard farmers dissuaded from cultivating neatness, as something unnecessary, and urged to devote all their time to such labor as will yield immediate profit. Instead of being embellished with shrubs and shade trees, their door-yards must be marked with the ruts of loaded carts; soap must be economized on wearing apparel, and scrub-brooms, on the dairy and kitchen-floor. Now, we hope none of our readers will ever listen to such advice for a moment. We do not believe a word of it.—We have had occasion to visit, both privately and officially, many of the best farms in the country,—those which have proved pre-eminent for their heavy profits by good management,—and without a single exception, they were specimens of neatness throughout. The door-yards were not covered with chips, barrel-hoops, cast-off shoes, or puddles of dish-water; the barn-yard was not reeking with the fumes of manure heaps wasting through summer in the hot sun; nor were the fences lined with thistles, briars, and burdocks; but every part showed the complete control which was exercised by the touch of a master, not only in raising large crops, but in keeping out all intruders, whether animals, weeds, or refuse matter. The same energy which preserved a neat ornamental lawn, kept in motion the clock-work of an excellent management.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

As the season when farmers have more leisure than at any other time of the year is approaching, we wish to call attention to the importance of some organized system of improvement. There are abundant facilities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the most successful modes of culture in practice, and all that is requisite is a sufficient degree of interest to call out the farmers, bring together their knowledge, and form a joint-stock company, with the sum total of each man's wisdom for a capital. Every farmer has had experience, and claims to have derived from it certain rules which guide him in his farming; and yet very few are governed by the same rules. A considerable proportion of farmers read more or less on agricultural subjects, and obtain in this way very much information, which may be made useful to their neighbours. The farmer who has not observed a single new fact or learned any thing worth communicating during the past year, must have been very negligent or extremely dull, and certainly needs such instruction as his more active brethren can give him. Those who know most about agriculture, are ready and waiting to learn more from the experience of the most humble laborer, and all may be alike benefited by making a common fund of all the available knowledge, from which each may draw as he has occasion.

There are many advantages to be derived from well conducted Farmers' Clubs. Among the more important, we mention the following. They serve to create an inquiring spirit, and lead the farmer to reflect upon and digest his observations and his reading. When called upon for an opinion on a subject, the farmer finds that he has not

thought upon it sufficiently, or that his notions are in a crude and unavailable shape, and the result is, that he goes home resolved to inform himself with regard to the subject before another meeting. Immediately connected with this, is the tendency to accuracy in experiment which such associations foster. It is not enough that the member of the club satisfy himself with an approximate experiment. He must be careful at every step, and precise in every detail, in order to satisfy all the members of the soundness of his conclusion. The member of the club is more than an individual farmer; he is one of an associate body who are pledged to each other's interests, and laboring for the greatest good of the greatest number. He is a public-spirited man, and soon learns to attach some importance to his observations, and to regard himself as of some consequence in the agricultural world. The club operates against that spirit of isolation and seclusion which is much too prevalent among farmers. It calls them together—calls for their views, and, gives them a dignity and a power they had not in an unorganized condition. It infuses a new purpose into the mind of every individual member namely, that of doing something constantly for his own improvement, and the progress of his profession. It leads him to read more, and to read more carefully and understandingly, and if he discharge his duties properly, it assists him materially in expressing his ideas. Farmers are not wanting in talent, or natural capacity; they need only practise to enable them to explain to others clearly and forcibly their own persuasions; and this practice is afforded by a club, where every one feels free to express himself, and obliged to contribute something to the general fund. The formation of a club would also enable the farmers in every town to own an agricultural library, and to have the reading of all the best agricultural journals. If at the outset twenty farmers contribute five dollars each, the club will have the means of purchasing many of the standard works on agriculture, and with them can form the nucleus of a library which can be increased as funds will permit. Another advantage, which should not be lost sight of, is the beneficial effect which these club meetings would have on the sons of farmers and the youth generally. They would be led to regard farming as a rational and pleasing pursuit, rather than a slavish drudgery, and would turn their attention to studying agriculture, and to observation, instead of avoiding everything that savors of the soil.

AN AMERICAN ACCOUNT OF THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE PROVINCIAL FAIR, UPPER CANADA.

The floral hall which is at all times the principal attraction, was situated on the summit of the elevation. It was one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet broad, forming a centre hall about twenty-four feet wide the whole length, and two side halls also the whole length of the building. The eastern side hall was devoted chiefly to the flowers and vegetables.

There was a good display of annuals and Verbenas. The display of Dahlias was not so great. There were some very tastefully done up table bouquets. There was a very pretty floral design

by Mr. Kerr's gardener, filled up in the different plots with Asters, Marigolds, Verbenas, &c. There was a fine box of annuals from Messrs. Thompson & Murray, of the City Gardens, Hamilton. Judge Campbell, of Niagara, had some very good Cockscombs, seemingly the same that figured at the Horticultural Show in Toronto lately, and received so much merited praise. J. F. Moore, of Hamilton, had a very fine display of Balsams. Eneas Kennedy had a very good collection of plants, from his own private garden. Mr. Fleming, of Toronto, had a pretty fair collection of green-house plants. Thomas & Murray had a very pretty flowering Jessamine, very useful and suitable for a hall window; it flowers in the early part of the season, and gives out a powerful and most delightfully fragrant odor. They had a fine specimen of Veronica, and a very pretty Gesneria zebrina, a plant of beautiful foliage. The Torenia Asiatica, from the same gardens, was a very fine specimen, with a beautiful soft blue Nemulone flower. It grows easily, and flowers freely; but requires a good deal of heat to bring it to perfection. There was a very graceful Japan Pine from the same garden. This plant is well adapted for a conservatory. The Lantana Ewingii, a flower something like a Verbena, but more variegated. The flower first becomes orange, it then fades to a soft fine pink, and from that comes nearly to a white, the flowers appearing in all their different stages in one plant at the same time. It flowers from the beginning of June all the way to winter, and is well adapted for bedding out. It has been only recently introduced. There was one plant, a native of California, termed the Zauchneria Californica, with a beautiful scarlet flower, resembling a Fuschia somewhat. This plant is also well adapted for bedding out. J. F. Moore exhibited a very healthy Indian Rubber plant, and one Orange tree, with one specimen of the fruit upon it. There were two fine specimens of Aloes, and a very fine specimen of the Abutilon stratum, with a beautiful striped well-shaped flower; a considerable variety of Cacti, and a rather curious plant—the *Æschynanthus zebrina*—from the same garden.

On the opposite side of this hall there was a great display of cabbages, chiefly from Toronto gardens. There were also squashes, in great variety; celery, large beets, and also some remarkably fine table beets. Mr. Leslie showed a good collection of pears and quinces, of very fine quality. In the western hall there was a most magnificent display of white and red onions, the finest by far that has yet been exhibited at any of our fairs. There were some tomatoes of a very large size, but not very tempting; there were some very fine small ones. There was a display of white table turnips, very fine. The capsicums were a very good display. There were some good cauliflowers, two heads especially very fine. The chicory looked well—it was chiefly from Pear's garden, Yonge street. The carrots were a very good display. There were three baskets of varieties of vegetables. The Baron de Longueuil displayed some very fine egg plants, of a large size. The water-melons were rather an ordinary display. The Normal School, Toronto, exhibited specimens of the production of the experi-

mental garden; there were cabbages, oats, barley, potatoes, corn, carrots, beets, mangel wurzel, turnips, &c., &c., with a full report of the quantity raised, and all the particulars connected with the various specimens.

The peaches were a very good display. There were some very excellent hot-house grapes, from W. H. Boulton's garden. Enoch Turner and W. B. Jarvis, of Toronto, and W. P. McLaren, of Hamilton, had also some very fine specimens. There was a very prolific specimen of grapes, we think from Mr. Lewis, of Saltfleet; there were upwards of forty bunches on one vine about three feet long. Mr. Humphreys, of Toronto, exhibited a basket of very excellent Sweet Water grapes. This was decidedly the best specimen of that kind of grapes in the exhibition. There were fifty-six different entries of "twelve winter apples." The winter table apples made a very good display. The Ribston Pippins were very fine. There were some excellent baking apples, from Leslie's Garden. There were seven entries of twenty varieties of apples, some of them very fine, from Leslie, Turner, Bruckly, of Hamilton, and others.

Dr. Craige's son displayed some very fine specimens of dried plants, very well prepared. There were only a few of them displayed, the greater part of them being left in the portfolio.

MAJOR.—Thanks, Laird, I am not sorry we are nearly done. I smell supper. Where's Mrs. Grundy. Laird, ring the bell.

DOCTOR.—While Mrs. Grundy is coming, I must bring to your notice a new collection of music, which, for cheapness and good style in getting up, surpasses anything I have yet seen in this country, and, I may add, in the old. The publisher—A. Montgomery, Spruce Street, New York—has sent me the first four numbers, which contain—"Coming through the rye;" "Friendly is thine air, Rosalia;" "the Prima Donna valse;" "La valse d'amour"—the first by Jullien, the second by Kœnig. "The home where changes never come," and "My own, my gentle, mother"—two songs, both by Glover. The whole of that music cost one shilling sterling. It is well printed, and some of the pieces are very celebrated. Can anything be cheaper?

Mrs. GRUNDY (*who has entered while the Doctor was speaking*).—Cheap, certainly; but I think that I know as cheap a work, which I have already introduced to you—I mean the "Monitor of Fashion." I have made several extracts from it, and I can cordially recommend it. Are you ready, gentlemen, for my gatherings?

MAJOR.—By all means. [*Mrs. Grundy reads.*]

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.—BALL COSTUME.

Jupe of rich white satin, with wreath of roses festooned at the bottom. Dress of figured gauze with a broad horizontal stripe of pink satin: low pointed body opening on a stomacher of white

satin, the pointed *berthe* formed by a broad and rich *Chantilly* lace; the stomacher is ornamented by roses and foliage; a rose is also placed on each shoulder: the very short sleeve is trimmed with *Chantilly* lace. The skirt is looped up on each side, and fastened by a full blown rose and foliage.

OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1853.

The unusually favorable weather we have been enjoying during nearly the whole of the past month, has caused our *Artistes des Modes* to produce some delightful novelties in bonnets and cloaks for out-of-door costume. In Paris, the *MAGAZINE DE LA PRESIDENCE, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*, has produced many charming mantles.

Black lace, deep silk fringes, and bands of *moire antique*, continue to be the favourite trimming for cloaks, whether of velvet or satin: for cloth or cashmere stamped velvet is used, of which there are an endless variety of patterns. For dresses for the *promenade*, narrow fringes and black velvet are used as trimming for flounces. For home costume, *caracos* of velvet are worn, with silk, poplin, or cashmere skirts; they are generally made closing to the throat.

For evening dresses a new material, called *Lama d'orée*, will be much in favour; some of these have only one band to the flounces, and the dress spotted with gold."

GENERAL AMERICAN OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The preparations for the winter balls and soirées are already apparent in the number of new and rich ribbons which have made their appearance. Many of these new ribbons have gold and silver tastefully interwoven in patterns composed of flowers of every hue. The skilful combination of gold and silver, renders these ribbons admirably well adapted for head-dresses during the winter. One of the most elegant and *distingués* coiffures we have seen, was composed of blue thierry velvet ribbon figured with silver and flowers. The ribbon, which was rather wide, was disposed in a point which drooped over the hair on the left side of the head. To this point were attached two bows of the same ribbon with very short ends. From the centre of the bows issued silver sprays, which imparted great brilliancy to the head-dress. Some of the new head-dresses consist of *fanchons* of white or black tulle, ornamented with embroidery in gold, pearls and velvet application.

"Dresses of black silk have recently been very much worn. They are trimmed with flounces, more or less richly ornamented with braid or vel-

vet. Two or three rows of black velvet ribbon, one above the other, are very generally placed at the edge of the flounces of black silk dresses. Ornaments of velvet of an open-work arabesque design, or of the palm-leaf pattern, are rich, the latter being sometimes large enough to cover the whole flounce. Trimmings of black velvet are very effective on a dress of plain violet or dark-blue silk. Trimmings of violet, dark-green and dark-blue velvet, are employed to ornament black silk flounces. It should be borne in mind, that flounces ornamented with velvet trimmings, require very little fullness.

"Among the new dresses may be mentioned some of grey and steel-color silk, having flounces bordered by a band of plush woven with silk. This plush is often of a deeper tint than that of the silk composing the dress, and it is frequently figured. A dress of green silk, just completed, flounces edged with bands of plush ornamented with spots, in black, maroon, and brown.

"We must not omit to mention a very elegant dress which has been made up. It consists of dark-blue silk, and is without flounces, but the skirt is ornamented with twelve horizontal rows of black velvet foliage. The corsage has a basque slit up at each side, and open in front, the opening being filled up by rows of velvet foliage and bows of black velvet. The sleeves are slashed; having two openings, the one above and the other under the elbow, and the edges of these openings are united by *traverses*, or horizontal rows of velvet and bows of velvet ribbon.

"Black velvet will, this winter, certainly hold its wonted place among the favorite materials for dresses. Some black velvet dresses are made with the skirt quite plain, the corsage and sleeves being edged with braid figured with velvet. One, however, has the skirt ornamented with plain leaves embroidered with bright-green silk. These leaves are of graduated sizes, the smallest being near the waist. An embroidery of palm-leaves is carried up the front of the corsage, which is close and high as the throat. The sleeves are of the mousquetaire form, having revers or turned cuffs, entirely covered with embroidered palm-leaves. The dress we have just described has been made for a lady of rank and is intended to be worn in the carriage or in the negligé home costume.

"It appears probable that close corsages will be more prevalent during the winter months than they have been for some time past. The open corsage has had so long a reign, that a re-action in favor of an opposite form may reasonably be looked for."

Bonnets are still worn back on the head, and it will apparently be some time before this ungraceful style of wearing the bonnet goes out of favour: some are even mistaking this style, and wear the ordinary form of bonnet thrown back on the head, whereas it is the peculiar form of the crown which gives this appearance, by being made very low and sloping towards the back: the bonnets, viewed in the front, have the form of the brim oval, which is the opposite to those worn last winter; they were wide and had a flat appearance.

DOCTOR.—Now for chess. [Doctor reads.]

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

J. H. —, It has been laid down as a rule that in any Problem where the King and Rook occupy their original squares, it is lawful for the King to Castle. Many chess authorities however, are opposed to this rule.—

A. E. P. —, Your Problem admits of solution in three moves by playing for first move B to K 2nd. Ch. Solutions by J. H. R., and Esse, are correct; all others wrong.—

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. I.

WHITE.

1. K R P, one (ch.)
2. Castles.
3. B or R mates.

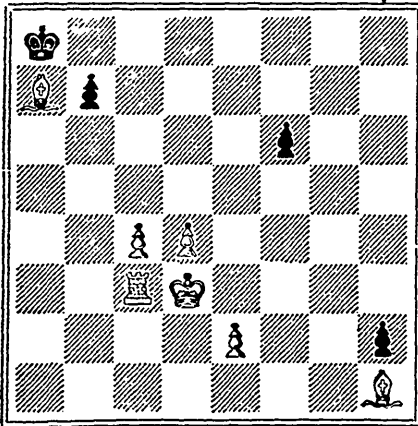
BLACK.

K moves.
Anything.

PROBLEM No. II.

BY J. B. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

C H E S S .

CHAPTER IV.—THE MODERN WRITERS ON CHESS.

We now come to the modern treatises; and in comparing such works as Lewis's last edition of his Treatise on Chess, Walker's Art of Chess Play, and Von Hydebrant der Lasa's Work, with those of by-gone times, we cannot but be astonished at the rapid progress that has been made in the art during these last few years; and we cannot help thinking that this is mainly attributable to the many cheap publications that treat of this noble pastime.

The Practical Chess Grammar, by W. S. Kenney, (published in 1817,) was the first to lead the way to its extended practice among all classes of society. The thin quarto volume, with its colored plates, was at that time eagerly purchased; and although it has passed through no less than five editions, it has been for some years out of print.

In point of utility, the Chess Grammar has been superceeded by the elementary works of Lewis and Walker; and to those two gentlemen the Chess-players have every reason to be grateful.

Mr. Lewis has published translations of all the best writers mentioned in our last chapter, and his last treatise is a work that cannot be too highly spoken of. Mr. Walker has laboured hard and successfully in the cause of Chess, and deserves to be rewarded. Mr. Staunton, also, has issued a couple of invaluable books, published by Bohn in his Scientific Library, and entitled the Chess-player's Handbook and Chess-player's Companion; and in addition to these Mr. Bohn has published, the games played at the Chess Tournament in London, during the year 1851.

Periodicals devoted exclusively to Chess, satisfactorily show the solid hold that this glorious game has taken in the homes of our countrymen. The Chess Player's Chronicle has now reached its seventh volume, and still continues to be ably edited by Mr. Staunton.

"La Palamede," a French periodical, established by De la Bourdonnais, and now under the superintendence of M. St. Amant, represents that nation.

In the United States, a few years ago, a Chess Magazine was commenced, but it, we believe, fell through after two or three volumes had been issued. If such be the case, we hope that it may speedily be revived.

The *Illustrated London News*, and *Bell's Life in London*, supply weekly, admirable games and it is not a little gratifying to know, that a considerable number has been added to the circulation of both these papers, from the fact of their having devoted a portion of their columns to the recording of Chess Matters. And in conclusion, we may venture to express the hope that the *Anglo's* humble endeavours to foster a love of Chess in the British North American Colonies, may be similarly rewarded.

ENIGMAS.

No. 16 by M. D'Orville.

WHITE.—K at QR 3d; R at QB sq; Kts at K 5th and 6th; P at QR 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 4th; Q at K R 6th; R at K Kt 8th; Kts at K B 6th and Q R 3d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 17. By Mr. Kling.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 8th; R at K B sq; Kt at Q 8th; Ps at Q 4th, Q Kt 5th and Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 3rd; Ps at Q 3rd and 4th; Q Kt 2nd and Q R 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.